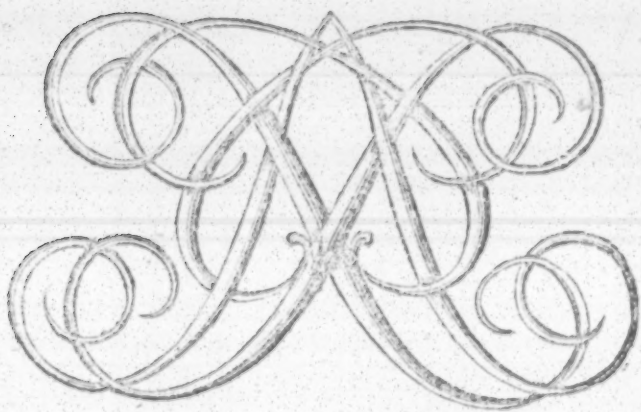


Handwritten: *Handwritten:*

MISCELLANIES

THE THIRD EDITION.



DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For EDWARD EXSHAW, at the *Bible* on
Cork Hill, over-against the *Old-Exchange*.

M, DCC, XXXIX.

The Bookseller's Advertisement.

OF the following Volume we need only say, that it contains all those Pieces in Verse and Prose, that are publish'd by Benjamin Motte, London, under the Title of *Miscellanies*, which are not printed in the Works of Dr. Swift, Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay. This is done on account of the earnest Desire that the Bookseller hath heard Gentlemen express of having all the Pieces supposed to be written by those Eminent Wits, together with Dr. Arbuthnot, collected in one Book.

We have prefix'd on the Title Page, the same Cypher that is in the London Edition, expressing the initial Letters of the Authors Names. And we have also added the Preface that we find in the fourth Volume of the London Edition, which will give the Reader a full Account of the first Publication of the several Pieces contained in the following Collection.



30.7.86

P R E F A C E.

THE Papers that compose the first of these Volumes were printed about sixteen Years ago, to which there are now added two or three small Tracts; and the Verses are transferred into a Volume apart, with the Addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small Treatises in Prose, in which a Friend or two is concerned with Us.

Having both of us been extreamly ill treated by some Booksellers (especially one *Edmund Curll*) it was our Opinion that the best Method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose Papers in Prose and Verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the World (very much to our Regret, and perhaps very little to our Credit,) but such as in any Probability hereafter may run the same Fate, having been obtain'd from us by the Impor-tunity, and divulged by the Indiscretion of Friends, al-though restrain'd by Promises which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a Compliment in breaking.

But the Consequences have been still worse: We have been entitled, and have had our Names prefixed at length, to whole Volumes of mean Productions, equally offen-sive to good Manners and good Sense, which we never saw or heard of 'till they appear'd in Print.

For a *Forgery*, in setting a false Name to a Writing, which may prejudice another's Fortune, the Law pun-ishes the Offender with the Loss of his *Ears*; but has inflicted no adequate Penalty for such as prejudice ano-ther's Reputation, in doing the same Thing in Print; though all and every individual Book so sold under a false Name, are manifestly so many several and multi-plied Forgeries.

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Indeed we hope, that the good Nature, or at least the good Judgment of the World, would have cleared us from the Imputation of such Things as had been thus charged upon us, by the Malice of Enemies, the Want of Judgment in Friends, the Unconcern of indifferent Persons, and the confident Assertions of Book-sellers.

We are asham'd to find so ill a Taste prevail, as to make it a necessary Work to do this Justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any Author to write below himself; either his Subject not proving so fruitful, or fitted for him, as he at first imagin'd; or his Health, or his Humour, or the present Disposition of his Mind, unqualifying him at that Juncture: However if he possessed any distinguishing Marks of Style, or peculiarity of Thinking, there would remain in his least successful Writings some few Tokens, whereby Persons of Taste might discover him.

But since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our Want of Prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: Or rather having done with such Amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the Severity of Criticks, the Malice of personal Enemies, and the Indulgence of Friends.

We are sorry for the Satire interspersed in some of these Pieces, upon a few People, from whom the highest Provocations have been received, and who by their Conduct since have shewn that they have not yet forgiven us the Wrong they did. It is a very unlucky Circumstance, to be oblig'd to retaliate the Injuries of such Authors, whose Works are so soon forgotten, that we are in danger already of appearing the first Aggressors. It is to be lamented, that *Virgil* let pass a Line, which told Posterity he had two Enemies called *Bavins* and *Mevins*. The wisest Way is not once to name them, but (as the Madman advis'd the Gentleman, who told him he wore a Sword to kill his Enemies) *to let them alone, and they will die of themselves*. And according

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ing to this Rule we have acted throughout all those Writings which we design'd for the Preis : But in these, the Publication whereof was not owing to our Folly but that of others, the Omission of the Names was not in our Power. At the worst, we can only give them that Liberty now for something, which they have so many Years exercised for nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And 'tis some Commendation, that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publickly to characterize any Person without long Experience. *Nonum prematur in annum* is a good Rule for all Writers, but chiefly for Writers of Characters; because it may happen to those who vent Praise or Censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English Poet, who celebrated a young Nobleman for erecting *Dryden's* Monument, upon a Promise which his Lordship forgot, till it was done by another.

In Regard to two Persons only, we wish our Railery, though ever so tender, or Resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir *John Vanbrugh*, who was a Man of Wit, and of Honour; and of Mr. *Addison*, whose Name deserves all Respect from every Lover of Learning.

We cannot deny (and perhaps most Writers of our Kind have been in the same Circumstances) that in several Parts of our Lives, and according to the Dispositions we were in, we have written some Things which we may wish never to have thought on. Some Sallies of Levity ought to be imputed to Youth, (supposed in Charity, as it was in Truth, to be the Time in which we wrote them;) Others to the Gaiety of our Minds at certain Junctures common to all Men. The Publishing of these, which we cannot quite disown, and without our Consent, is I think, a greater Injury, than that of ascribing to us the most stupid Productions, which we can wholly deny.

This

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This has been usually practised in other Countries, after a Man's Disease; which in a great Measure accounts for that manifest *Inequality* found in the Works of the best Authors; the collectors only considering, that so many more Sheets raise the Price of the Book; and the greater Fame a Writer is in Possession of, the more of such Trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the Editor's Interest to insert, what the Author's Judgment had rejected; and Care is always taken to intersperse these Additions in such a manner, that scarce any Book of Consequence can be bought, without purchasing something unworthy of the Author along with it.

But in our own Country it is still worse; Those very Booksellers who have supported themselves upon an Author's Fame while he lived, have done their utmost after his Death to lessen it by such Practices: Even a Man's last *Will* is not secur'd from being expos'd in Print; whereby his most particular Regards, and even his dying Tendernesses are laid open. It has been humourously said, that some have fished the very Jakes, for Papers left there by Men of Wit: but it is no Jest to affirm, that the Cabinets of the Sick, and the Closets of the Dead, have been broke open and ransacked, to publish our *private Letters*, and divulge to all Mankind the the most secret Sentiments and Intercourse of Friendship. Nay, these Fellows are arriv'd to that Height of Impudence, as when an Author has publicly disowned a spurious Piece, they have disputed his own Name with him in printed Advertisements, which has been practised to Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Prior*.

We are therefore compell'd, in respect to Truth, to submit to a very great Hardship; to own such Pieces as in our stricter Judgments we would have suppress'd for ever: We are oblig'd to confess, that this whole Collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy

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worthy even of the *present* Age; not our Studies, but our Follies; not our Works, but our Idlenesses.

Some Comfort however it is, that all of them are innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral Tendency; either to soften the Virulence of Parties against each other; or to laugh out of Countenance some Vice or Folly of the Time; or to discredit the Impositions of Quacks and false Pretenders to Science; or to humble the Arrogance of the ill-natur'd and envious: In a Word, to lessen the *Vanity* and promote the *good Humour* of Mankind.

Such as they are, we must in Truth confess they are *Ours*, and others should in Justice believe they are *All* that are *Ours*. If any thing else has been printed in which we really had any Hand, it is either intolerably imperfect, or loaded with spurious Additions; sometimes even with Insertions of Men's Names, which we never meant, and for whom we have an Esteem and Respect. Even those Pieces in which we are least injur'd, have never before been printed from the true Copies, or with any tolerable Degree of Correctness. We declare, that this Collection contains every Piece, which in the idlest Humour we have written; not only such as came under our Review or Correction; but many others, which however unfurnished, are not now in our Power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own Possession at the Publishing hereof, or of which no Copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all Possibility of the like Treatment.

These Volumes likewise will contain all the Papers wherein we have casually had any Share; particularly those writ in Conjunction with our Friends, Dr. *Arbutnot* and Mr. *Gay*; and lastly, all of this Sort composed singly by either of those Hands. The Reader is therefore desired to do the same Justice to these our Friends, as to Us; and to be assured that all the *Things* called our *Miscellanies* (except the Works of *Alexander Pope*, published

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lished by B. Lintott, in *Quarto*, and *Folio* in 1717;
those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in *Quarto*, in 1720;
and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly
printed by Benj. Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and with-
out our Consent imposed upon the Publick.

Twickenham,
May 27. 1727.

JONATH. SWIFT.
ALEX. POPE.

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

Publish'd from

A MANUSCRIPT found in the Cabinet
of the famous Sir *H. Polesworth*,
in the Year 1712.



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T H E P R E F A C E.



W H E N I was first call'd to the Office of Historiographer to John Bull, he express'd himself to this Purpose: * Sir Humphry Polesworth, I know you are a Plin-dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not. That I might fulfil those his honourable Intentions, I obtain'd Leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting Occasion, after the manner of the Historiographers of some Eastern Monarchs: This I thought was the safest way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be † chop'd by my Master for telling of Truth. It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compil'd: Therefore let not Posterity a Thousand Years hence look for Truth in the voluminous Annals of Pedants, who are entirely

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* A Member of Parliament eminent for a certain Cant in his Conversation; of which there is a good deal in this Book.

† A Cant Word of Sir Humphrey's.

irely ignorant of the secret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell t^em, they will be ‡ Nebus'd.

With incredible Pains have I endeavour'd to copy the several Beauties of the antient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of Herodotus; the Gravity, Auste- rity, and strict Morals of Thucydides, the extensive Knowledge of Xenophon, the Sublimity and Grandeur of Titus Livius, and to avoid the careless Stile of Polybi- us. I have borrowed considerable Ornaments from Dionis- ius Halicarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus. The specious Gilding of Tacitus I have endeavour'd to shun. Mari- ana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those amongst the Mo- derns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bu- nyan, and the Tenter Belly of the Reverend Joseph Hall.

From such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nipt in the Bud by some illi- terate People in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War, * have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of Grubstreet. I am persuaded, that nothing but the pro- spect of an approaching Peace could have encourag'd them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Questions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a Dying-Speech of a Traitor? Are Cethegus and Cataline turn'd so tame, that there will be no opportu- nity to cry about the Streets, A Dangerous Plot? Will Peace bring such Plenty that no Gentleman will have a ca- sion to go upon the Highway, or break into a House? I am sorry that the World should be so much impos- upon by the Dreams of a False Prophet, as to imagine the Mellennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fru-

‡ Another Cant Word signifying deceiv'd.

* Act restraining the Liberty of the Press, &c.

ful Nursery of tow'ring Genius's ! how do I lament thy Downfal ? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English Liberty : No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy Glory ; whether in soft Pastorals thou didst sing the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids ; or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers ; or if to Mœonian Strains thou rais'dst thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizen, describing the powerful Betty, or the artful Picklock, or the secret Caverns and Grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his Forge, and stamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retails for Beef, and Puss of Ale : Or if thou wert content, in simple Narrative, to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of raviſh'd Virgins blushing to tell their Adventure before the listening Crowd of City Damsels ; whilst in thy faithful History thou interminglest the gravest Counsels and the purest Morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Description of the Works of Nature ; whether in proper and emphatick Terms thou didst paint the blazing Comet's fiery Tail, the stupendous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian Sagacity, thou unraveleſt Intrigues of State, and the traitterous Conspiracies of Rebels giving wise Counsel to Monarchs. How didst thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy passionate Scenes, between Jack-Catch and the Heroes of the Old-Bai'y ! How didst thou describe their intrepid March up Holborn-Hill ! Nor didst thou shine less in thy Theological Capacity, when thou gavest ghostly Counsel to dying Felons, and didst record the guilty Pangs of Sabbath-breakers. How will the noble Arts of || John Overton's Painting and Sculpture now languish ! where rich Invention, proper Expression, correct Design, divine Attitudes, and artful Contrast, heighten'd with the Beauties of Clar Obscur, embellish'd thy celebrated Pieces, to the Delight and Astonishment of the judicious Multitude ! Adieu persuasive Eloquence ! the quaint Metaphor, the

poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have, I know not what! — || The Illiterate will tell the rest with Pleasure!

I hope the Reader will excuse this Digression, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of Grubstreet, for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overspread all its Regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there; and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank amongst the Learned of that Society, I scorn'd to take my Degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, tho' I was offer'd it gratis by the Professors in those Universities.

And now, that Posterity may not be ignorant in what Age so excellent a History was written, (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the Subject of its Enquiries) I think it proper to inform the Learned of future Times, that it was compiled when Lewis the XIV. was King of France, and Philip his Grandson, of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the Emperor and the Allies, enter'd into a War against these two Princes, which lasted Ten Years, under the Management of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a Conclusion by the Treaty of Utrecht, under the Ministry of the Earl of Oxford, in the Year 1713.

Many at that time did imagine the History of John Bull, and the Personages mentioned in it, to be Allegorical, which the Author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the Reader's Fancy and Curiosity; I have printed at the bottom of the Page the suppos'd Allusions of the most obscure Parts of the Story.

|| *Vid.* Bishop of St. Asaph's Preface.



THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The Occasion of the Law-Suit.



NEED not tell you of the great Quarrels that have happen'd in our Neighbourhood, since the Death of the late * Lord *Strutt*; how the † Parson, and a cunning Attorney, got him to settle his Estate upon his Cousin *Phillip Baboon*, to the great Disappointment of his Cousin Esquire *South*. Some stick not to say, that the Parson and the Attorney forged a Will, for which they

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* Late K. of S.

† Card. *Portocarrero*.

they were well paid by the family of the *Baboons*: Let that be as it will, it is Matter of Fact, that the Honour and Estate have continued ever since in the Person of *Philip Baboon*.

You know that the Lord *Strutts* have for many Years been possess'd of a very great Landed Estate, well condition'd, wooded, water'd, with Coal, Salt, Tin, Copper, Iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the Misfortune of that Family to be the Property of their Stewards, Tradesmen, and inferior Servants, which has brought great Incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living, has forc'd them to mortgage their best Manors. It is credibly reported, that the Butchers and Bakers Bill of a Lord *Strutt* that lived two hundred Years ago, are not yet paid.

When *Philip Baboon* came first to the Possession of the Lord *Strutt's* Estate, his * Tradesmen, as is usual upon such Occasions, waited upon him to wish him Joy, and bespeak his Custom: The two chief were, † *John Bull* the Clothier, and ‖ *Nic. Frog* the Linen-Draper: They told him, That the *Bulls* and *Frogs* had serv'd the Lord *Strutts* with Drapery Ware for many Years; that they were honest and fair Dealers; that their Bills had never been question'd; that the Lord *Strutts* liv'd generously, and never used to dirty their Fingers with Pen, Ink, and Counters; that his Lordship might depend upon their Honesty, that they would use him as kindly as they had done his Predecessors. The young Lord seem'd to take all in good Part, and dismiss'd them with a deal of seeming Content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable Maxims of his Predecessors.

* The first Letters of Congratulation from K. *W*—— and the States of *H*——d, upon K. *P*——p's Accession to the Crown of *Sp*——.

† The English.

‖ The Dutch.

C H A P. II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather Lewis Baboon.

IT happen'd unfortunately for the Peace of our Neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning Rogue, or (as the *Scots* call it) a *false Loan*, of a Grandfather, that one might justly call a *Fack of all Trades*; sometimes you would see him behind his * Counter selling Broad Cloth, sometimes measuring Linen; next Day he would be dealing in Mercery Ware; high Heads, Ribbons, Gloves, Fans, and Lace, he understood to a Nicety; *Charles Mather* could not bubble a young Beau better with a Toy; nay, he would descend ev'n to the selling of Tape, Garters, and Shoe-Buckles: When Shop was shut up, he would go about the Neighbourhood, and earn Half a Crown by teaching the young Men and Maids to dance. By these Methods he had acquired immense Riches, which he used to squander † away at Back-Sword, Quarter-Staff, and Cudgel-Play, in which he took great Pleasure, and challeng'd all the Country. You will say it is no wonder if *Bull* and *Frog* should be jealous of this Fellow. "It is not impossible (says *Frog* to *Bull*) "but this old Rogue will take the Management of "the young Lord's Business into his Hands; besides "the Rascal has good Ware, and will serve him as "cheap as any body. In that Case, I leave you to "judge what must become of us and our Families; "we must starve, or turn Journeymen to old *Lewis Baboon*; therefore, Neighbour, I hold it adviseable, "that we write to young Lord *Strutt*, to know the "Bottom of this Matter.

* The Character and Trade of the *French* Nation.

† The King's Disposition to War.

C H A P. III.

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.

My LORD,

I Suppose your Lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all Sorts of Drapery Ware, Time out of Mind: And whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your Lordship intends henceforth to buy of your Grandfire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your Lordship, that this Proceeding does not suit with the Circumstances of our Families, who have lived and made a good Figure in the World by the Generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that you must find sufficient Security to us, our Heirs and Assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our Remedy at Law, clap an Action upon you of 20000*l.* for old Debts, seize and distrain your Goods and Chattels, which, considering your Lordship's Circumstances, will plunge you into Difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your Lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the Desire of,

Your loving Friends,

John Bull.

Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's Friends advised him to take gentler Methods with the young Lord; but John naturally lov'd rough Play. It is impossible to express the Surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the Receipt of this Letter; he was not flush in Ready, either to go to Law, or clear old Debts, neither could he find good Bail: He offered to bring Matters to a friendly Accommodation; and promis'd upon his Word of Honour, that he would
not

not change his Drapers; but all to no purpose, for *Bull* and *Frog* saw clearly, that old *Lewis* would have the cheating of him.

C H A P. IV.

How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joyn'd by the rest of the Tradesmen.

ALL Endeavours of Accommodation between Lord *Strutt* and his Drapers prov'd vain, Jealousies increas'd, and indeed it was rumour'd abroad that Lord *Strutt* had bespoke his new Liveries of old *Lewis Baboon*. This coming to Mrs. *Bull*'s Ears, when *John Bull* came home, he found all his Family in an uproar. Mrs. *Bull*, you must know, was very apt to be cholerick. * You Sot, says she, you loiter about Alehouses and Taverns, spend your Time at Billiards, Ninepins, or Puppet-shews, or flaunt about the Streets in your new gilt Chariot, never minding me nor your numerous Family. Don't you hear how Lord *Strutt* has bespoke his Liveries at *Lewis Baboon's Shop*? don't you see how that old Fox steals away your Customers, and turns you out of your Business every Day, and you sit like an idle Drone with your Hands in your Pockets? Fie upon't, up Man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my Shift before I'll be so used by that Knave. You must think Mrs. *Bull* had been pretty well tun'd up by *Frog*, who chim'd in with her learned Harangue. No further Delay now, but to Council learned in the Law they go, who unanimously assur'd 'em both of the Justice and infallible Success of their Law-Suit.

I told you before, that old *Lewis Baboon* was a sort of a Jack of all Trades, which made the rest of the Tradesmen jealous; as well as *Bull* and *Frog*; they hear-

* The Sentiments and Addresses of the P-----t at that Time,

ing of the Quarrel, were glad of an Opportunity of joining against old *Lewis Baboon*, provided that *Bull* and *Frog* would bear the Charges of the Suit; even lying *Ned*, the Chimney-sweeper of *Savoy*, and *Tom* the *Portugal* Dustman, put in their Claims, and the Cause was put into the Hands of *Humphrey Hocus* the Attorney.

A Declaration was drawn up, to shew “ That *Bull* and
 “ *Frog* had undoubted Right by Prescription to be Drapers to the Lord *Strutts*; that there were several old
 “ Contracts to that purpose; that *Lewis Baboon* had
 “ taken up the Trade of Clothier and Draper, without
 “ serving his Time or purchasing his Freedom;
 “ that he sold Goods that were not Marketable, without the Stamp; that he himself was more fit for
 “ a Bully than a Tradesman, and went about through
 “ all the Country Fairs, challenging People to fight
 “ Prizes, Wrestling and Cudgel-Play; and abundance
 “ more to this purpose.

CHAP. V.

*The true Characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus. **

FOR the better understanding the following History, the Reader ought to know, That *Bull*, in the main, was an honest plain dealing Fellow, cholerick, bold, and of a very unconstant Temper; he dreaded not old *Lewis* either at Back-Sword, single Faulchion, or Cudgel-Play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best Friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: If you flatter'd him, you might lead him like a Child. *John's* Temper depended very much upon the Air; his Spirits rose and fell with the Weather-glass.

* Characters of the *E*——*fb* and *D*——*b*, and the *G*——*l D*. of *M*.

John

John was quick and understood his Business very well; but no Man alive more careless in looking into his Accounts, or more cheated by Partners, Apprentices, and Servants. This was occasion'd by his being a boon Companion, loving his Bottle and his Diversion; for, to say Truth, no Man kept a better House than *John*, nor spent his Money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, *John* had acquir'd some Plumbs. and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy Law-Suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly Whoreson, quite the reverse of *John* in many Particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestick Affairs; would pine his Belly to save his Pocket; never lost a Farthing by careless Servants, or bad Debtors. He did not care much for any Sort of Diversions, except Tricks of *High German* Artists, and *Leger-de-main*: no Man exceeded *Nic.* in these; yet it must be own'd, that *Nic.* was a fair Dealer, and in that way had acquir'd immense Riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning Attorney; and tho' this was the first considerable Suit that ever he was engag'd in, he shew'd himself superior in Address to most of his Profession: He kept always good Clerks, he lov'd Money, was smooth tongu'd, gave good Words, and seldom lost his Temper: He was not worse than an Infidel, for he provided plentifully for his Family, but he lov'd himself better than them all: The Neighbours reported that he was Hen-peck'd, which was impossible, by such a mild spirited Woman as his Wife was.

CHAP. VI.

*Of the various Success of the * Law-Suit.*

LAW is a bottomless Pit, it is a Cormorant, a Harpy, that devours every Thing. *John Bull* was flatter'd by his Lawyers that his Suit would not last above a Year or two at most; that before that Time he would be in quiet Possession of his Business: Yet ten long Years did *Hocus* steer his Cause through all the Meanders of the Law, and all the Courts. No Skill, no Address was wanting; and, to say truth, *John* did not starve the Cause; there wanted not *Yellow-Boys* to fee Counsel, hire Witnesses, and bribe Juries: Lord *Strutt* was generally cast, never had one Verdict in his Favour; and *John* was promis'd that the next, and the next would be the final Determination; but alas! that final Determination and happy Conclusion was like an enchanted Island, the nearer *John* came to it, the further it went from him: New Trials upon new Points still arose; new Doubts, new Matters to be clear'd; in short, Lawyers seldom part with so good a Cause till they have got the Oyster, and their Clients the Shell. *John's* ready Money, Book-Debts, Bonds Mottgages, all went into the Lawyers Pockets: Then *John* began to borrow Money upon *Bank-Stock* and *East-India* Bonds; now and then a Farm went to Pot: At last it was thought a good Expedient to set up *Esquire South's* Title, to prove the Will forg'd, and dispossess *Philip Lord Strutt* at once. Here again was a new Field for the Lawyers, and the Cause grew more intricate than ever. *John* grew madder and madder; where-ever he met Lord *Strutt's* Servants. he tore off their Cloaths. Now and then you would see them come home naked, without Shoes, Stockings, and Linen. As for old *Lewis Baboon*, he was reduced to his last Shift, tho' he had as many as any other: His Children were reduc'd

* The Success of the War.

from rich Silks to *Daily* Stuffs, his Servants in Rags, and bare-footed; instead of good Victuals, they now lived upon Neck-beef, and Bullock's-Liver: In short, no body got much by the Matter, but the Men of Law.

C H A P. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleas'd with his Success, that he was going to leave off his Trade, and turn Lawyer.

IT is wisely observ'd by a great Philosopher, That Habit is a second Nature: This was verified in the Case of *John Bull*, who from an honest and plain Tradesmen, had got such a Haunt about the Courts of Justice, and such a Jargon of Law-words, that he concluded himself as able a Lawyer as any that pleaded at the Bar, or sat on the Bench: He was overheard one Day talking to himself after this Manner, “* How capriciously does Fate or Chance dispose of Man-kind? How seldom is that Business allotted to a Man for which he is fitted by Nature? It is plain, I was intended for a Man of Law: How did my Guardians mistake my Genius, in placing me like a mean Slave behind a Counter? Bless me! What immense Estates these Fellows raise by the Law? Besides, it is the Profession of a Gentleman: What a Pleasure it is to be victorious in a Cause? To swagger at the Bar? What a Fool am I to drudge any more in this Woollen Trade? for a Lawyer I was born, and a Lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn.” All this while *John* had conn'd over such a Catalogue of hard Words, as were enough to conjure up the Devil; these he us'd to babble indifferently in all Companies, especially at Coffee-houses; fo

* The Manners and Sentiments of the Nation at that Time;

so that his Neighbour Tradesmen began to shun his Company as a Man that was crack'd. Instead of the Affairs of *Blackwell-Hall*, and Price of Broad-Cloth, Wool, and Bayses, he talks of nothing but *Actions upon the Case*, *Returns*, *Capias*, *Alias capias*, *Demurrers*, *Venire facias*, *Replevins*, *Superfedeas's*, *Certiorari's*, *Writs of Error*, *Actions of Trover and Conversion*, *Trespases*, *Precipes & Dedimus*: This was Matter of Jest to the Learned in Law; however *Hocus*, and the rest of the Tribe, encourag'd *John* in his Fancy, assuring him, that he had a great Genius for Law; That they question'd not but in Time, he might raise Money enough by it to reimburse him of all his Charges; That if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the Dignity of a Lord Chief Justice: As for the Advice of honest Friends and Neighbours, *John* despis'd it, he look'd upon them as Fellows of a low Genius, poor groveling Mechanicks; *John* reckon'd it more Honour to have got one favourable Verdict, than to have sold a Bale of Broad-cloth. As for *Nick Frog*, to say the Truth, he was more prudent; for tho' he followed his Law-Suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary Business, but was both in Court and in his Shop at the proper Hours.

CHAP. VIII.

*How John discover'd that Hocus had an Intrigue with his Wife *, and what follow'd thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding so long had it not been for an extravagant Bitch of a Wife, whom *Hocus* perceiving *John* to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his Side. It is a true Saying, *That*

* The Opinion at that Time of the G——'s tampering with the P——t. z

That the last Man of the Parish that knows of his Cuckoldom, is himself. It was observ'd by all the Neighbourhood, that *Hocus* had Dealings with *John's* Wife, that were not so much for his Honour; but this was perceiv'd by *John* a little too late: She was a luxurious Jade, lov'd splendid Equipages, Plays, Treats and Balls, differing very much from the sober Manners of her Ancestors, and by no means fit for a Tradesman's Wife. *Hocus* fed her Extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with *John's* own Money. Every Body said that *Hocus* had a Month's mind to her Body; be that as it will, it is matter of Fact, that upon all Occasions she run out extravagantly on the Praise of *Hocus*. When *John* us'd to be finding Fault with his Bills, she us'd to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest Benefactor; one that had taken so much Pains in his Law-Suit, and retriev'd his Family from the Oppression of Old *Lewis Baboon*. A good swinging Sum of *John's* readiest Cash, went towards building of *Hocus's* Country-House. This Affair between *Hocus* and Mrs. *Bull* was now so open, that all the World were scandaliz'd at it; *John* was not so Clod pated, but at last he took the Hint. * The Parson of the Parish preaching one Day with more Zeal than Sense against Adultery, Mrs. *Bull* told her Husband, That he was a very uncivil Fellow to use such coarse Language before People of Condition; That *Hocus* was of the same Mind, and that they would join to have him turn'd out of his Living for using personal Reflections. How do you mean, says *John*, by personal Reflections? I hope in God, Wife, he did not reflect upon you. " No, thank " God, my Reputation is too well establish'd in the " World to receive any Hurt from such a foul-mouth'd " Scoundrel as he; his Doctrine tends only to make " Husbands Tyrants, and Wives Slaves; must we be " shut up, and Husbands left to their Liberty? Very " pretty indeed! a Wife must never go abroad with a " Platonick to see a Play or a Ball; she must never " stir

* The Story of Dr. *Sachewarel*, and the Resentment of the
H ——— of C ——— s.

“ stir without her Husband; nor walk in *Spring-Garden* with a Cousin. I do say, Husband, and I will stand by it, That without the innocent Freedoms of Life, Matrimony would be a most intolerable State; and that a Wife’s Virtue ought to be the Result of her own Reason, and not of her Husband’s Government; for my part, I would scorn a Husband that would be jealous, if he saw a Fellow a-bed with me.” All this while *John’s* Blood boil’d in his Veins: He was now confirm’d in all his Suspicions; Jade, Bitch and Whore were the best Words that *John* gave her. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. *Bull* aim’d a Knife at *John*, tho’ *John* threw a Bottle at her Head very brutally indeed: And after this there was nothing but Confusion; Bottles, Glasses, Spoons, Plates, Knives, Forks, and Dishes flew about like Dust; the Result of which was, * That Mrs. *Bull* receiv’d a Bruise in her Right-side, (of which she died half a Year after.) The Bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turn’d to a stinking Ulcer, which made every Body shy to come near her; yet she wanted not the Help of many able Physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what Men of Skill could do; but all to no Purpose, for her Condition was now quite desperate, all regular Physicians and her nearest Relations having given her over.

CHAP. IX.

How some Quacks undertook to Cure Mrs. Bull of her Ulcer. †

THERE is nothing so impossible in Nature, but Mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. *Bull’s* Condition was look’d

* The Opinion of the Tories about the House of C———s.

† Endeavours and Hopes of some People, to hinder the Dissolution of that P———t.

look'd upon as desperate by all the Men of Art; but there was those that bragg'd they had an infallible Ointment and Plaister, which being applied to the Sore, would cure it in a few Days; at the same time they would give her a Pill that would purge off all her bad Humours, sweeten her Blood, and rectify her disturb'd Imagination: In spite of all Applications the Patient grew worse every Day; she stunk so no-body durst come within a Stone's throw of her, except those Quacks, who attended her close, and apprehended no Danger. If one ask'd them how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, said they; the Parts heal, and her Constitution mends; if she submits to our Government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her Friends in the Country, that she should dance a Jigg next *October* in *Westminster-Hall*, and that her Illness had been chiefly owing to bad Physicians. At last one of them was sent for in great haste, his Patient growing worse and worse: When he came, he affirm'd that it was a gross Mistake, and that she was never in a fairer Way: Bring hither the Salve, says he, and give her a plentiful Draught of my Cordial. As he was applying his Ointments, and administering the Cordial, the Patient gave up the Ghost, to the great Confusion of the Quack, and the great Joy of Bull and his Friends. The Quack flung away out of the House, in great Disorder, and swore there was foul Play, for he was sure his Medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died, without any Signs of Repentance or Devotion, the Clergy would hardly allow her Christian Burial. The Relations had once resolv'd to sue *John* for the Murder, but considering better of it, and that such a Trial would rip up old Sores, and discover Things not so much to the Reputation of the Deceased, they dropt their Design. She left no Will, only there was found in her strong Box the following Words wrote on a Scrip of Paper, *My Curse on John Bull and all my Posterity, if ever they come to any Composition with the Lord Strutt.*

She

She left him three Daughters, whose * Names were *Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria.*

C H A P. X.

Of John Bull's second Wife, and the good Advice that she gave him. †

JOHN quickly got the better of his Grief, and seeing that neither his Constitution. or the affairs of his Family could permit him to live in an unmarried State, he resolved to get him another Wife; a Cousin of his last Wife's was propos'd, but *John* would have no more of the Breed: In short, he wedded a sober Country Gentlewoman, of a good Family, and a plentiful Fortune; the Reverse of the other in her Temper; not but that she lov'd Money, for she was saving, and apply'd her Fortune to pay *John's* clamorous Debts, that the unfrugal Methods of his last Wife, and this ruinous Law-Suit, had brought him into. One Day, as she had got her Husband in a good Humour, she talk'd to him after the following manner. "My dear, since I have been your Wife, I
 " have observed great Abuses and Disorders in your
 " Family; your Servants are mutinous and quarrel-
 " some, and cheat you most abominably; your Cook-
 " Maid is in a Combination with your Butcher, Poul-
 " terer and Fishmonger; your Butler purloins your
 " Liquor, and your Brewer sells your Hogwash; your
 " Baker cheats both in Weight and in Tale; even
 " your Milkwoman and your Nursery-Maid have a
 " Fellow-feeling; your Taylor, instead of Shreds, ca-
 " bages whole Yards of Cloth; besides, leaving such
 " long Scores, and not going to Market with ready
 " Money,

* War, Faction, and Usury.

† A new P———t; the Aversion of a Tory H——— of C———s to War.

“ Money, forces us to take bad Ware of the Tradef-
 “ men, at their own Price. You have not posted
 “ your Books these Ten Years; how is it possible
 “ for a Man of Business to keep his Affairs even in
 “ the World at this rate? ’Pray God this *Hocus* be
 “ honest; would to God you would look over his
 “ Bills, and see how Matters stand between *Frog* and
 “ you; prodigious Sums are spent in this Law-Suit,
 “ and more must be borrowed of Scriveners and Usu-
 “ rers at heavy Interest. Besides, my Dear, let me
 “ beg of you to lay aside that wild Project of leav-
 “ ing your Business to turn Lawyer, for which, let
 “ me tell you, Nature never design’d you. Believe
 “ me, these Rogues do but flatter, that they may pick
 “ your Pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry rag-
 “ ged Fellows live by your Cause; to be sure they
 “ will never make an end on’t; I foresee this Haunt
 “ you have got about the Courts, will one Day or
 “ another, bring your Family to Beggary. Consider my
 “ Dear, how indecent it is to abandon your Shop, and
 “ follow Pettitoggers; the Habit is so strong upon you,
 “ that there is hardly a Plea between two Country
 “ Esquires about a barren Acre upon a Common, but
 “ you draw your self in as Bail, Surety or Solicitor.”
 John heard her all this while with Patience, ’till she
 prick’d his Maggot, and touch’d him in the tender
 Point; then he broke out into a violent Passion,
 “ What, I not fit for a Lawyer! let me tell you, my
 “ Clodpated Relations spoil’d the greatest Genius in
 “ the World, when they bred me a Mechanick. Lord
 “ *Strutt* and his old Rogue of a Grandfire have found
 “ to their Cost, that I can manage a Law-Suit as
 “ well as another.” “ I don’t deny what you say,
 “ reply’d Mrs. Bull, nor do I call in question your
 “ Parts; but I say it does not suit with your Cir-
 “ cumstances; you and your Predecessors have liv’d in
 “ good Reputation among your Neighbours by this
 “ same Cloathing-Trade, and it were Madness to leave
 “ it off. Besides, there are few that know all the
 “ Tricks and Cheats of these Lawyers; does not
 “ your own Experience teach you, how they have
 “ drawn

" drawn you on from one Term to another, and how
 " you have danc'd the Round of all the Courts, all
 " flattering you with a final Issue, and, for ought
 " can see, your Cause is not a bit clearer than it was
 " Seven Years ago." " I will be damn'd, says *John*
 " if I accept of any Composition from *Strutt* or his
 " Grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the Streets as
 " Engine, to grind Knives and Scissars; however I
 " take your Advice, and look over my Accompts.

C H A P. XI.

*How John look'd over his Attorney's Bill.**

WHEN *John* first brought out the Bills, the
 Surprise of all the Family was unexpressible
 at the prodigious Dimensions of them, they would
 have measur'd with the best Bale of Cloth in *John's*
 Shop. Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Clerks, Protho-
 notories, Philizers, Chirographers, Under-clerks, Pro-
 clamators, Counsel, Witnesses, Jury-men, Marshals,
 Tipstuffs, Cryers. Porters; for Enrollings, Exemplifica-
 tions, Bails, Vouchers, Returns, Caveats, Examinati-
 ons, Filings of Words. Entries, Declarations, Replica-
 tions, Recordats, *Nolle Prosequi's*, *Certiorari's*, *Mitti-*
mus's, Demurrers, Special Verdicts, Informations, *Scin*
Facias, *Supersedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, Coach-hire, Treat-
 ing of Witnesses, &c. Verily, says *John*, there are a
 prodigious Number of learned Words in this Law, what a
 pretty Science it is! Ay but Husband you have paid for
 every Syllable and Letter of these fine Words; bless me,
 what immense Sums are at the bottom of the Accompt!
John spent several Weeks in looking over his Bills,
 and by comparing and stating his Accompts, he dis-
 covered, that, besides the Extravagance of every Arti-
 cle, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had
 paid

* Looking over the Accompts.

paid for Council that were never fee'd for Writs that were never drawn, for Dinners that were never dress'd, and Journeys that were never made: In short, that the Tradesmen, Lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the Burden of the Law-Suit upon his Shoulders.

C H A P. XII.

How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a Composition; † and what Methods were practis'd by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.

WELL might the Learn'd Daniel Burgeſs ſay, *That a Law-Suit is a Suit for Life.* He that ſows his Grain upon Marble, will have many a hungry Belly before Harveſt. This *John* felt by woful Experience. *John's* Cauſe was a good milch Cow, and many a Man ſubſiſted his Family out of it. However *John* began to think it high time to look about him. He had a Couſin in the Country, one Sir Roger Bold, whoſe Predeceſſors had been bred up to the Law, and knew as much of it as any Body; but having left off the Profeſſion for ſome time, they took great Pleaſure in Compounding Law-Suits amongſt their Neighbours, for which they were the Averſion of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and at perpetual War with all the Country Attorneys. *John* put his Cauſe in Sir Roger's Hands, deſiring him to make the beſt of it; the News had no ſooner reach'd the Ears of the Lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. * They brought all the reſt of the Tradesmen upon *John*: 'Squire South ſwore he was betray'd, that he would ſtarve before he compounded, Frog ſaid he was highly wrong'd; even lying Ned the Chimney-ſweeper; and

† Talk of Peace; and the ſtruggle of the Party againſt it.

* The Endeavours made uſe of to ſtop the Treaty of Peace.

and *Tom* the Dustman complained, that their Interest was sacrific'd; the Lawyers, Solicitors, *Hocus* and his Clerks were all up in Arms, at the News of the Composition; || they abus'd him and his Wife most shamefully, "You silly, awkward, ill-bred, Country-Sow, (quoth one) have you no more Manners than to rail at *Hocus*, that has sav'd that Clod-pated, Numskull'd Ninny-hammer of yours from Ruin, and all his Family? It is well known how he has rose early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sitting at every Ale-house in Town. I knew his last Wife, she was a Woman of Breeding, good Humour, and Complaisance, knew how to live in the World: As for you, you look like a Puppet mov'd by Clock-work; your Cloaths hang upon you, as they were upon Tenter-hooks, and you come into a Room as you were going to steal away a Piss-pot; get you gone into the Country to look after your Mother's Poultry, to milk the Cows, churn the Butter, and dress up Nofegays for a Holy-day, and meddle not with Matters that you know no more of, than the Sign-post before your Door: It is well known that *Hocus* has an established Reputation, he never swore an Oath, nor told a Lie in all his Life: He is grateful to his Benefactors, faithful to his Friends, liberal to his Dependants, and dutiful to his Superiors; he values not your Money more than the Dust under his Feet, but he hates to be abus'd: Once for all, Mrs. *Mynx*, leave off talking of *Hocus*, or I will pull out these Saucer Eyes of yours, and make that redstreak Country Face look as raw as an Ox Cheek upon a Butcher's Stall; remember, I say, that there are Pillories and Docking-stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. *Bull* no time to reply: No Stone was left unturn'd to fright *John* from his Composition. Sometimes they spread Reports at Coffee-houses, That *John* and his Wife were run mad; that they intended to give up House,

|| Reflections upon the H—— of C——s, as ignorant, who knew nothing of Business.

House, and make over all their Estate to old *Lewis Baboon*; That *John* had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the Streets without Shoes or Stockings; That he did nothing from Morning to Night but beat his Servants, after having been the best Master alive: As for his Wife, she was a meer Natural. Sometimes *John's* House was beset with a whole Regiment of Attorney's Clerks, Bailiffs and Bailiffs-Followers, and other small Retainers of the Law, who threw Stones at his Windows, and Dirt at himself, as he went along the Street. When *John* complain'd of want of ready Money to carry on his Suit, they advis'd him to pawn his Plate and Jewels, and that Mrs. *Bull* should sell her Linen and wearing Cloaths.

C H A P. XIII.

*Mrs. Bull's Vindication of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, incumbent upon Wives, in case of the Tyranny, Infidelity, or Insufficiency of Husbands: Being a full Answer to the Doctor's Sermon against Adultery.**

JOHN found daily fresh Proofs of the Infidelity and bad Designs of his deceas'd Wife; amongst other Things, one Day looking over his Cabinet, he found the following Paper.

IT is evident that Matrimony is founded upon an original Contract, whereby the Wife makes over the Right she has by the Law of Nature to the *Concubitus vagus*, in favour of the Husband; by which he acquires the Property of all her Posterity. But then the

B

Obliga-

* The Tories Representation of the Speeches at *Sackeverel's* Trial.

Obligation is mutual: And where the Contract is broken on one Side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a Right, there must be a Power to maintain it, and to punish the offending Party. This Power I affirm to be that Original Right, or rather that indispensable Duty, of Cuckoldom, lodg'd in all Wives, in the Cases above-mentioned. No Wife is bound by any Law to which herself has not consented: All Oeconomical Government is lodg'd originally in the Husband and Wife, the executive Part being in the Husband, both have their Privileges secur'd to them by Law and Reason; but will any Man infer from the Husband's being invested with the executive Power, that the Wife is depriv'd of her Share, and that which is the principal Branch of it, the original Right of Cuckoldom? and that which she has no Remedy left but *Preces et Lacryme*, or an Appeal to a supreme Court of Judicature? No less frivolous are the Arguments that are drawn from the general Appellations and Terms of Husband and Wife: A Husband denotes several different Sorts of Magistracy, according to the Usages and Customs of different Climates and Countries. In some Eastern Nations it signifies a Tyrant, with the absolute Power of Life and Death: In *Turkey* it denotes an Arbitrary Governor, with Power of perpetual Imprisonment: In *Italy* it gives the Husband the Power of Poison and Padlocks: In the Countries of *England*, *France* and *Holland*, it has a quite different Meaning, implying a free and equal Government, securing to the Wife, in certain Cases the Liberty of Cuckoldom, and the Property of Pin-money, and separate Maintenance. So that the Argument drawn from the Terms of Husband and Wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical Doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited Chastity, and conjugal Fidelity.

The general Exhortations to Chastity in Wives are meant only for Rules in ordinary Cases, but they naturally suppose the three Conditions of Ability, Justice and Fidelity in the Husband; such an unlimited, uncondition'd Fidelity in the Wife could never be suppos'd by reasonable Men; it seems a Reflection upon

the

The Ch——ch, to charge her with Doctrines that countenance Oppression.

This Doctrine of the original Right of Cuckoldom is congruous to the Law of Nature, which is superior to all human Laws, and for that I dare appeal to all Wives: It is much to the Honour of our *English* Wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental Point*; and that tho' in former Ages they were muffled up in Darkness and Superstition, yet that Notion seem'd engraven on their Minds, and the Impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the Illegality of Cuckoldom, upon any Pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious Colours upon the married State, to blacken the necessary Means of perpetuating Families: Such Laws can never be suppos'd to have been design'd to defeat the very End of Matrimony, the Propagation of Mankind. I call them necessary Means, for in many Cases what other Means are left? Such a Doctrine wounds the Honour of Families, unsettles the Titles to Kingdoms, Honours and Estates; for if the Actions from which such Settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too; but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the Cause that *Europe* groans, at present, under the heavy Load of a cruel and expensive War, but the tyrannical Custom of a certain Nation, and the scrupulous Nicety of a silly Queen, in not exercising this indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom whereby the Kingdom might have had an Heir, and a controverted Succession might have been avoided? These are the Effects of the narrow Maxims of your Clergy, *That one must not do Evil that Good may come of it.*

The Assertors of this indefeasible Right, and *Jus Divinum* of Matrimony, do all in their Hearts favour Gallants, and the Pretenders to married Women; for if the true legal Foundation of the married State be once sapp'd, and instead thereof tyrannical Maxims introduced, what must follow but Elopements, instead of secret and peaceable Cuckoldom?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the Absurdity of the Doctrine of this seditious, discontented,

tented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying Preacher, asserting, *That the grand Security of the matrimonial State, and the Pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the Wife's Belief of an absolute unconditional Fidelity to the Husband's Bed*: By which bold Assertion he strikes at the Root, digs the Foundation, and removes the Basis upon which the Happiness of a married State is built. As for his personal Reflections, I would gladly know who are those *Wanton Wives* he speaks of? who are those Ladies of high Stations, that he so boldly traduces in his Sermon? It is pretty plain who these Aspersions are aim'd at, for which he deserves the Pillory or something worse.

In Confirmation of this Doctrine of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, I could bring the Example of the wisest Wives in all Ages, who by these Means have preserv'd their Husband's Families from Ruin and Oblivion, by want of Posterity; but what has been said, is a sufficient Ground for punishing this pragmatical Person.

CHAP. XIV.

*The two great Parties of Wives, the * Devoto's and the Hitts.*

THE Doctrine of unlimited Chastity and Fidelity Wives was universally espous'd by all Husband who went about the Country, and made the Wives sign Papers, signifying their utter Detestation and Abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked Doctrine of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native Liberty; which gave rise to two great Parties amongst the Wives, the *Devoto's* and the *Hitts*. Tho' it must be own'd, the Distinction was more nominal than real; for the *Devoto's*

* Those who were for and against the Doctrine of *Nonresistance*

Would abuse Freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguish'd by the name of *Hitts*, were often very honest. At the same time there was an ingenious Treatise came out, with the Title of *Good Advice to Husbands*; in which they are counsell'd not to trust too much to their Wives: owning the Doctrine of unlimited conjugal Fidelity; and so to neglect Family Duty, and a due Watchfulness over the Manners of their Wives; that the greatest Security to Husbands was a vigorous Constitution, good Usage of their Wives, and keeping them from Temptation; many Husbands having been Sufferers by their trusting too much to general Professions, as was exemplified in the Case of a foolish and negligent Husband, who trusting to the Efficacy of this Principle, was undone by his Wife's Elopement from him.

C. H A P. XV.

*An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull and * Don Diego.*

THE Lawyers, as their last Effort to put off the Composition, sent *Don Diego* to *John*. *Don Diego* was a very worthy Gentleman, a Friend to *John*, his Mother and present Wife; and therefore suppos'd to have some Influence over her: He had been ill us'd himself, by *John's* Lawyers, but because of some Animosity to Sir *Roger*, was against the Composition: The Conference between him and *Mrs. Bull* was Word for Word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, Cousin *Bull*, that you can forget the honourable Maxims of the Family you are come of, and break your Word with Three of the honestest best meaning Persons in the World, Esquire *South*,

B 3

Frog,

* A Tory Nobleman, who by his Influence upon the H— of C—'s endeavour'd to stop the Treaty.

Frog, and *Hocus*, that have sacrificed their Interest to yours? It is base to take Advantage of their Simplicity and Credulity, and leave them in the Lurch at last.

Mrs. *Bull*. I am sure they have left my Family in a bad Condition, we have hardly Money to go to Market; and no Body will take our Words for Six Pence. A very fine Spark this Esquire *South*! My Husband took him in a dirty, snotty-nos'd Boy, it was the Business of half the Servants to attend him, * the Rogue d.d bawl and make such a Noise: Sometimes he fell in the Fire and burnt his Face, sometimes broke his Shins clambering over the Benches, often piss'd a Bed and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragg'd through the Kennel at a Boarding-School. He lost his Money at Chuck-Farthing, Shuffle-Cap, and All Fours; sold his Books, pawn'd his Linen, which we were always forc'd to redeem. Then the whole Generation of him are so in Love with Bag-Pipes and Puppet-Shewel. I wish you knew what my Husband has paid at the Pastry-Cook's and Confectioner's for *Naple* Biscuit, Tarts, Custards, and Sweet-Meats. All this while my Husband consider'd him as a Gentleman of a good Family that had fallen into Decay, gave him good Education, and has settled him in a good credible Way of Living, having procur'd him by his Interest, one of the best Places of the Country: And what Return, think you, does this fine Gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my Husband a good Word, or a civil Expression: ** Instead of *Sir* and *Madam* (which, tho' I say it, is our Due) he calls us *Goody* and *Gaffer* such a One; says, he did us a great deal of Honour to Board with us; Huffs and Dings at such a Rate, because we will not spend the Little we have left to get him the Title and Estate of Lord *Strutt*; and then forsooth, we shall have the Honour to be his Wollen Drapers. Besides, Esquire *South* will be Esquire *South* still; Fickle, Proud, and Ungrateful. If he behaves himself

* Something relating to the Manners of a Great Prince, Sirrification, Love of Operas, Shows, &c.

** Something relating to Forms and Titles.

to when he depends on us for his daily Bread, can any Man say what he will do, when he is got above the World?

D. Diego. And would you lose the Honour of so noble and generous an Undertaking? Would you rather accept the scandalous Composition, and trust that old Rogue, *Lewis Baboon*?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, Friend *Diego*, if we Law it on till *Lewis* turns honest, I am afraid our Credit will run low at *Blackwell-Hall*. I wish every Man had his own; but I still say, that Lord *Strutt's* Money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Esquire *Wouth's*. I don't know any other Hold that we Tradesmen have of these Great Folks, but their Interest; buy Dear, and sell Cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your Customer. The worst is, that Lord *Strutt's* Servants have got such a Haunt about that old Rogue's Shop, that it will cost us many a Firkin of Strong Beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad Road, the Harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor *Frog*, what has he done! On my Conscience, if there be an honest, sincere Man in the World, it is that *Frog*.

Mrs. Bull. I think I need not tell you how much *Frog* has been oblig'd to our † Family from his Childhood; he carries his Head high now, but he had never been the Man he is, without our Help. Ever since the Commencement of this Law-Suit it has been the Business of *Hecus*, in sharing our Expences, to plead for *Frog*. Poor *Frog* (says he) is in hard Circumstances, he has a numerous Family, and lives from Hand to Mouth; his Children don't eat a Bit of good Victuals from one Year's End to the Other, but live upon salt Herring, sowre Crud, and Borecole; he does his utmost, poor Fellow, to keep things even in the World, and has exerted himself beyond his Ability in this Law-Suit, but he really has not where-withal to go on. What signifies this Hundred Pounds? Place it upon your Side of the Account; it is a

B 4

great

† Complaints of the H—— of C——s of the unequal Burden of the War.

great Deal to poor Frog, and a Trifle to you. This has been *Hocus's* constant Language, and I am sure he has had Obligations enough to us to have acted another Part.

D. Diego. No Doubt *Hocus* meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted charitable Man; *Frog* is indeed in hard Circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard Circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last Degree. †† All the Time of the Law-Suit, as fast as I have mortgag'd, *Frog* has purchas'd: From a plain Tradesman, with a Shop, Ware-House, and a Country Hutt, with a dirty Fish-Pond at the End of it, he is now grown a very rich Country Gentleman, with an noble Landed Estate, Noble Palaces, Manors, Parks, Gardens, and Farms, finer than any we were ever Master of. Is it not strange, when my Husband disbur's'd great Sums every Term, *Frog* should be purchasing some new Farm or Manor? So that if this Law-Suit lasts, he will be far the richest Man in his Country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my Customers every Day; Twelve of the richest and the best have left my Shop by his Persuasion, and whom, to my certain Knowledge he has under Bonds never to return again: Judge you if this be Neighbourly Dealing.

D. Diego. *Frog* is indeed pretty close in his Dealings, but very honest. You are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some Mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A Plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how *Hocus*, and those Rogues, kept my Husband *John Bull* drunk for five Years together, with Punch and Strong-Waters; I am sure he never went one Night sober to Bed, till they got him to sign the strangest Deed that ever you saw in your Life. The Methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another Time; at present I'll read only the Writing,

ARTICLES

†† The D——b Acquisitions in Flanders.

* *ARTICLES of Agreement betwixt
JOHN BULL, Clothier, and Nicholas
Frog, Linen-Draper.*

I. **T**HAT for Maintaining the Ancient good Correspondence and Friendship between the said Parties, I Nicholas Frog, do solemnly Engage and Promise to keep Peace in John Bull's Family; that neither his Wife, Children, nor Servants give him any Trouble, Disturbance, or Molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their Duty quietly in their Respective Stations: And whereas the said John Bull, from the assured Confidence that he has in my Friendship, has appointed me Executor of his last Will and Testament, and Guardian to his Children, I do undertake for Me, My, Heirs and Assigns, to see the same duly Executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its Parts by John Bull, or any Body else: For that Purpose it shall be Lawful and Allowable for Me to enter His House at any Hour of the Day or Night, to break open Bars, Bolts, and Doors, Chests of Drawers, and strong Boxes, in order to secure the Peace of my Friend John Bull's Family, and to see his Will duly Executed.

II. In Consideration of which kind Neighbourly Office of Nicholas Frog in that he has been pleas'd to accept of the foresaid Trust, I John Bull, having duly considered that my Friend Nicholas Frog at this Time lives in a marshy Soil and unwholesome Air, infested with Fogs and Damps, destructive of the Health of himself, Wife, and Children; do bind and oblige Me My Heirs and Assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of My Cash, Bonds Mortgages Goods and Chattels, a landed Estate with Parks, Gardens, Palaces, Rivers, Fields and Outlets, consisting of as large Extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit: And where's the said Nicholas Frog is at Present hem'd in too close by the Grounds

* The Sentiments of the H—— of C——s, and their Representation of the B——r Tr——y.

of Lewis Baboon, Master of the Science of Defence, I the said John Bull do oblige Myself, with the readiest of My Cash, to Purchase and Enclose the said Grounds, for as many Fields and Acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the Intent that the said Nicholas may have free Egress and Regress, without Lett or Molestation, suitable to the Demands of himself and Family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the Country Neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain Part of yearly Rents, to pay for the Repairs of the said Landed Estate, to the Intent that his good Friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all Charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities, formerly in the Possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely, by these Presents, Renounce, Quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities contracted for, in as full a Manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself his Heirs and Assigns, not to sell one Rag of Broad or Coarse Cloth to any Gentleman, within the Neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such Quantities and such Rates as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Sign'd and Seal'd,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

The Reading of this Paper put Mrs. Bull in such a Passion, that she fell downright into a Fit, and they were forc'd to give her a good Quantity of the Spirit of Hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a Passion, Cousin? Considering your Circumstances at that Time, I don't think this such an unreasonable Contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his Bargain, he scorns to hearken to any Composition without your Privacy.

Mrs.

JOHN BULL. 37

Mrs. Bull. You know the * Contrary. Read that Letter.

[*Reads the Superscription*] For Lewis Baboon, Master of the Noble Science of Defence.

SIR,

I Understand that you are at this Time treating with my Friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's Custom, and besides allowing him certain Privileges of Par's, and Fish Ponds; I wonder how you, that are a Man that knows the World, can talk with that simple Fellow. He has been my Bubble these twenty Years, and to my certain Knowledge, understands no more of his own Affairs, than a Child in Swaddling Cloaths. I know he has got a Sort of a pragmatistical silly Jade of a Wife, that pretends to take him out of my Hands: But you and she both will find your selves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hang'd as make one step in his Affairs, without my Consent. If you will give me what you promis'd him, I will make all Things easy, and stop the Deeds of Ejectment against Lord Strutt: If you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good Action against you for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this Warning from

Your loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, Cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green Bag yourself, rather than we shall make an End of our Law-Suit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's sake, Madam, why so Cholerick? I say this Letter is some Forgery; it never enter'd into the Head of that honest Man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

Mrs.

* Secret Negotiations of the D—— at that Time.

Mrs. Bull. I can't abide you: You have been railing these Twenty Years at Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them Rogues and Pick-pockets, and now they are turn'd the honestest Fellows in the World. What is the Meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your Affairs, and not think of your old Friend Diego?

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you Truth, I have employ'd Sir Roger in several weighty Affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor Man always scorn'd to take a Farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great Zeal, but they are damnably greedy of the Pence. My Husband and I are now in such Circumstances, that we must be serv'd upon cheaper Terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, Cousin, I find I can do no good with you, I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

CHAP. XVI.

*How the Guardians of the deceas'd Mrs. Bull's three Daughters came to John, and what Advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated the Characters of the three Daughters: Also John Bull's Answer to the three Guardians. **

I Told you in a former Chapter that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this Life, had bless'd John with three Daughters. I need not here repeat their Names, neither

* Concerns of the Party, and Speeches for carrying on the War, &c. Sentiments of the Tories and H— of C—s against continuing the War, for setting King Ch— upon the Throne S—n.

neither would I willingly use any scandalous Reflections upon young Ladies, whose Reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the Characters of these are so well known in the Neighbourhood, that it is doing them no Injury to make a short Description of them.

* The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate Wench, as ever breath'd; she us'd to rantipole about the House, pinch the Children, kick the Servants, and torture the Cats and the Dogs; she would rob her Father's strong Box, for Money to give the young Fellows that she was fond of: She had a noble Air, and something great in her Mein, but such a noisome infectious Breath, as threw all the Servants that dress'd her into Consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest Nosegay, it would shrivel and whither as it had been blighted; She used to come Home in her Cups, and break the China, and the Looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular Temper, and so entirely given up to her Passion, that you might argue as well with the *North-Wind*, as with her Ladyship: So expensive, that the Income of three Dukedoms was not enough to supply her Extravagance. *Hocus* lov'd her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the Body of *Mrs. Bull*.

** The second Daughter, born a Year after her Sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-condition'd Creature as ever was, ugly as the Devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer Eyes, a sharp Nose, and hunch-back'd; but active, sprightly, and diligent about her Affairs. Her ill Complexion was occasion'd by her bad Diet, which was Coffee, Morning Noon and Night: She never rested quietly a-bed; but us'd to disturb the whole Family with shrieking out in her Dreams, and plague them next Day with interpreting them, for she took them all for Gospel: She would cry out Murder, and disturb the whole Neighbourhood; and when *John* came running down Stairs to enquire what the Matter was, nothing forsooth, only her Maid had stuck a Pin wrong in her Gown: She turn'd away one Servant for putting too much Oil in her Sallad, and another for putting too little Salt in her Water.

Water-Gruel; but such as by Flattery had procur'd her Esteem, she would indulge in the greatest Crimes. Her Father had two Coachmen; when one was in the Coach-box, if the Coach swung but the least to one Side, she us'd to shriek so loud, that all the Street concluded she was overturn'd, but tho' the other was eternally drunk, and had overturn'd the whole Family, she was very angry with her Father for turning him away. Then she used to carry Tales and Stories from one to another, till she had set the whole Neighbourhood together by the Ears; and this was the only Diversion she took Pleasure in. She never went Abroad, but she brought Home such a Bundle of monstrous Lies, as would have amaz'd any Mortal, but such as knew her: Of a Whale that had swallowed a Fleet of Ships, of the Lions being let out of the Tower, to destroy the Protestant Religion; of the Pope's being seen in a Brandy-Shop at *Wapping*; and a prodigious strong Man that was going to shove down the Cupola of *St. Pauls*; of three Millions of Five Pound Pieces that Esquire *South* had found under an old Wall; of Blazing-Stars, Flying-Dragons, and abundance of such Stuff. All the Servants in the Family made high Court to her, for she domineer'd there, and turn'd out and in whom she pleas'd; only there was an old Grudge between her and Sir *Roger*, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire Fellows to squirt Kennel-water upon him as he pass'd along the Streets; so that he was forc'd constantly to wear a Surtout of oil d Cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the Surtout was a little scanty.

* As for the third, she was a Thief, and a common mercenary Prostitute, and that without any Solicitation from Nature, for she own'd she had no Enjoyment. She had no Respect of Persons, a Prince or a Porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest Gentleman in the World, to go to an ugly pocky Fellow, for Six-pence more. In the Practice of her Profession she had amass'd vast Magazines of all Sorts of Things; she had above Five hundred Suits

of fine Cloaths, and yet went abroad like a Cynder-Wench: She robb'd and starv'd all the Servants, so that no body could live near her.

So much for *John's* three Daughters, which you will say were Rarities to be fond of: Yet Nature will shew itself; no body could blame their Relations for taking care of them; and therefore it was that *Hocus*, with two other of the Guardians, thought it their Duty to take care of the Interest of the three Girls, and give *John* their best Advice before he compounded the Law-Suit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good Friend? There's no body loves you better than I, nor has taken more Pains in your Affairs: As I hop'd to be fav'd, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all Four to serve you; I have spent my Health, and paternal Estate in your Service. I have, indeed, a small Pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a Conscience as any Man; but the Thoughts of this disgraceful Composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep: After I had brought the Cause to the last Stroke, that one Verdict more had quite ruin'd old *Lewis*, and Lord *Struit*, and put you in the quiet Possession of every thing, then to compound! I cannot bear it. This Cause was my Favourite, I had set my Heart upon it; it is like an only Child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: For God's Sake consider only to what a dismal Condition old *Lewis* is brought. He is at an End of all his Cash; his Attorneys have hardly one Trick left; they are at an End of all their *Chicane*; besides, he has both his Law and his daily Bread now upon Trust. Hold out only one Term longer, and I warrant before the next, we shall have him in the *Fleet*. I'll bring him to the Pillory, his Ears shall pay for his Perjuries. For the Love of God don't compound: Let me be damn'd if you have a Friend in the World that loves you better than I: There is no Body! can say I am covetous, or that I have any Interest to pursue but yours.

2d *Guardian*. There is nothing so plain, as that this *Lewis* has a Design to ruin all his neighbouring Tradersmen; and at this Time he has such a prodigious

ous Income by his Trade of all kinds, that if there is not some Stop put to his exorbitant Riches; he will monopolize every Thing; no Body will be able to sell a Yard of Drapery or Mercery Ware but himself. It is then hold it adviseable that you continue the Law-Suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless Children obliges me to give you this Advice for their Estates, poor Girls! depend upon the Success of this Cause.

3d Guardian. I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a Jewel well worth the purchasing at the Price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declar'd Enemies can say, he has any other Security for his Cloathing Trade, but the Ejectment of Lord Strutt. The only Question then that remains to be decided, is, Who shall stand the Expences of the Suit? To which the Answer is as plain, Who but he that is to have the Advantage of the Sentence? When Esquire South has got Possession of his Title and Honour, is not John Bull to be his Clothier? Who then but John ought to put him in Possession? Ask but any indifferent Gentleman, who ought to bear his Charges at Law? and he will readily answer, his Tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to Death with it, that being his Clothier you ought to put him in quiet Possession of his Estate, and with the same generous Spirit you have begun it, compleat the good Work. If you persist in the bad Measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor Orphans? My Heart bleeds for the poor Girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent Persons, but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more Concern for the three Girls than for me; I think my Interest ought to be consider'd in the first Place. As for you Hocus, I can't but say you have manag'd my Law-Suit with great Address, and much to my Honour; and tho' I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the Burthen be taken off Frog's Back, and laid upon my Shoulders? He can drive about his own Parks and Fields in his gilt Chariot, when I have been forc'd to mortgage my Estate; His Note will go farther than my

Bond.

Bond. Is it not Matter of Fact, that from the richest Tradesmen in all the Country, I am reduc'd to beg and borrow from Scriveners and Usurers, that suck the Heart, Blood and Guts out of me, and what is all this for? Did you like *Frog's* Countenance better than mine? Was not I your old Friend and Relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole Family? Have you not had an hundred Yards at a time of the finest Cloth in my Shop? Why must the rest of the Tradesmen be not only indemnified from Charges, but forbid to go on with their own Business, and what is more their Concern than mine? As to holding out this Term, I appeal to your own Conscience, has not that been your constant Discourse these Six Years, *One Term more, and old Lewis goes to pot.* If thou art so fond of my Cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of Thousands. Ah *Hocus! Hocus!* I know thee, not a Sous to save me from Goal, I trow. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have liv'd with Credit in the World, and it grieves my Heart, never to stir out of my Doors, but to be pull'd by the Sleeve by some rascally Dun or other: *Sir, Remember my Bill: There's a small Concern of a Thousand Pounds, I hope you think on't, Sir.* And to have these Usurers transact my Debts at Coffee-Houses and Ale-Houses, as if I were going to break up Shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous, *John Bull*, Clothier, the Envy of all his Neighbours, should be brought to compound his Debts for Five Shillings in the Pound; and to have his Name in an Advertisement for a Statute of Bankrupt. The Thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha* That one should not consult with a Woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a Merchant concerning Exchange; nor with a Buyer of Selling; nor with an unmerciful Man of Kinship, &c. I could have added one thing more, *Nor with an Attorney, about Compounding a Law Suit.* This Ejectment of Lord *Strutt* will never do. The Evidence is crimp; the Witnesses swear backwards and forwards and contradict themselves; and his Tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my Suit, because *Lewis* is poor; another because he is still too rich: Whom shall I be-

I believe? I am sure of one Thing, that a Penny in the Purse is the best Friend *John* can have at last, and who can say that this will be the last Suit I shall be engag'd in? Besides if this Ejectment was practicable, is it reasonable, that when Esquire *South* is sending his Money to Sharpers and Pick-pockets, going about the Country with Fiddlers and Buffoons, and squandering his Income with Hawks and Dogs, I should lay out the Fruits of my honest Industry in a Law-Suit for him, only upon the hopes of being his Clothier? And when the Cause is over, I shall not have the Benefit of my Project for want of Money to go to Market. Look ye, Gentlemen, *John Bull* is but a plain Man; but *John Bull* knows when he is ill used. I know the Infirmity of our Family? we are apt to play the Boon-Companion, and throw away our Money in our Cups: But it was an unfair thing in you Gentlemen, to take Advantage of my Weakness, to keep a Parcel of roaring Bullies about me Day and Night, with Huzza's, and Hunting Horns, and ringing the Changes on Butchers Cleavers, never to let me cool, and make me set my Hand to Papers, when I could hardly hold my Pen. There will come a Day of Reckoning for all that Proceeding. In the mean time, Gentlemen, I beg you will let me be to my Affairs a little, and that ye would not grudge me the small Remainder of a very great Estate.

CHAP. XVII.

*Esquire South's Message and Letter to Mrs. Bull.**

THE Arguments used by *Hocus*, and the rest of the Guardians had hitherto prov'd insufficient: *John* and his Wife could not be persuaded to bear the Expence

* Complaints of the Deficiencies of the House of Au—, Prince E—'s Journey and Message.

pence of Esquire *South's* Law-Suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the Honour and Advantage, he should bear the greatest Share of the Charges; and retrench what he lost to Sharpers, and spent upon Country-dances, and Puppet-plays, to apply it to that Use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire; therefore, as the last Experiment, he was resolv'd to send Signior *Benenato*. Master of his Fox-Hounds, to Mrs. *Bull*, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior *Benenato* had all the Qualities of a fine Gentleman, that were fit to charm a Lady's Heart; and if any Person in the World could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken Fidelity to her Husband, and the constant Purpose of her Mind to pursue his Interest, that the most refin'd Arts of Gallantry that were practis'd, could not seduce her Heart. The Necklaces, Diamond-Crosses, and rich Bracelets that were offer'd, she rejected with the utmost Scorn and Disdain. The Musick and Serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her Ears than the Noise of a Screech Owl; however, she receiv'd Esquire *South's* Letter by the Hands of Signior *Benenato*, with that respect which became his Quality. The Copy of the Letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little, his usual Style.

MADAM,

THE Writ of Ejectment against Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass: There wants but a few necessary Forms, and a Verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet Possession of my Honour and Estate: I question not, but that, according to your wonted Generosity and Goodness, you will give it the finishing Stroke; an Honour that I would grudge any body, but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the Charges, I promise to furnish Pen, Ink, and Paper, provided you pay for the Stamps. Besides, I have order'd my Steward to pay out of the readiest and best of my Rents, Five Pounds Ten Shil-

Ten Shillings a Year, 'till my Suit is finish'd. I wish you
Health and Happiness, being with due Respect,

MADAM,

Your assured Friend,

SOUTH

What Answer Mrs. Bull return'd to this Letter, you
shall know in my Second Part, only they were at a
pretty good Distance in their Proposals; for as Esquire
South only offer'd to be at the Charges of Pen, Ink,
and Paper, Mrs. Bull refus'd any more than to lend her
Barge, * to carry his Council to Westminster-Hall.

* Sending the E—— Fl—— to convey the Forces
Ba——c——a.



Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

THE

SECOND PART.

M.DCC.XIII.



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THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL.

PART II.

The Publisher's PREFACE.



THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphrey Poleworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull's* Law-Suit; yet there is just cause of Complaint against him, in that he relates it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work: This forces me,

who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy Humour, and gratify the Curiosity of the Publick at once. He pleads in Excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use, in a loose Style, to serve as a Help to his ordinary Conversation. I represented to him the good Reception the
first

first Part had met with, that tho' calculated only for the Meridian of *Grubstreet*, it was yet taken Notice of by the better Sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested itself in his Concerns. He answered with a Smile, that he had indeed some trifling Things to impart that concern'd *John Bull's* Relations and Domestick Affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free Leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the History of the Law-Suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuscript, I found likewise some further Account of the Composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former Part.

CHAP. I.

*The Character of * John Bull's Mother.*

JOHN had a Mother, whom he lov'd and honour'd extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-condition'd, cleanly old Gentlewoman, as ever liv'd; she was none of your cross-grain'd, termagant, scolding Jades, that one had as good be hang'd as live in the House with, such as are always censuring the Conduct, and telling scandalous Stories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek Spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best Construction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the Rules of Honesty and Decency. She was neither one of your precise *Prudes*, nor one of your fantastical old *Belies*, that dress themselves like Girls of Fifteen; as she neither wore a Ruff, Fore-head-cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, so she had laid aside Feathers, Flowers, and crimp'd Ribbons in her Head-dress, Fur-

below.

* The C——h of E——d.

belo-Scarfs and Hoop'd-Petticoats. She scorn'd to Patch and Paint. yet she lov'd to keep her Hands and her Face clean. Tho' she wore no flaunting Lac'd Ruffles, she would not keep her self in a constant Sweat with greasy Flannel: Tho her Hair was not stuck with Jewels, she was not ashamed of a Diamond Cross; she was not like some Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Tweezer-Cases, Pocket-Glasses and Essence-Bottles; she used only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-days.

Her Furniture was neat and genteel, well fancy'd with a *bon Goust*. As she affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, she thought there was no Offence in an Elbow-Chair: she had laid aside your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work, as being too apt to gather Dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain Wainscot and clean Hangings. There are some Ladies that affect to smell a Stink in every Thing; they are always highly Perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincense in their Rooms; she was above such Affectation, yet she never would lay aside the Use of Brooms and Scrubbing-Brushes, and scrupled not to lay her Linen in fresh Lavender.

She was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred, without Affectation, in the due Mean between one of your Affected curt'sying Pieces of Formality, and your Romps that have no Regard to the common Rules of Civility. There are some Ladies that affect a mighty Regard for their Relations; *We must not eat to Day, for my Uncle Tom, or my Cousin Betty dy'd this Time ten Years. Let's have a Ball to Night, it is my Neighbour such-a-one's Birth-day*; she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constantly observed her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding day, and some few more.

Tho' she was a truly good Woman, and had a sincere motherly Love for her Son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to create a Misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevail'd with him once, that he turn'd her out of Doors, to his great Sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his Affairs went all at Sixes and Sevens.

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She was no less judicious in the Turn of her Conversation and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the Company of all sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome Manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim than some that were more sower and reserved; she was a zealous Preacher up of Chastity, and *Conjugal Fidelity* in Wives, and by no means a Friend to the new-fangled Doctrine of the *Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom*: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in as some positive Creatures will do, with dogmatical Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a Rogue can deny it.* It has been observ'd that such People are oftner in the Wrong than any Body.

Tho' she had a Thousand good Qualities, she was not without her Faults, amongst which one might, perhaps, reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom she always gave good Counsel, but often too gentle Correction. I thought I could not say less of *John Bull's* Mother, because she bears a Part in the following Transactions.

CHAP. II.

*The Character of John Bull's * Sister Peg, with the Quarrels that happen'd between Master and Miss in their Childhood.*

JOHN had a Sister, a poor Girl that had been starv'd at Nurse; any Body would have guess'd Miss to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-Dame, and *John* to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. *John* look'd ruddy and plump, with a Pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miss look'd pale and wan, as if she had the Green-Sickness; and no wonder, for *John* was the Darling, he had all the good Bits, was cram-

* The Nation and Church of S.—d.

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med with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Goose and Capon, while Miss had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Crust without Butter. *John* had his golden Pippins, Peaches, and Nectarines; poor Miss a Crab-Apple, Sloe or a Blackberry. Master lay in the best Apartment, with his Bed-Chamber towards the *South* Sun. Miss lodg'd in a Garret, expos'd to the *North* Wind, which shrivel'd her Countenance; however, this Usage, tho' it stunted the Girl in her Growth, gave her a hardy Constitution; she had Life and Spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: Now and then she would seize upon *John's* Commons, snatch a Leg of a Pullet, or a Bit of good Beef, for which they were sure to go to Fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least Point, but ev'n when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a Tyger; when he gave her a Cuff on the Ear, she would prick him with her Knitting-Needle: *John* brought a great Chain one Day to tie her to the Bed-post, for which Affront Miss aim'd a Pen-knife at his Heart. In short, these Quarrels grew up to rooted Aversions, they gave one another Nick-names, she call'd him *Gundy guts*, and he call'd her *Lousy Peg*; though the Girl was a tight clever Wench as any was, and through her pale Looks, you might discern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect Beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in Parents not to take Notice of these early Quarrels, and make them live better together, such Domestick Feuds proving afterwards the Occasion of Misfortunes to them both. * *Peg* had, indeed, some odd Humours and comical Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her. "What think you of my Sister *Peg* (says he) that faints at the sound of an Organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the Noise of a Bag-pipe? What's that to you, *Gundy-guts*," (quoth *Peg*) every Body's to chuse their own Musick." Then *Peg* had taken a Fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made People imagine strange Things of her.

** Love of Presbytery.

Of the Three Brothers that have made such a Clutter in the World, Lord *Peter*, *Martin* and *Jack*; *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations; Lord *Peter* she detested; nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the Way to her Heart. I have often admir'd what Charms she discover'd in that awkward Booby, till I talk'd with a Person that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

C H A P. III.

* *Jack's Charms, or the Method by which he gain'd Peg's Heart.*

IN the first Place, *Jack* was a very young Fellow, by much, the youngest of the Three Brothers, and People, indeed, wonder'd how such a young upstart Jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragg'd of greater Abilities than other Men; he was well-gifted, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret Influence that has upon the Ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous Tongue, and persuaded *Peg* that all Mankind, besides himself, were pox'd by that Scarlet-fac'd Whore † *Signiora Bubonia*. "As for my Brother Lord *Peter*, the Tokens were evident on his Blotches, Scabs, and the Corona: His Brother *Martin*, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal Pains, which his Friends pretended were only scorbutical; but, he was sure, proceeded from a worse Cause." By such malicious Insinuations, he had possess'd the Lady, that he was the only Man in the World, of a sound, pure and untainted Constitution. Tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* rail'd at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found

* Character of the Presbyterians.

† The Whore of *Babylon*, or the *Pope*.

with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her home in a dark Stormy Night.

Jack was a prodigious Ogler; he would ogle you the Outside of his Eye inward, and the White upward.

Jack gave himself out for a Man of a great Estate in the Fortunate Islands; of which the sole Property was vested in his Person: By this Trick he cheated abundance of poor People of small Sums, pretending to make over Plantations in the said Islands; but when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack's* Grant, they were beat, mock'd. and turn'd out of Doors.

I told you that *Peg* was whimsical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that Way, *Jack* was her Man; for he neither thought, spoke, dress'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was for your *bold Strokes*; he rail'd at Fops, though he was himself the most affected in the World; instead of the common Fashion, he would visit his Mistress in a Mourning-Cloak, Band, short Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a Way of coming into a Room backwards, which he said shew'd more Humility, and less Affectation: Where other People stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to Court, he us'd to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince, Cheek by Jole: *Confound these States* (says he) *they are a modern Invention*. When he spoke to his Prince, he always turn'd his Br--ch upon him: If he was advis'd to fast for his Health, he would eat Roast-beef; if he was allow'd a more plentiful Diet then he would be sure, that Day, to live upon Water-gruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jests at a Funeral.

He was no less singular in his Opinions; you would have burst your Sides to hear him talk of Politicks: † "All Government (says he) is founded upon the right Distribution of *Punishments*; decent Executions keep the World in Awe; for that Reason, the Majority of Mankind ought to be hang'd every Year. For example, I suppose, the Magistrate ought to pass an irreversible Sentence upon
C 3 " all

† Absolute Predestination and Reprobation.

“ all *Blue ey'd Children* from the Cradle; but that there
 “ may be some Shew of Justice in this Proceeding
 “ these Children ought to be train'd up by Masters,
 “ appointed for that Purpose, to all Sorts of Villainy;
 “ that they may deserve their Fate, and the Execution
 “ of them may serve as an Object of Terror to the
 “ rest of Mankind.” As to the giving of *Pardons*, he
 had this singular Method, * That when these Wret-
 ches had the Rope about their Necks, it should be
 enquired, who *believed* they should be hanged, and
 who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last
 hang'd out-right. Such as were once pardon'd, were
 never to be hang'd afterwards for any Crime what-
 soever. He had such Skill in Physiognomy, that he
 would pronounce peremptorily upon a Man's Face,
That Fellow (says he) do what he will, can't avoid
Hanging; he has a hanging Look. By the same Art, he
 would prognosticate a Principality to a Scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the Choice of his Stu-
 dies; they were generally bent towards exploded Chi-
 mera's, † the *perpetuum Mobile*, the circular Shot, Phi-
 losopher's Stone, silent Gun-powder, making Chains
 for Fleas, Nets for Flies, and Instruments to unravel
 Cobwebs, and split Hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct Account of
 the Methods he practis'd upon *Peg*. Her Brother would
 now and then ask her, “ What a Devil dost thou see
 “ in that pragmatistical Coxcomb, to make thee so in-
 “ love with him? he is a fit Match for a Tailor or
 “ a Shoe-maker's Daughter, but not for you that are
 “ a Gentlewoman. Fancy is free (quoth *Peg*) I'll take
 “ my awn Way; do you take yours. I do not care
 “ for your flaunting Beaus, that gang with their Breasts
 “ open and their Sark's over their Waistcoats, that ac-
 “ cost me with set Speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*
 “ or the *Academy of Compliments*. *Jack* is a sober
 “ grave, young Man; tho' he has none of your study'd
 “ Harangues, his Meaning is sincere: He has a great

Regard

* Saving-Faith; a Belief that one shall certainly be saved.

† The Learning of the Presbyterians.

“ Regard to his Father’s Will; and he that shews
 “ himself a good Son, will make a good Husband;
 “ besides, I know he has the original Deed of Con-
 “ veyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are
 “ Counterfeits.” There is nothing so obstinate as a
 young Lady in her Amours; the more you cross her,
 the worse she is.

C H A P. IV.

* *How the Relations reconcil’d John and
 his Sister Peg, and what Return Peg
 made to John’s Message.*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natur’d Man, was
 very hard-hearted to his Sister Peg, chiefly from
 an Aversion he had conceiv’d in his Infancy.
 While he flourish’d, kept a warm House, and drove a
 plentiful Trade, poor Peg was forc’d to go hawking
 and peddling about the Streets, selling Knives, Sci-
 sars and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry’d a Bas-
 ket of Fish to the Market; sew’d, spun, and knit for
 a Livelihood, till her Fingers-ends were sore; and when
 she could not get Bread for her Family, she was forc’d
 to hire ’em out at Journey-work to her Neigh-
 bours. Yet in these her poor Circumstances, she still
 preserv’d the Air and Mien of a Gentlewoman; a
 certain decent Pride, that extorted Respect from the
 haughtiest of her Neighbours; when she came into a-
 ny full Assembly, she would not yield the *Pas* to the
 best of them. If one ask’d her, Are not you related
 to *John Bull*? “ Yes (says she) he has the Honour to
 “ be my Brother.” So Peg’s Affairs went, till all the
 Relations cry’d out Shame upon *John*, for his barba-
 rous

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* The Treaty of Union. Reason of it, the Succession not be-
 ing settled in Sc——d. Fears for the Presbyterian Church-Gov-
 ernment, and of being burthen’d with the E——g National
 Debt.

rous Usage of his own Flesh and Blood; that it was an easy Matter for him to put her in a creditable Way of living, not only without Hurt, but with Advantage to himself, being she was an industrious Person, and might be serviceable to him in his Way of Business. *Hang her, Fades,* (quoth *John* *I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that Rascal Jack's Company.* They told him the Way to reclaim her, was to take her into his House; that by Conversation the childish Humours of their younger Days might be worn out. These Arguments were easor'd by a certain Incident. It happen'd that *John* was at that Time about making his * *Will*, and entailing his Estate, the very same in which *Nic. Frog* is named Executor. Now his Sister *Peg's* Name being in the Entail he could not make a thorough Settlement without her Consent. There was, indeed, a malicious Story went about, as if *John's* last Wife had fallen in Love with *Jack*, as he was eating † *Custard* a Horseback; that she perswaded *John* to take his Sister *Peg* into the House, the better to drive on her Intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his Mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this Story, is, that when one has got a bad Character in the World, People will report and believe any Thing of them, true or false. But to return to my Story; when *Peg* receiv'd *John's* Message, she huff'd and storm'd like the Devil: "My Brother *John* (quoth she) is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden; but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for his awn Conveniency than for my good; he draws up his Writs and his Deeds, forsooth, and I mun set my Hand to them, unsight,* unseen. I like the young Man he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable Consideration for my Consent. He wants my poor little Farm, because it makes a Nook in his Park-Wall: Ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring and quarrelling, through all the Countrey Merkats, making foolish Bargains in his Cups " which

* The Act of Succession.

† A Presbyterian Lord-Mayor.

" which he repents when he is sober; like a thrift-
 " less Wretch, spending the Goods and Gear that his
 " Fore-fathers won with the Sweat of their Brows;
 " light come, light go, he cares not a Farthing. But
 " why should I stand Surety for his Contracts; the little
 " I have is free, and I can call it my awn; Hame's
 " hame, be it never so hamely. I ken him well e-
 " nough, he could never abide me, and when he has
 " his Ends he'll e'en use me as he did before; I'm
 " sure I shall be treated like a poor Drudge; I shall be
 " set to tend the Bairns, darn the Hose, and mend the
 " Linen. Then there's no living with that old Car-
 " line his Mother; she rails at *Jack*, and *Jack's* an ho-
 " nester Man than any of her Kin: I shall be plagu'd
 " with her Spells and her *Pater Nosters*, and silly old-
 " world Ceremonies; I mun never pare my Nails on
 " a *Friday*, nor begin a Journey on *Childermas-day*;
 " and I mun stand becking and binging, as I gang
 " out and into the Hall. Tell him he may e'en
 " gan his get, I'll have nothing to do with him,
 " I'll stay like the poor Country Mouse, in my awn
 " Habitation." So *Peg* talk'd; but for all that, by the
 Interposition of good Friends, and by many a bonny
 Thing that was sent, and many more that were prom-
 is'd *Peg*, the Matter was concluded, and *Teg* * taken
 into the House upon certain Articles, One of which
 was, That she might have the Freedom of *Jack's* Con-
 versation, and might take him for Better and for Worse,
 if she pleas'd; provided always, he did not come into
 the House at unseasonable Hours, and disturb the Rest
 of the old Woman, *John's* Mother.

* The Act of Toleration.

* *Of some Quarrels that happen'd after Peg was taken into the Family.*

IT is an old Observation, that the Quarrels of Relations are harder to reconcile than any other; Injuries from Friends fret and gall more, and the Memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old Sages, call'd *Æsop*, in the Story of the Bird, that was griev'd extremely at being wounded with an Arrow feather'd with his own Wing; as also of the Oak, that let many a heavy Groan, when he was cleft with a Wedge of his own Timber.

There was no Man in the World less subject to Rancour than *John Bull*, considering how often his good Nature had been abus'd; yet I don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling People, that carry Tales between him and his Sister *Peg*, on purpose to sow Jealousies, and set them together by the Ears. They say that there were some Hardships put upon *Peg*, which had been better let alone; but it was the Business of good People to restrain the Injuries on one Side, and moderate the Resentments on the other; a good Friend acts both Parts, the one without the other will not do.

† The Purchase-Money of *Peg's* Farm was ill-paid; then *Peg* lov'd a little good Liquor, and the Servants shut up the Wine-Cellar; but for that *Peg* found a Trick, for she made a § false Key. *Peg's* Servants complain'd that they were debarr'd from all manner of Business, and never suffer'd to touch the least Thing within the House; if they offer'd to come into the Warehouse, then strait went the Yard slap over their Noddle; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room; a Fellow would

* Quarrels about some of the Articles of Union, particularly the Peccage.

† The Equivalent not paid.

§ Run Wine.

would throw an Ink-bottle at their Head; if they came into the best Apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a Broom; if they meddled with any thing in the Kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the Pate with a Ladle; one that would have got into the Stables, was met by two Rascals, who set to work with him with a Brush and a Curry-comb; some climbing up into the Coach-box, were told, that one of their Companions had been there before, that could not drive; then flap went the long Whip about their Ears.

On the other Hand it was complain'd, that Peg's Servants were always asking for * Drink-Money; that they had more than their Share of the *Christmas box*: To say the Truth, Peg's Lads bustled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their Great Fists, and pull'd out Handfuls of Half Crowns, Shillings and Six-pences: Others in the Scramble pick'd up Guineas and Broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worse Thing than all this; it was complain'd that Peg's Servants had great Stomachs, and brought so many of their Friends and Acquaintance to the Table, that John's Family was like to be eat out of House and Home. Instead of regulating this Matter as it ought to be, Peg's young Men were thrust away from the Table; then there was the Devil and all to do; Spoons, Plates and Dishes flew about the Room like mad: And Sir Roger, who was now *Majesty's Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said this was contrary to Agreement, whereby she was in all Things to be treated like a Child of the Family; then she call'd upon those that had made her such fair Promises, and undertook for her Brother John's good Behaviour; but, alas! to her Cost she found, that they were the first, and readiest to do her the Injury. John at last agreed to this Regulation; that Peg's ** Footmen might sit with his Book-keeper, Journey-men and Apprentices; and

* Endeavour'd to get their share of Places.

** Artcles of Union, whereby they could make a Scot's Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

and Peg's better Sort of Servants might fit with his Footmen, if they pleas'd.

Then they began to order Plumb-porridge and Minc'd-Pies for Peg's Dinner: Peg told them she had an Aversion to that Sort of Food; that upon forcing down a Morsel of it some Years ago, it threw her into a Fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledg'd it was nothing but Humour, that the same Mess should be serv'd up again for Supper, and Breakfast next Morning; others would have made use of a Horn; but the wiser Sort bid them let her alone, and she might take to it of her own Accord.

CHAP. VI.

* *The Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.*

Mrs. Bull. **T**HO' our Affairs, Honey, are in a bad Condition, I have a better Opinion of them since you seem to be convinc'd of the ill Course you have been in, and are resolv'd to submit to proper Remedies. But when I consider your immense Debts, your foolish Bargains, and the general Disorder of your Business, I have a Curiosity to know what Fate or Chance has brought you into this Condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other Subject; The Thoughts of it make me mad; our Family must have their Run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happen'd to any of your Family before: They have had Law-Suits, but tho' they spent the Income, they never mortgag'd the Stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk Blood in you. Prithce give me some Account of these Matters.

J. Bull.

* The History of the P——rt——t——n Treaty; Suppos'd to be the first that the Fr. K. intended to take the whole, and that he reveal'd the Secret to the Court of Sp——n.

7. *Bull.* Who could help it? There lives not such a Fellow by Bread as that old *Lewis Baboon*: He is the most cheating, contentious Rogue upon the Face of the Earth. You must know, one Day as *Nic. Frag* and I were over a Bottle making up an old Quarrel, the old Fellow would needs have us drink a Bottle of his *Champagne*, and so one after another, till my Friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady Stuff, got bloody drunk. *Lewis* all the while, either by the Strength of his Brain, or flinching his Glass, kept himself sober as a Judge. "My worthy Friends" (quoth *Lewis*) henceforth let us live Neighbourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a Lamb, of my own Temper, but it has been my Misfortune to live among quarrelsome Neighbours. There is but one Thing can make us fall out, and that is the *Inheritance of Lord Strutt's Estate*; I am content, for Peace Sake, to wave my Right, and submit to any Expedient to prevent a Law-Suit; I think an * equal Division will be the fairest Way." Well mov'd, Old *Lewis*, (quoth *Fr g*) and I hope my Friend *John* here will not be Refractory. At the same Time he clapp'd me on the Back, and slapper'd me all over from Cheek to Cheek, with his great Tongue. Do as you please, Gentlemen, (quoth I) 'tis all one to *John Bull*. We agreed to part that Night, and next Morning to meet at the Corner of *Lord Strutt's Park Wall*, with our surveying Instruments, which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carry'd a Chain and a Semicircle; *Nic.* Paper, Rulers, and a Lead Pencil; and I follow'd at some Distance with a long Pole. We began first with surveying the Meadow Grounds, afterwards we measured the Corn Fields Close by Close; then we proceeded to the Wood Lands, the † Copper and Tin Mines. All this while *Nic.* laid down every thing exactly upon Paper, calculated the Acres and Roads to a great Nicety. When we had finish'd the Land, we were going to break into the House and Gardens, to take

* The P——rt——t——n Treaty.

† The *West Indies*.

take an Inventory of his Plate, Pictures, and other Furniture.

Mrs. Bull. What said Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almost finish'd our Concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's Servants: *Hey day! What's here? What a Devil's the Meaning of all these Trangams and Gimcracks, Gentlemen? What in the Name of Wonder, are you going about jumping over my Master's Hedges, and running your Lines cross his Grounds? If you are at any Field Pastime you might have ask'd Leave; my Master is a civil well-bred Person as any is.*

Mrs. Bull. What could you answer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly my Neighbour Frog and I were still hot-headed? we told him his Master was an old dotting Puppy, that minded nothing of his own Business; that we were surveying his Estate and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happen'd a Quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a Flea in their Ear. They went Home, and told their Master. My Lord (say they) *there are three old Sort of Fellows going about your Grounds with the strangest Machines that ever we beheld in our Life: I suppose they are going to rob your Orchard, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle: They told us strange Things of settling your Estate: One is a lusty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black Beard, without Teeth: There's another thick squat Fellow in Trunk-ose: The third is a little, long nos'd, thin Man. I was then lean, being just come out of a Fit of Sickness: I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.*

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old Fellow in a rare Tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he call'd for his long Toleo, swore and bounc'd about the Room, *'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my Tradesmen? I know the Rascals: My Barber, Clothier and Linen draper dispose of my Estate! bring hither my Blunderbuss, I'll warrant ye you shall see Day-light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! the Scum of the Earth! Frog that was my Father's Kitchen-Boy, he pretend to meddle with my Estate! with my Will! ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last?*

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Thou hast liv'd too long in the World, to see thy Age and Infirmary so despis'd: How will the Ghosts of my noble Ancestors receive these Tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their Graves. In short, the old Gentleman was carried off in a fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary Way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

F. Bull. After we had come back to the Tavern, and taken t'other Bottle of *Champagne*, we quarrell'd a little about the Division of the Estate. *Lewis* hall'd and pull'd the Map on one Side, and *Frog* and I on t'other, till we had like to have tore the Parchment 'o Pieces. At last *Lewis* pull'd out a Pair of great Taylor's Sheers, and clip't off a Corner for himself, which he said was a Manor that lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me the rest to dispose of as we pleas'd. We were overjoy'd to think *Lewis* was contented with so little not smelling what was at the Bottom of the Plot. There happen'd, indeed, an incident, that gave us some Disturbance: A cunning Fellow, one of my Servants, two Days after peeping through the Key-hole, observ'd that old *Lewis* had stole away our Part of the Map, and saw him fiddling and turning the Map from one Corner to the other, trying to join the two Pieces together again: He was muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these Words, 'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity! My Servant added, that he believ'd this had some ill-meaning. I told him he was a Coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his Companions: *Lewis* and I are good Friends, he's an honest Fellow, and I dare say will stand to his Bargain. The Sequel of the Story prov'd this Fellow's Suspicion to be too well grounded; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole Secret to the deceas'd Lord *Strutt*, who in Reward to his Treachery and Revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the Map together.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bull. And was you surpriz'd at this? Had no Lord *Strutt* Reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull. Why truly, Wife, it was not easily reconcil'd to the common Methods, but then it was the Fashion to do such Things: I have read of your Golden Age, Your Silver Age, &c. one might justly call this the Age of the Lawyers. There was hard'y a Man of Substance in all the Country, but had a * *Counterfeit* ~~and~~ pretended to his Estate. As the Philosophers say, there is a Duplicate of every Terrestrial Animal at Sea so it was in this Age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of every Thing; nay, o'my Conscience, I think there were three † *Esquire Hackums* at one Time. In short, it was usual for a Parcel of Fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country: *This is convenient for me, Tom; Thou wouldst do more good me that, Dick; than the old Fellow that has it.* So to Law they went with the true owners; the Lawyers got by it; every Body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest Man, when he came home at Night, to find another Fellow domineering in his Family, hectoring his Servants, calling for Supper, and pretending to go to Bed to his Wife. In every Household you might observe two *Sofia's* quarrelling who was Master. For my own Part, I am still afraid of the same Treatment, that I should find some body behind a Counter selling my Broad Cloth.

Mrs. Bull. There are a Sort of Fellows they call *Batterers*, and *Bamboozlers*, that play such Tricks; but it seems these Fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think that *Justice* is a better Rule than *Conveniency*, for all some People make so flight on it.

* Several Pretenders at that Time.

† Kings of P——d.

C H A P. VII.

* *Of the hard Shifts Mrs. Bull was put to to preserve the Manor of Bullock's-Hatch; with Sir Roger's Method to keep off importunate Duns.*

AS *John Bull* and his Wife were talking together, they were surpriz'd with a sudden Knocking at the Door: *These wicked Scriveners and Lawyers no doubt* (quoth *John*); and so it was; Some asking for the Money he ow'd, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term. *What a cursed Life do I lead?* (quoth *John*) *Debt is like deadly Sin: For God's Sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of these Fellows. I'll warrant you* (quoth *Sir Roger*) *leave them to me.* And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe *Sir Roger's* Method with these importunate Duns; his sincere Friendship for *John Bull*, made him submit to many Things for his Service, which he would have scorn'd to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the Door with his long Staff to keep off the Duns, 'till *John* got out at the Back-door. When the Lawyers and Tradesmen brought extravagant Bills, *Sir Roger* used to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off a quarter of a Yard in any Part of the Bill he pleas'd; he wore a pair of Scissars in his Pocket for this Purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine: Like a true Goldsmith, he kept all your Holidays; there was not one wanting in his Calendar; when ready Money was scarce, he would fit them a telling a thousand Pounds in Six-pences, Groats, and Three-penny Pieces. It would have done your Heart good to have seen him charge through an Army of Lawyers, Attornies, Clerks, and Tradesmen; sometimes with Sword in Hand, at other Times nuzzling like

* Some Atterapts to destroy the publick Credit at that Time. Miners of the E. of O.

like an Eel in the Mud. When a Fellow stuck like a Bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the Health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every Body, and could talk to them in their own Way. The extremely impatient he would send away to see some strange Sight as the Dragon at *Hockly the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. * Now and then you would see him in the Kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a Tick at the Market, and the Butchers, by bringing of them sell damag'd and light Meat. Another Time he would slip into the Cellar, and gauge the Casks. In his leisure Minutes he was posting his Books, and gathering in his Debts. Such frugal Methods were necessary where Money was so scarce and Duns so numerous. All this while *John* kept his Credit, could shew his Head both at *'Change* and *Westminster-Hall*; no Man protested his Bill, nor refused his Bond: Only the Sharpers and the Scriveners, the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The Squinters were at it with their Kennel Water, for they were mad for the Loss of their Bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the Manor of *Bullock's-Hatch*. Sir Roger shook his Ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable Work, in rescuing an honest Man from the Claws of *Harpies* and *Blood-suckers*. Mrs. *Bull* did all that an affectionate Wife and a good Housewife could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indivisible Lines, it is impossible to march up close to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parsimony. Your good Housewives are apt to look into the minutest Things; † therefore some blam'd Mrs. *Bull* for new-heel-piecing of her

* Some Regulations as to the Purveyance in the Qu—— Family.

† Too great Savings in the H—— of C——s.

her Shoes, grudging a Quarter of a Pound of Soap and Sand to scowre the Rooms; but especially, || that she would not allow her Maids and Apprentices the Benefit of *John Tynyan*, the *London Apprentices*, or the *Seven Champions*, in the Black Letter.

C H A P. VIII.

A Continuation of the Conversation betwixt John Bull and his Wife.

Mrs. Bull. **I**T is a most sad Life we lead, my Dear, to be so teaz'd, paying interest for old Debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your Honour and chastizing old *Lewis*: To curb the Insolent, protect the oppress'd, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good Effects of the Law: The only thing I want to know, is how you come to make an End of your Money, before you finish'd your Suit.

John Bull. I was told by the Learned in the Law that my Suit stood upon three firm Pillars, *More Money for more Law, More Law for more Money, and no Composition*. More Money for more Law, was plain to a Demonstration, for who can go to Law without Money? And it was as plain, that any Man that has Money may have Law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what Composition could be made with a Rogue, that never kept a Word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the second Door, by want of ready Money to purchase this precious Commodity: But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in Debt, when at this very Time, the yearly Income of what is mortgag'd to those Usurers would discharge *Hocus's* Bills, and give you your Belly-full of Law for all your Life, without

|| Restraining the Liberty of the Press by Act of P.

without running one Six-pence in Debt? You have been bred up to Business; I suppose you can cypher, I wonder you never used your Pen and Ink.

John Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppose a young Heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienc'd. full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite Passion, in the Hands of Money-Scriveners: Such Fellows are like your Wire-drawing Mills, if they get hold of a Man's Finger, they will pull in his whole Body at last, till they squeeze the Heart, Blood and Guts out of him. * When I wanted Money, half a Dozen of these Fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber, with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, some Farm or other went to Pot. I receiv'd with one Hand, and paid it away with the other to Lawyers, that like so many Hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead Poverty, and Scarcity of Money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the Hundred. After they had got Possession of my best Rents, they were able to supply me with my own Money. But what was worse, when I look'd into the Securities, there was no Clause of Redemption.

Mrs. Bull. No Clause of Redemption, say you? that's hard!

John Bull. No great Matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse Trick than that; the same Man bought and sold to himself, paid the Money, and gave the Acquittance; the same Man was Butcher and Grafter, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is something still worse than all this: there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given Money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to Pieces by Brewer, Butcher and Baker, even my Herb-woman dunn'd me as I went along the Street (Thanks to my Friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to Gaol). When I ask'd the Meaning of this, I was told, the Money went to the Lawyers; Counsel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book keeper sat for

* Methods of preying upon the Necessities of the Government.

ring all Day, playing at Putt and All-fours: In short, by griping Usurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this Pass.

Mrs. Bull. This was hard Usage! but methinks the least Reflection might have retriev'd you.

John Bull. 'Tis true, yet consider my Circumstances, my Honour was engag'd, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five Years often drunk, always muddled, they carry'd me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houses and Brandy-Shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange Dogs! * *There goes the prettiest Fellow in the World* (says one) *for managing a Fury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up Witnesses: Serjeant such-a-one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe in Time I should have retained every single Person within the Inns of Court. The Night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums, and Trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they plac'd me in the Middle, the Attornies and their Clerks dancing about me, whooping and hollowing, *Long live John Bull, the Glory and Support of the Law!*

Mrs. Bull. Really, Husband, you went through a very notable Course.

John Bull. One of the Things that first alarm'd me was, † that they shew'd a Spite against my poor old Mother. Lord (quoth I) *what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety: She never meddles in any of your Concerns? Foh.* (say they) *to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young Fellow, so much govern'd by a doating old Woman; why don't you go and suck the Bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good Jointure? She has the best of your Estate settled upon her for a Rent-Charge: Hang her, old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize her Lands, and let her go to Law if she dare. Soft and fair, Gentlemen,* (quoth I) *my Mother's my Mother, our Family are not of an unnatural Temper.*

* Hiring still more Troops.

† Railing against the Church.

per. Tho' I don't take all her Advice, I won't seize her Jointure; long may she enjoy it, good Woman, I don't grudge it her: She allows me now and then a brace of Hundreds for my Law-Suit; that's pretty fair. About this Time the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an * odd Sort of a Distemper; it began with a Coldness and Numbness in her Limbs, which, by Degrees, affected the Nerves, (I think the Physicians call them) seiz'd the Brain, and at last ended in a Lethargy. It betray'd itself at first in a Sort of Indifference and Carelessness in all her Actions, Coldness to her best Friends, and an Aversion to stir or go about the common Offices of Life. She that was the cleanliest Creature in the World, never shrunk now if you set a Close-stool under her Nose. She that would sometimes rattle off her Servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any Notice of it. † Instead of her usual Charities to deserving Persons, she threw away her Money upon roaring swearing Bullies and Beggars, that went about the Streets. *What is the Matter with the old Gentlewoman* (said every body) *she never used to do in this Manner?* At § last the Distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving Fits; in which she shriek'd out so loud, that she disturb'd the whole Neighbourhood. In her Fits she call'd upon one Sir William||, Oh! Sir William, thou hast betray'd me! kill'd me! stabb'd me! sold me to the Cuckold of Dover-street! See, see! Clum with his bloody Knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the Fury with her hissing Snakes? Where's my Son John! Is he well! is he well! poor Man, I pity him; and abundance more of such strange Stuff, that no body could make any thing of. I knew little of the Matter; for when I enquir'd about her Health, the Answer was, that *she was in a good moderate Way*. Physicians

* Carelessness in Forms and Discipline.

† Disposing of some Preferments to libertine and unprincipled Persons.

§ The too violent Clamour about the Danger of the Church.

|| Sir William, a cant Name of Sir Humphrey's, for Lord T——n.

ans were sent for in Haste: Sir Roger, with great Difficulty, brought R——ff; G——th came upon the first Message. There were several others call'd in; but, as usual upon such Occasions, they differ'd strangely at the Consultation. At last they divided into two Parties, one sided with G——th, the other with R——ff. * Dr. G——th. *This Case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old Woman is whimsical; it is a common Thing for your old Women to be so: I'll pawn my Life, listers, with the Steel Diet, will recover her.* Others suggested strong Purgings and letting of Blood, because she was Plethorick. Some went so far as to say the old Woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. R——ff, *Gentlemen you are mistaken in this Case; it is plainly an acute Distemper, and she cannot hold out three Days, unless she is supported with strong Cordials.* I came into the Room with a good deal of Concern, and ask'd them what they thought of my Mother? *In no manner of Danger I vow to Gad.* (quoth G——th *the old Woman is hysterical, fanciful.* Sir, *I vow to Gad.* I tell you, Sir, (says R——ff) *she cannot live three Days to an end, unless there is some very effectual Course taken with her; she has a malignant Fever.* Then Fool, Puppy, and Block-head were the best Words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the Ink-bottles at one another's Heads. I forgot to tell you, that one Party of the Physicians desir'd I would take my Sister Peg into the House to nurse her, but the old Gentlewoman would nor hear of that. At last one Physician ask'd if the Lady had ever been us'd to take *Laudanum*? Her Maid answer'd, not that she knew; but indeed there was a *High German Livery-Man* of hers, one † *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, that gave her a Sort of a Quack-Powder. The Physician desir'd to see it. Nay, says he, *there is Opium in this, I am sure.*

Mrs.

* G——th, the Low-Church Party. R——ff, High-Church Party.

† *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, a Bishop at that Time, a great Dealer in Politics and Physick.

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examin'd a little into this Matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and discover'd a great Mystery of Iniquity. The Witnesses made Oath, That they had heard some of the * *Livery-men* frequently railing at their Mistress, " They said, She was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old Woman, and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagu'd with Bowing and Cringing as they went in and out of the Room, that their Backs ach'd. She used to scold at one for his dirty-shoes, at another for his greasy Hair, and not combing his Head: Then she was so passionate and fiery in her Temper, that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her Blood: That they never had a quiet Night's Rest, for getting up in the Morning to early Sacraments; they wish'd they could find some Way or another to keep the old Woman quiet in her Bed." Such Discourses were often overheard among the *Livery-Men*, while the said *Yan Ptschirnfooker* had undertook this Matter. A Maid made Affidavit, " That she had seen the said *Yan Ptschirnfooker*, one of the *Livery Men*, frequently making up of Medicines, and administering them to all the Neighbours; that she saw him one Morning make up the Powder which her Mistress took, that she had the Curiosity to ask him whence he had the Ingredients? *They come* (says he, from several Parts of the World; *this I have from Geneva, and from Rome, this White Powder from Amsterdam, and the Red from Edinburgh; But the chief Ingredient of it comes from Turkey.* It was likewise proved, that the said *Yan Ptschirnfooker* had been frequently seen at the *Rose* with *Jack*, who was known to bear an inveterate Spite to his Mistress: That he brought a certain Powder to his Mistress, which the Examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following Words, *Madam here is grand Secret van de Warld, my sweetening Powder, it does temperate de Humour, despel de Windt, and cure de Vapour, It lulleth and quieteth*

* The Clergy.

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let thy Carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my Ways. Certainly I have just Cause of Offence against thee, my Friend, For supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: What Houndsfoot is it that puts these Whims in thy Head? Ten thousand Last of Devils haunt me, if I don't love thee as I love my Life. [No question, as the Devil loves Holy-Water!] Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchase for me 'till I say it is enough? Are not these Words plain. I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy Friend Nicholas Frog made a Child's Bargain? Mark the Words of thy Contract, *Tota Pecunia*, with all thy Money [Very well! I have purchas'd with my own Money, my Childrens, and my Grand-Children's Money, is not that enough? Well? *tota pecunia* let it be, for at present I have none at all: He would not have me purchase with other People's Money sure; since *tota pecunia* is the Bargain, I think it is plain, no more Money, no more Purchase.] And whatever the World may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor Man, in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great Clothier of the World. I have had many Losses, six of my best Sheep were drown'd, and the Water has come into my Cellar, and spoil'd a Pipe of my best Brandy: It would be a more friendly Act in thee, to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the Losses of thy poor Friend. Is it not evident to all the World, that I am still hem'd in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my Borders? [And so he will be if I purchase a thousand Acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.] I tell thee, Friend John, thou hast Flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a Man of Business; do not believe them: If thou wouldst still leave thy Affairs in my Hands, thou should'st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the enchanted Islands, and Mountains of Gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy Money to purchase a Place at Court, of honest H-rael? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition. [Not think of a Composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.]

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Thou complain'st of want of Money, let thy Wife and Daughters burn the Gold Lace upon their Petticoats; sell thy fat Cattle; retrench but a Surloin of Beef and a Peck Loaf in a Week from thy gormandizing Guts. Retrench my Beef, a Dog! Retrench my Beef, then it is plain the Rascal has an ill Design upon me, he would starve me.] Mortgage thy Manor of Bullock's Hatch, or pawn thy rop for Ten Years. [A Rogue! part with my Country-Seat my Patrimony, all that I have left in the World; I'll see him hang'd first.] Why hast thou changed thy Attorney? Can any Man manage thy Cause better for thee? [Very pleasant! because a Man has a good Attorney, he must never make an end of his Law-Suit: Ah John! John; I wish thou knew'st thy own Mind.] Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell thee, thou had'st better let this Composition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP. X.

*Of some extraordinary * Things that pass'd at the Salutation Tavern, in the Conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his Word, that he would meet the above-mention'd Company at the *Salutation*, to talk of this Agreement. Tho' he durst not directly break his Appointment, he made many a shuffling Excuse; one Time he pretended to be seiz'd with

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the

* The Treaty of *Ut - bt*: The Difficulty to get them to meet, When met, the *D - ch* would not speak their Sentiments, nor the *F - b* deliver in their Proposals. The House of *Am - a* talk'd very high.

the Gout in his right Knee; then he got a great Cold that had struck him deaf of one Ear; afterwards two of his Coach-Horses fell sick, and he durst not go by Water, for fear of catching an Ague. John would take no Excuse, but hurry'd him away: Come Nic, (says he) let's go and hear at least what this old Fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it so, (quoth Nic.) but if I catch any Harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curse you as long as they live. When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with Law Affairs; he thought every Body as plain and sincere as he was. Well Neighbours (quoth he) let's now make an End of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the Time to come; if every Body is as well inclin'd as I we shall quickly come to the Upshot of our Affair. And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great Surprize of all the Company, Frog was seiz'd with a deadly Palsy in the Tongue. John began to ask him some plain Questions, and whcop'd and howl'd in his Ear. Let's come to the Point, Nic! What wouldst thou have to be Lord Strutt? Wouldst thou have Philip Baboon? Nic. shook his Head and said nothing. Wilt thou then have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt? Nic. shook his Head a second Time. Then who the Devil wilt thou have? say something or another. Nic. open'd his Mouth, and pointed to his Tongue, and cry'd, A, a, a, a! which was as much as to say, he could not speak. John Bull.] Shall I serve Philip Baboon with Broad-Cloth and accept of the Composition that he offers with the Liberty of his Parks and Fish ponds? Then Nic. roar'd like a Bull, O, o, o, o! John Bull.] If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself? Then Nic. grinn'd, cackl'd, and laugh'd, till he was like to kill himself, and seem'd to be so pleas'd, that he fell a flisking and dancing about the Room. John Bull.] Shall I leave all this Matter to thy Management, Nic. and go about my Business? Then Nic. got up a Glass and drank to John, flaking him by the Hand till he had like to have shook his Shoulder out of Joint. John Bull.] I understand thee, Nic. but I shall make thee speak before

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79. Then Nic. put his Finger in his Cheek, and made it cry *Buck?* which was as much as to say, I care not a Farthing for thee. *John Bull.*] *I have done, Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own Terms with old Lewis here.* Then Nic. loll'd out his Tongue, and run'd up his Bum to him; which was as much as to say, *Kiss—*

John perceiving that *Frog* would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: *Since we cannot make this obstinate Fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his Humour, and set down thy Meaning upon Paper, that he may answer it in another Scrap.*

I am infinitely sorry (quoth *Lewis*) that it happens so unfortunately, for playing a little at Cudgels & other Day, a Fellow has given me such a Rap over the Right Arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the use of my Fore-finger and my Thumb, so that I cannot hold my Pen.

John Bull. That's all one, let me write for you.

Lewis. But I have a Misfortune that I cannot read any body's Hand but my own.

John Bull. Try what you can do with your Left-Hand.

Lewis. That's impossible; it will make such a Scramble that it will not be legible.

As they were talking of this Matter, in came *Esquire South*, all dress'd up in Feathers and Ribbons, stark itaring mad, brandishing his Sword, as if he would have cut off their Heads; crying, Room, room, Boys, for the grand Esquire of the World! the Flower of Esquires! What! cover'd in my Presence? I'll crush your Souls, and crush you like Lice! With that he had like to have struck *John Bull's* Hat into the Fire; but *John* who was pretty strong fist'd, gave him such a Squeeze, as made his Eyes water. He went on still in his mad Frenzy; *When I am Lord of the Universe, the Sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my Bailiff; Lewis my Taylor; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my Foot!*

All this while *Frog* laugh'd in his Sleeve, gave the Esquire & other Noggan of Brandy, and clapp'd him on the Back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor *John* stood in a Maze, talking thus to himself: Well *John*, thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil, & other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit

of Infirmity. *An honest Man has a fine Time on't among such Rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all! Some mighty Boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own Fire side. 'Sdeath what have I to do with such Fellows!* John Bull, after all his Losses and Crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thousand Leagues off them! but the Devil's in't; John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can.

As he was talking to himself, he observ'd Frog and Old Lewis edging * towards one another to whisper; so that John was forc'd to sit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some People advis'd John to blood Frog under the Tongue, or take away his Bread and Butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South Hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient Pulveres, others for opening his Arm with an Incision-Knife.

** C H A P. XI.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Imprisonment of Jack, for Suspicion of Poisoning.

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that the Story of *Yan Paschirafooker's Powder* was interrupted by a Message from Frog. I have a natural Compassion for Curiosity, being much troubled with the Distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching Sensation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following Account of that Matter.

Yan

* Some Attempts of secret Negotiation between the F—b and D—b.

** The four following Chapters contain the History of passing the Bill against Occasional Conformity, and of the Whigs agreeing to it.

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Tan Ptschirnsooker came off (as Rogues usually do upon such Occasions) by peaching his Partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows, * *Jack* was accus'd as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And, indeed, it happen'd unfortunately for the poor Fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate Spight against the old Gentlewoman; and consequently that never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was suspected to be at the Bottom of it. If she prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be sure, laid the Pin in the Way; If some Noise in the Street disturb'd her Rest, who could it be but *Jack* in some of his nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: Every idle Tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always suspected for the Author of it: However, all was nothing to this last Affair, of the temperating, moderating Powder.

The Hue and Cry went after *Jack*, to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The Constables look'd out for him in all his usual Haunts; but to no Purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? Ev'n smoaking his Pipe very quietly at his Brother *Martin's*; from whence he was carried with a vast Mob at his Heels, before the Worshipful Mr. Justice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, † that of late, the Prisoner had been observ'd to lead a very dissolute Life, renouncing even his usual Hypocrisy, and Pretences to Sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and Eating Houses, and had been often guilty of Drunkenness and Gluttony at my Lord Mayor's Table: That he had been seen in the Company of lewd Women: That he had transferr'd his usual Care of the engross'd Copy of his Father's Will, to Bank Bills. Orders for Tallies and Debentures ‡: These he now affirm'd with more literal Truth, to be ** *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal*

D 4

versal

* All the Misfortunes of the Church charg'd upon the P—an Party.

† The Manners of the Dissenters chang'd from their former strictness.

‡ Dealing much in Stock-Jobbing.

** Tale of a Tub.

versal Medicine: That he was so far from shewing his Customary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept Company with those that call'd his Father a cheating Rogue, and his Will a Forgery *. That he not only sat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Discourse, and hugg'd the Authors as his Bosom Friends: § *That instead of asking for Blows, at the Corners of the Streets*, he now bestow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before: In short, That he was grown a meer Rake; and had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull's Mother*.

Another Witness made Oath, That *Jack* had been overhear'd bragging of a || Trick he had found out to manage the old *formal* *ade*, as he used to call her. "Damn this Numb'd-skull of mine (quoth he) that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tatter'd Coat, I am so well known, that I am hunted away from the old Woman's Door by every barking Cur about the House; they bid me Defiance. There's no doing Mischief as an open Enemy, I must find some Way or other of getting within Doors, and then I shall have better Opportunities of playing my Pranks, besides the Benefit of good Keeping."

** Two Witnesses swore, That several Years ago, there came to their Mistress's Door a young Fellow in a tatter'd Coat, that went by the Name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their Conscience believe to be the very Prisoner, resembling him in Shape, Stature, and the Features of his Countenance: That the said *Timothy Trim* being taken into the Family, clapp'd their Mistress's Livery over his own tatter'd Coat: That the said *Timothy* was extreamly officious about their Mistress's Person, endeavouring by Flattery and Tale-

bear-

* Herding with Deists and Atheists.

§ Tale of a Tub.

|| Getting into Places and Church Preferments by Occasional Conformity.

** Betraying the Interests of the Church when he got into Preferments.

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bearing, to set her against the rest of the Servants: No Body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, or reach what was dropt. That he us'd to shove and elbow his Fellow-Servants to get near his Mistress, especially when Money was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the Way: That he was extremely diligent about every Body's Business but his own. That the said *Timothy*, while he was in the Family, us'd to be playing Roguish Tricks; when his Mistress's Back was turn'd, he would loll out his Tongue, make Mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a *Harlequin* ridiculing her Motions and Gestures; but if his Mistress look'd about, he put on a grave demure Countenance, as if he had been in a Fit of Devotion: That he us'd often to trip up Stairs so smoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all Things out of order; that he would pinch the Children and Servants, when he met them in the Dark, so hard, that he left the Print of his Forefingers and his Thumb in black and blue; and then slink into a Corner, as if Nobody had done it: Out of the same malicious Design, he us'd to lay Chairs and Joint-stools in their Way, that they might break their Noses by falling over them: The more young and unexperienc'd he us'd to teach to talk saucily, and call Names: During his stay in the Family, there was much Plate missing; being catch'd with a couple of Silver Spoons in his Pocket, with their Handles wrench'd off; he said, he was only going to carry them to the Goldsmith's to be mended: That the said *Timothy* was hated by all the honest Servants, for his ill condition'd, spite-netick Tricks, but especially for his slanderous Tongue, traducing them to their Mistress as Drunkards, Thieves and Whore-masters: That the said *Timothy* by lying Stories, us'd to set all the Family together by the Ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; * particularly one Day sitting at Table, he spoke Words to this Effect: "I am of Opinion (*quoth he*) That little short

D 5

" Fellows,

* The original of the Distinction in the Names of Low-Church-men and High-Church-men.

“ Fellows, such as we are, have better Hearts, and
 “ could beat the tall Fellows; I wish it came to a
 “ fair Trial, I believe these long Fellows; as lightly
 “ as they are, should find their Jackets well thwack’d.

A parcel of tall Fellows, who thought themselves affronted by this Discourse, took up the Quarrel, and to’t they went, the tall Men and the low Men, which continues still a Faction in the Family, to the great Disorder of our Mistress’s Affairs: The said *Timothy* carried this Frolick so far, that he propos’d to his Mistress, that she should entertain no Servant that was above four Foot seven Inches high, and for that purpose had prepared a Gage, by which they were to be measured: The good old Gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his Projects, she began to smell a Rat. “ This *Trim* (quoth she) is an odd Sort of
 “ a Fellow, methinks he makes a strange Figure with
 “ that ragged, tatter’d Coat, appearing under his Li-
 “ very; can’t he go spruce and clean, like the rest of
 “ the Servants? The Fellow has a roguish Leer with
 “ him, which I don’t like by any means; besides,
 “ he has such a Twang in his Discourse, and an un-
 “ graceful Way of speaking through the Nose, that
 “ one can hardly understand him; I wish the Fellow
 “ be not tainted with some bad Disease. The Wit-
 nesses farther made Oath, That the said *Timothy* lay out a Nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable Hours; and it was credibly reported, he did Business in another Family. That he pretended to have a squeamish Stomach, and could not eat at Table with the rest of the Servants, tho’ this was but a pretence to provide some nice Bit for himself; that he refus’d to dine upon Salt Fish, only to have an Opportunity to eat a Calf’s Head (his Favourite Dish) in private; that for all his tender Stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour Capons, Turkeys and Sirloins of Beef, like a Cormorant.

Two other Witnesses gave the following Evidence, That in his officious Attendance upon his Mistress, he had try’d to slip a Powder into her Drink, and that he was once catch’d endeavouring to stifle her

with a Pillow as she was asleep; and that he and *Ptschirfooker* were often in close Conference, and that they us'd to drink together at the *Rose*, where it seems he was well enough known by his true Name of *Jack*.

The Prisoner had little to say in his Defence; he endeavour'd to prove himself *Alibi*; so that the Trial turn'd upon this single Question, whether the said *Timothy Trim* and *Jack* were the same Person? which was proved by such plain Tokens, and particularly by a Mole under the left Pap. that there was no withstanding the Evidence; therefore the Worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his Trial.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's Friends came to visit him in Prison, and what Advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had pass'd in the World for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack'd brain'd Fellow. People were strangely surpriz'd to find him in such a Roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false Name, hire himself out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an Opportunity to poison her. They said, That it was more generous to profess open Enmity, than under a profound Disimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous Breach of Trust, and of the sacred Rights of Hospitality. In short, the Action was universally condemned by his best Friends; they told him in plain Terms, that this was come as a Judgment upon him for his loose Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Avarice, for laying aside his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy Trunk, and turning Stock Jobber, News-monger, and Busybody, meddling with other People's Affairs, shaking off his old serious Friends, and keeping Company with Buffoons and Pickpockets, his Father's sworn Enemies: That he had best throw himself upon the Mercy

Mercy of the Court ; repent, and change his Manners. To say truth, *Jack* heard these Discourses with some Compunction ; however he resolved to try what his new Acquaintance would do for him : They sent * *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who delivered him the following Message, as the peremptory Commands of his trusty Companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear *Jack*, I am sorry for thy Misfortune : Matters have not been carried on with due Secrecy ; however, we must make the best of a bad Bargain : Thou art in the utmost Jeopardy, that's certain ; Hang, Draw and Quarter, are the gentlest Things they talk of, However, thy faithful Friends, ever watchful for thy Security, bid me tell thee. That they have one infallible Expedient left to save thy Life : Thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the Enemy, by the Means of † *Don Diego* ; he assures us there is no Mercy for thee, and that there is only one Way left to escape ; it is indeed somewhat out of the common Road, however be assured it is the Result of most mature Deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my Heart is sunk down in the very bottom of my Belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous Opinion of your Friends, that you || *make as if you hang'd yourself* ; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Prison in a Bier ; and *John Bull* being busied with his Law-Suit, will not inquire further into the Matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hang'd myself ?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no Trick in it, and leave the rest to your Friends.

Jack. Truly this is a Matter of some Concern ; and my Friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I en-

* *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, a certain great Man who persuaded the Dissenters to consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, as being for their Interest.

† A Noble Tory Lord.

|| Consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*.

quire a little into the Means by which they intend to deliver me: A Rope and a Noose are no jesting Matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is, that is entrusted with so important an Office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? *That's a Secret.*

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not likely to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange Thing for a Man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou suspicious Creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is † Sir Roger: He has been in Tears since thy Misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, rest satisfied he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old Boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang my self up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the Credit of *Don Diego*: A fine Stratagem indeed to save my Life, that depends upon Hanging, *Don Diego*, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *Mystery* in all this, my Friend, a piece of profound *Policy*; if thou knew what good this will do to the *Common Cause*, thy Heart would leap for Joy: I'm sure thou wouldst not delay the Experiment one Moment.

Jack. This is to the Tune of *All for the better*. What's your Cause to me, when I am hang'd?

Hab. Refractory Morial! If thou wilt not trust thy Friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next Full-Moon, that thou will be hung up in Chains,

† It was given out that the Earl of O——d would oppose the Occasional Bill, and so lose his Credit with the Tories; and the Dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass.

Chains, or thy Quarters perching upon the most conspicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with Hanging; they talk of Empaling, or breaking on the Wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle Suspending of thy self for one Minute. Hanging is not so painful a Thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it, they all agree it is no manner of Uneasiness: Be sure thou take good Notice of the Symptoms, the Relation will be curious. It is but a Kick or two with thy Heels; and a wry Mouth or so: Sir Roger will be with thee in the Twinkling of an Eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come; will my Friends be there to succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing against to Morrow Morning, do thou keep thy own Secret, say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the Common Good, that thou shouldst go through this Operation.

C H A P XIII.

How Jack hang'd himself up by the Persuasion of his Friends, who broke their Word, and left his Neck in the Noose.

JACK was a profess'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*; and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this Occasion. He was now with his old Friends in the State of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace, or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battle; like an old Favourite of a cunning Minister after the Jobb is over; or a decay'd Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in quest of new Game; or like an hundred such Things that one sees every Day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on Foot; *Jack's* Life was the Purchase of *Diego's* Friendship, much good may it

do them. The Interest of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawley*, which was now more at Heart, made this Operation upon poor *Jack* absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his Rest that Night was but small, and much disturb'd; however, the remaining Part of his Time, he did not employ (as his Custom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or singing a double Verse of a Psalm, but amused himself with disposing of his Bank-Stock. Many a Doubt, many a Qualm, overspread his clouded Imagination: "Must I then (quoth he) hang up my own personal, natural, individual self with these two Hands! *Durus Sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my Friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very Attempt; the World will conclude I had a guilty Conscience. Is it possible that good Man Sir *Roger*, can have so much Pity upon an unfortunate Scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many Years? No, it cannot be: I don't love Favours that pass through *Don Diego's* Hands. On the other side, my Blood chills about my Heart, at the Thought of these Rogues, with their bloody Hands grabbing in my Guts, and pulling out my very Entrails; Hang it, for once I'll trust my Friends." So *Jack* resolv'd; but he had done more wisely to have put him self upon the Tryal of his Country, and made his Defence in Forin; many Things happen between the Cup and the Lips. Witnesses might have been brib'd, Juries manag'd, or Prosecution stopp'd. But so it was, *Jack* for this Time had a sufficient Stock of implicit Faith, which led him to his Ruin, as the Sequel of the Story shews.

And now the fatal Day was come, in which he was to try this hanging Experiment. His Friends did not fail him at the appointed Hour, to see it put in Practice. *Habbakkuk* brought him a smooth, strong, tough Rope, made of many a Ply of wholesome *Scandinavian* Hemp, compactly twisted together, with a Noose that slipt as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gin. *Jack* shrunk and grew pale at first Sight of it, he handled it, he measur'd it, stretch'd it, fix'd it against the Iron-Bar of the Window to try its Strength, but no Familiarity could

reconcile him to it. He found fault with the Length, the Thickness, and the Twist, nay, the very Colour did not please him. "Will nothing less than Hanging serve (quoth *Jack*?) Won't my Enemies take Bail for my good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine, or be satisfied with the Pillory and Imprisonment, a good round Whipping, or Burning in the Cheek?

Hab. Nothing but your Blood will appease their Rage; make haste, else we shall be discover'd. There's nothing like surprizing the Rogues; How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their Revenge, and hang'd thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in Effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my Stead? We are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very sharp Knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common Lyar? Be satisfy'd, no Damage can happen to your Person; your Friends will take care of that.

Jack. May'nt I quilt my Rope? it galls my Neck strangely: Besides, I don't like this running-Knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many If's and And's; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this Time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain settle some Affairs, for fear of the worst; Have a little Patience.

Hab. There's no having Patience, thou art such a faintling, silly Creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable, *Tassey* Obedience! did I ever imagine I should become thy Votary, in so pregnant an Instance! How will my Brother *Martin* laugh at this Story, to see himself undone in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice.

No sooner had he utter'd these Words, but like a Man of true Courage, he ty'd the fatal Cord to the Beam, fitted the Noose, and mounted upon the Bot-

tom

tom of a Tub, the Inside of which he had often grac'd in his prosperous Days. This Footstool *Habakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* swinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul's* Clock. The fatal Noose perform'd its Office, and with most strict Ligature squeez'd the Blood into his Face, till it assum'd a purple Dye. While the poor Man heav'd from the very Bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habakkuk* walk'd with great Deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who received the News with great Temper, and with Jeers and Scoffs instead of Pity. "*Jack* has hang'd himself quoth they! let us go and see how the poor Rogue swings." Then they call'd Sir Roger. "Sir Roger (quoth *Habakkuk*) *Jack* hath hang'd himself, make haste and cut him down. Sir Roger turn'd first one Ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himself up.

Sir Roger. Who's hang'd?

Hab. *Jack*.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging Day.

Hab. But the poor Fellow has hang'd himself.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the Fellow has been mad these Twenty Years. With this he slunk away.

Then *Jack's* Friends began to hunch and punch one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor Fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I* (quoth one); *Not I* (quoth another); *Not I* (quoth a third); *he may hang 'till Doomsday before I relieve him.* Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor Friend in this his dismal Circumstance, that *Pischirnsnooker* and several of his Companions went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very Thing which they had advis'd and justify'd before, *viz.* his getting into the Old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the last Office, coming up, found *Jack* swinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company.

pany. *This Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd Jack; what must be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curiosities of *Gresham-College*, and it is call'd *Jack's Rope* to this very Day. However, *Jack*, after all, had some small Tokens of Life in him, but lies, at this Time past hopes of a total Recovery, with his Head hanging on one Shoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroner's Inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos*.

CHAP. XIV.

The Conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the Time of the foregoing Transacti-
on, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull*.

D. Diego, I hope, Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. What's the Matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring for several Years, to have Justice done upon that Rogue *Jack*, but what through the Remissness of Constables, Justices, and pack'd Juries, he has always found the Means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best Friend, he that would have brought him to condign Punishment, or he that has sav'd him. By my Persuasion *Jack* had hang'd himself, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that Sir *Roger* has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deserve a better Return.

J. Bull. Since you value your self upon hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more Hanging-work, I'll send for thee: I have some better Employment for Sir *Roger*: In the mean time, I desire the

the poor Fellow may be look'd after. When he first came out of the North Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the Fellow seem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turn'd his Head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without Doors, but he must be always giving his Counsel, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him: I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his Business for the future, and not meddle out of his own Sphere, he will find that *John Bull* is not of a cruel Disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful Physicians say, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a Piece of *Jack's* Liver boil'd in her Soupe.

J. Bull. Those are Quacks: My Mother abhors such Cannibal's Food: She is in perfect Health at present: I would have given many a good Pound to have had her so well some time ago. * There are indeed two or three troublesome-old Nurses, that because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet Night's Rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your Mother is t'wen extremely ill! she is fallen into a fainting Fit! she has a great Emptiness, wants Sustainance!" This is only to recommend themselves for their great Care: *John Bull*, as simple as he is, understands a little of a Pulse.

* New Clamours about the Danger of the Church.

CHAP. XV.

*The Sequel of the Meeting at the
* Salutation.*

WHERE I think I left *John Bull* sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms akimbo, in great concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the Means now and then to steal a Whisper, and by a cleanly Conveyance under the Table, to slip a short Note into *Lewis's* Hand; which *Lewis* as slyly put into *John's* Pocket, with a Pinch or a Jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the Curiosity to retire into a Corner, to peruse these † *Billet doux* of *Nic's*; wherein he found that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contain'd these Words: *Dear Lewis, Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to Night by ourselves, at the Rose, and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus express'd: *Friend Lewis, Hasthy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his *Billets* he told *Lewis*, “That *John Bull* was under his Guardianship; that the best Part of his Servants were at his Command; that he could have *John* gagg'd and bound whenever he pleas'd by the People of his own Family.” In all these Epistles, Blockhead, Dunce, Ass, Coxcomb, were the best Epithets he gave poor *John*. In others he threatened, || “That he, Esquire *South*, and the rest of the Tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down upon his Back
“ and

* At the Congress of *U*——*cht.*

† Some Offers of the *D*——*b* at that Time, in order to get the Negotiation into their Hands.

|| Threatning that the *Allies* would carry on the War without the Help of the *E*——*sb.*

" and beat out his Teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the Meeting.

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good Slap on the Chops? but he wisely moderated his cholerick Temper. * " I sav'd this Fellow (quoth he) from the Gallows, when he ran away from his last Master, because I thought he was harshly treated; but the Rogue was no sooner safe under my Protection, than he began to lye, pilfer and steal like the Devil. When I first set him up in a warm House, he had hardly put up his Sign, when he began to debauch my best Customers from me. * Then it was his constant Practice to rob my Fish-ponds, not only to feed his Family, but to trade with the Fishmongers: I conniv'd at the Fellow till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as mine. In my Manor of * *Eastcheap*, because it lay at some Distance from my constant Inspection he broke down my Fences, robb'd my Orchards, and beat my Servants. When I used to reprimand him for his Tricks, he would talk saucily, lye, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy Pranks, *Nic.*? (quoth I) I shall be forc'd some time or other to chastise thee. The Rogue got up his Cane and threatened me, and was well thwack'd for his Pains. But I think his Behaviour at this Time worst of all; after I have almost drowned my self to keep his Head above Water, he would leave me sticking in the Mud, trusting to his Goodness to help me out. After I have beggar'd myself with his troublesome Law-Suit, with a Pox to him he takes it in mighty Dudgeon because I have brought him here to end Matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over by Deed and Indenture as his lawful Cully; which to my certain Knowledge he has attempted several Times.

*** Complaints against the D—b for Encroachment in Trade, Fishery, *East Indies*, &c. The War with the D—b on these Accounts.

“ Times. But, after all, can’st thou gather Grapes from
 “ Thorns? *Nic.* does not pretend to be a Gentleman;
 “ he is a Tradesman, a self-seeking Wretch: But how
 “ camest thou to bear all this *John*? The Reason is
 “ plain; thou conferrest the Benefits, and he receives
 “ them; the first produces Love, and the last Ingrati-
 “ tude. Ah! *Nic. Nic.* thou art a damn’d Dog: that’s
 “ certain; thou knowest too well that I will take Care
 “ of thee; else thou wouldst not use me thus. I won’t
 “ give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou
 “ shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable Custom.”
 While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy, *Nic.* broke out
 into the following Protestation.

Gentlemen,

*I believe every body here present will allow me to be a ve-
 ry just and disinterested Person. My Friend John Bull here
 is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won’t agree to
 his foolish Bargains. Now I declare to all Mankind, I
 should be ready to sacrifice my own Concerns to his Quiet;
 but the Care of his Interest, and that of the honest *Trades-
 men that are embark’d with us, keeps me from entering
 into this Composition. What shall become of those poor
 Creatures? The Thoughts of their impending Ruin disturbs
 my Night’s Rest, therefore I desire they may speak for them-
 selves. If they are willing to give up this Affair, I shan’t
 make two Words of it.*

J. Bull begg’d him to lay aside that immoderate Con-
 cern for him; and withal put him in Mind, that the
 Interest of those Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy
 upon him some Years ago, on a like Occasion. *Nic.*
 answer’d little to that, but immediately pull’d out a
 Boatswain’s Whistle. Upon the first Whiff, the *Trade-*
men came jumping into the Room, and began to sur-
 round *Lewis*, like so many yelping Curs about a great
 Boar; or, to use a modester Simile, like Duns at a
 great Man’s Levee the Morning he goes into the Coun-
 try. One pull’d him by the Sleeve, another by the
 Skirt, a third hollow’d in his Ear: They began to ask
 him

* The *A*—s.

him for all that had been taken from their Forefathers by Stealth; Fraud, Force, or lawful Purchase: Some as'd for Manors, others for Acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches: All agreed in one common Demand, that he should be purg'd, sweated, vomited, and starv'd, 'till he came to a sizeable Bulk, like that of his Neighbours: One modestly ask'd him Leave to call him Brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two Things, to be his Porter and his Fishmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furnish his Kitchen. *John's* Sister *Peg* only desir'd that he would let his Servants sing Psalms a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monsieur Bull (quoth *Lewis*) you seem to be a Man of some Breeding; for God's Sake use your Interest with these Messieurs, that they wou'd speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred Pair of Hands, and as many Tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this Rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with some Method; then they stopp'd all of a sudden, and would not say a Word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's Dumb Meeting, let us begin some Diversion; what d'ye think of Rouly-Pouly, or a Country Dance? What if we should have a Match at Football; I am sure we shall never end Matters at this Rate.

C H A P. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their Accompts.

J. Bull. **D**URING this general Cessation of Talk, what if you and I, *Nic.* should enquire how Money-matters stand between us?

Nic.

Nic. Frog. With all my Heart, I love exact Dealing, and let *Hocus* audit; he knows how the Money was disburs'd.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves: Fair and square. *Nic.* keeps Friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one Time, 36000 Pounds and 40000 Crowns. In some Cases I, in others you, bear the greatest Proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay Three Fifths of the greatest Number, and you pay Two Thirds of the lesser Number. I think this is fair and Square as you call it.

John. Well go on.

Nic. Two Thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000 Pounds for your Share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, Of the 40000 Crowns I pay 24000, which is Three Fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is Two Fifths; 24000 Crowns make 6000 Pounds, and 16000 Crowns make 4000 Pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 Pounds to my Share of the Expences, and 28000 to yours.

After *Nic.* had bambouzed *John* a while about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for Counters; but what with Slight of Hand, and taking from his own Score, and adding to *John's*, *Nic.* brought the Balance always on his own Side.

J. Bull. Nay, good Friend, *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the Fingers, I understand Cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own Books; and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

For the *Expences ordinary* of the Suits, Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Lawyers innumerable of all Sorts

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows *per Account*

To Esquire *South's* Accompt for *post Terminum*

To ditto for *Non est Factum*

To ditto for *Noli Prosequi's*, *Discontinuance*, and *Retraxit*

For

For Writs of Error	-	-	-	-
Suits of Conditions unperform'd	-	-	-	-
To Hocus for Dedimus potestatem	-	-	-	-
To ditto for a Capias ad Computandum	-	-	-	-
To Frog's new Tenants per Accompt to Hocus, for Audita querela's	-	-	-	-
On the said Account for Writs of Ejectment and Desfringis	-	-	-	-
To Esquire South's Quota for a Return of a Non est Invent. and Nulla habet bona	-	-	-	-
To ——— for a Pardon in forma pauperis	-	-	-	-
To Jack for a Melius inquirendum upon a Felo de se	-	-	-	-
To Coach-hire	-	-	-	-
For Treats to Juries and Witnesses	-	-	-	-

John having read over his Articles, with the respective Sums, brought in Frog Debtor to him upon the Balance

3382	12	00
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Then Nic. Frog pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket and began to read:

Nicolas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

Paid by Nic. Frog, for his Share of the ordinary Expences of the Suit

To Hocus for Entries of a Rege inconsulto	-	-	-
To John Bull's Nephew for a Venire facias, the Money not yet all laid out	-	-	-
The Coach-hire for my Wife and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the Time of this Law-Suit	-	-	-
For the extraordinary Expences of feeding my Family during this Law-Suit	-	-	-
To Major Ab.	-	-	-
To Major Will.	-	-	-

And summing all up, found due upon the Balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog.

09	04	06
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John Bull. As for your Venire facias I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take Care of my Nephew myself. Your Coach-hire and Family Charges are most unreasonable Deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the World my Debtor. But who the Devil are these

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two

two *Majors* that consume all my Money? I find they always run away with the Ballance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some Service. To tell you plainly, *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *Ability*, and *Major Will.* thy greater *Willingness* to carry on this Law-Suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest *Majors* discount on my side in a little Time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this Higgling with thy Friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the Generosity of the noble and rich *John Bull*? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh *Hocus! Hocus!* where art thou? It used to go another guess Manner in thy Time. When a poor Man has almost undone himself for thy Sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience, *John*?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy Lawyers by the Year, so a fresh Law-Suit adds but little to thy Expences; * they are thy Customers; I hardly ever sell them a Farthing's worth of any Thing: Nay thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole Tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckon'd, I believe thou gettest more of my Money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead Poverty, own at least that thy Accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer myself to these honest Gentlemen, let them judge between us. Let Esquire *South* speak his Mind, whether my Accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-Suit.

J. Bull. Consult the Butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that *John Bull* will be try'd by *Pow-ers*? I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches: None of your Esquires shall give him the Law, as long as he wears his trusty Weapon by his Side, or has an Inch of Broad Cloth in his Shop.

* The Money spent in H———d and Fl———s.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party: I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong Humour before these strange Gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy Ruin some time or other: Let it never be said that the famous *John Bull* has departed in despite of Court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy Character, *Nic.* to turn Barreter in thy old Days; a Stirrer up of Quarrels amongst thy Neighbours? I tell thee, *Nic.* some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But *John* saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little Success in settling his Accompts, as ending the Composition. Since they will needs overload my Shoulders, (quoth *John*) I shall throw down the Burden with a Squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine Time of it amongst a Combination of Sharpers, that vouch for one another's Honesty. *John*, look to thy self, Old *Lewis* makes reasonable Offers; when thou hast spent the small Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious Figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic.* *Frog* and Esquire *South's* Generosity and Gratitude: If they use thee thus when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, *John*, look to thy self.

John wisely stifled his Resentments, and told the Company, that in a little time he should give them Law, or something better.

All. * Law! Law! Sir, by all Means. What is Twenty-two poor Years towards the finishing a Law-Suit? For the Love of God more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your Demands how many Years more of Law you want, that I may order my Affairs accordingly. In the mean while, farewell.

* Clamours for continuing the War.

The HISTORY of
C H A P. XVII.

* *How John Bull found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there disposing of him as his own proper Goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himself now of Age to look after his own Affairs. He resolv'd to traverse this new Project, and to make him uneasy in his own Family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his Servants into the most extravagant Conceits in the World; that their Master was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one Pocket, and Poison in the other; that he had sold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, disinherited his Heir, and was going to settle his Estate upon a Parish-Boys; that if they did not look after their Master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When *John* came Home, he found a more surprizing Scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He call'd his Cook Maid *Betty* to bespeak his Dinner. *Betty* told him, That she begg'd his Pardon, she could not dress Dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will. Why, *Betty*, (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad art thou? My Will at present is to have Dinner. That may be, (quoth *Betty*) but my Conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do right Things by your Heir? I am sorry for that, *Betty* (quoth *John*) I must find some body else then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. Before I begin (quoth *John*) I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive Answer, your Beard may grow down to your middle for I gad and so it shall, (quoth *Bull*) for I will never

* Clamours about the Danger of the Succession.

my Throat in such a mad Fellow's Hands. Where's Dick the Butler? Look ye (quoth Dick) I am very willing to serve you in my Calling, d'ye see; but there are strange Reports, and Plain-dealing is best, d'ye see. I must be satisfy'd if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your Executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these Points, you may drink with the Ducks. And so I will, (quoth John) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than myself. Hob the Shoe-maker, and Fricket the Taylor told him, They would most willingly serve him in their several Stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Taboon, and let Nicholas Frog, Linen-draper, manage his Concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correspondence with their worthy Friend Nicholas.

J. Bull. Call Andrew my Journey-man. How goes Affairs, Andrew? I hope the Devil has not taken Possession of thy Body too.

Andrew. No, Sir, I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead Folks do, Andrew. This is amazing! [Aside.]

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew shall inherit your Estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull. Thou mean'st that I should put him in Possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed Possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the Law.

John began now to think that they were all enchanted; he inquired about the Age of the Moon, if Nie. had not given them some intoxicating Potion, or if old Mother Fenisa was still alive? No, o'my Faith (quoth Harry) I believe there is no Potion in the Case, but a little Aurum Potabile. You will have more of this by and by.

He had scarce spoke the Word, when another Friend of *John's* accosted him after the following Manner.

" Since those worthy Persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their Orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of *Syllogism*, *Enthymem*, *Dilemma*, or *Sorites*.

John now began to be diverted with their Extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means; tho' they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all that are versed in History, that there were two *Sisters* that play'd the Whore two thousand Years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Intercourse with *Lewis Baboon*: If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Intercourse (Correspondence if you will, that is much the same Thing) then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said *John* to make over his Wife and Children to the said *Lewis*: If his Wife and Children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his Pockets: If he wears a Dagger and Ratsbane, it must be to do Mischief to himself or some body else: If he intends to do Mischief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy Persons, who have a Commission for that Purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you say. — With that he snatch'd a good tough Oaken Cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the Man that was first at the Door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropp'd very valuable Things in the Hurry, which were pick'd up by others of the Family.

That any of these Rogues (quoth *John*) should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they, about having my Affairs in a settled Condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what! Well, *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy Diligence; I must
own

own this is really a pretty Sort of a Trick, but it shan't do thy Business for all that.

CHAP. XVIII.

* *How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what pass'd between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the Reader, that this Chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphry* himself, but by another very able *Pen* of the University of *Grubstreet*.

John had (by some good Instructions given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his cholerick Temper, and wrought himself up to a great Steadiness of Mind, to pursue his own Interest through all Impediments that were thrown in the Way: He began to leave off some of his old Acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the Streets; he put on a serious Air, knit his Brows, and, for the Time, had made a very considerable Progress in Politicks, considering that he had been kept a Stranger to his own Affairs. However, he could not help discovering some Remains of his Nature, when he happen'd to meet with a Foot-Ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was sure to take him to task. *John* was walking about his Room, with folded Arms, and a most thoughtful Countenance; his Servant brought him Word that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an Impression that *Lewis* was so deadly cunning a Man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: At last he took Heart of Grace; *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but sticking to my Point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my Behaviour to my Neighbours has been

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some-

* Private Negotiations about *Dunkirk*.

somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with Usage accordingly. I was fond of Back-sword and Cudgel-play from my Youth, and I now bear in my Body many a black and blue Gash and Scar, God knows. I had as good a Ware-house, and as fair Possessions, as any of my Neighbours, tho' I say it; but a contentious Temper, flattering Servants, and unfortunate Stars, have brought me into Circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my Misfortunes are heighten'd by domestick Calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd Fellow, and I would willingly end my Days in Peace: But, alas! I see but small Hopes of that, for every new Circumstance affords an Argument to my Enemies to pursue their Revenge: Formerly I was to be bang'd because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppress'd when too poor. *Nic. Frog* has us'd me like a *Scoundrel*; you are a Gentleman, and I freely put myself in your Hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master *Baboon*, as to your Usage of your Neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with: You have been rolling a great Stone up Hill all your Life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to Pieces: Plain-dealing is best: If you have any particular Mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you speak Truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly, but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I should trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular Mark of Veracity, amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this Time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The Trust I give is in short this, I must have something in Hand before I make the Bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your Something.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. * *Ecclestown-Castle*, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your Family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Ecclestown-Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single Stone of *Ecclestown-Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please, what needs more Words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this Case?

L. Baboon. There is nothing like Matter of Fact; Seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the Purpose; let us shake Hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more, What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? To dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being, was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Interest was concern'd in the other: But let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot Point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy; but then I must have Security that I shall carry my Broad Cloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: *Ecclestown-Castle*! *Ecclestown*! Remember that: Why wouldst thou not take it when it was offer'd thee some Years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou wouldst not give it me.

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L. Baboon.

* *Dunkirk*.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright Nonsense? They that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the Experiment? But I can tell you more of that Matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'st thou as to the Esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the Tradesmen? I must take Care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small Obligations to Nic. to my certain Knowledge: He has not used me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your Punstilio's of Ceremony; he is clownish, as a Man may say; Belching and calling of Names have been allowed him Time out of Mind, by Prescription; But however, we are engag'd in one common Cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the rest of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Justice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to John Bull and the Law-Suit.

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to recover his Bubble: Amongst other Artifices he wrote a most obliging Letter, which he sent him printed in a fair Character.

* Dear Friend,

WHEN I consider the late ill Usage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow Inspection into my Conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a Concern for your Interest. You no sooner set this Composition a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very Wishes; and the Affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater Concerns of Esquire South, and the other poor Creatures embark'd in the same common Cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in Money-matters, 'till it appear'd by your own Accounts, that there was something due to me upon the Ballance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your Reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest Servants in my Family, talk of you with the utmost Respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your Servants and Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any ways meddle in your domestic Affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your Servants express their great Concern for you in a Manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves a Reward, rather than a Reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of Success at the Salutation, since I am not Master of the Passions and Interest of other Folks. I have beggar'd myself with this Law-Suit, undertaken merely in Complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little Patience, I had still greater Things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable Jealousies, and that we may have no more Meetings at the Salutation, spending our Time and Money to no Purpose. My Concern for your Welfare and Prosperity, almost makes me mad. You may be assur'd I will continue to be

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

* Substance of the States Letter.

John

John receiv'd this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum ceteris erroribus*: He was now at his Ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other Folks. *My Shirt* (quoth he) *is near me, but my Skin is nearer*: Whilst I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores. It is a pretty Thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for *John Bull* to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-Horse, with Frog's Paws upon his Head. What will ye give me for this Beast? Serviteur *Nic. Frog* you may kiss my Backside if you please. Though *John Bull* has not read your *Aristotle's*, *Plato's*, and *Machiavel's* he can see as far into a Milstone as another. With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his Sides.

C H A P. XX.

* *The Discourse that pass'd between Nic. Frog, and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

JOH^N thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Ecclestown-Castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a Design to break the Matter gently to his Partners; Before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the *Esquire* in a very pleasant Conference.

Esq. South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injustice of Mankind! That *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendship and Protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more Money
for

* Negotiations between the E——r and the D——b for continuing the War, and getting the Property of F——rs.

for me! That the Family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking Temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the Rogue should be compell'd to do his Duty.

Esq; South. That he should prefer his Scandalous Pelf, the Dust and Dregs of the Earth, to the Prosperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his Vails. It's strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon's* Custom to *Esq; South's*.

Esq; South. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession; did you ever know any Man's Tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your Worship, it is a very unusual Proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the World. If your Honour had not a great Stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq; South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon's* Tenants do not all take your Honour's Part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; South. True, *Nic.* but few are sensible of Merit in this World: It is a great Comfort, to have so faithful a Friend as thyself in so critical a Juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the World should forsake you, be assur'd *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our Point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I warrant ye.

Esq; South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest Man amongst a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your Power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the Difference between my Lease and an Inheritance is such a Trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend;

Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; besides, it shall make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: You and I shall be able to manage him then to some Purpose.

Esq; South. Say no more, it shall be done, *Nic.* to thy Heart's Content.

John all this while was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his Sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the sly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable Terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire South and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stopt their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen, (quoth *John*) if you will but stop Proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether * *Lewis's* Proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop Proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of Advance, he will put us in Possession of his Manor and Castle of *Ecclesdown*.

Nic. Frog. What dost talk of *us*, thou mean'st thyself.

J. Bull. When *Frog* took Possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or, take it so, the constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many Years, was that Thou and I are one; and why must we be suppos'd Two in this Case, that were always One before? It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, *Nic.* we must trust one another: I have trusted thee with a great many Things, prithee trust me with this one Trifle.

Nic.

* Proposals for a Cessation of Arms, and Delivery of *Dunkirk*.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main, but there is some *Speciality* in this Case, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. Those are your Jealousies, that the common Enemies sow between us: how often hast thou warn'd me of those Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This *Ecclestown-Castle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my Part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the Unwholesomeness of the Air and Soil, the Expences of Reparations and Servants? I would scorn to accept of such a Quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great Man, *Nic.* but in my Circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you.

J. Bull. I believe nothing but Matter of Fact, I stand and fall by that I am resolv'd to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefullest Cause in the World a claim that will certainly in the End make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, *Nic.*? thou shalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my Hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldst but moderate that hasty, impatient Temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his Paternal Estates, and Mansion-house of * *Clay-pool*? Would not that do thy Heart good, to see thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay-pool*? Then thou and thy Wife and Children should walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we should have a Country Dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see my self in *Ecclestown-Castle*, as thee in *Clay-Pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge of his Sincerity; if you won't stop Proceeding to hear him, I will.

C H A P.

* *Clay-Pool*, P——s, *Lutetia*.

C H A P. XXI.

* *The rest of Nic's Fetches to keep John out of Ecclesdown-Castle.*

WHEN Nic. could not dissuade *John* by Argument, he try'd to move his Pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his Wife and Children in a starving Condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the Room far less capable to look after such a troublesome Business as this Law-Suit, and therefore begged that his good Friend would not leave him. When he saw that *John* was still inexorable, he pull'd out a Case-Knife, with which he used to snickersnee, and threatned to cut his own Throat. Thrice he aim'd the Knife to his Wind-Pipe with a most determin'd threatening Air. "What signifies Life (quoth he) in this languishing Condition? It will be some Pleasure that my Friends will revenge my Death upon this barbarous Man, that has been the Cause of it." All this while *John* look'd sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the Knife nor stop his Blow, trusting to the tenderness *Nic.* had for his own Person: When he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his Purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*,

"Art thou (quoth he) turn'd Bubble in thy old Age, from being a Sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up *Ecclesdown-Castle* to *John Bull*? His Friendship is not worth a Rush; give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that Proposition, keep it thy self, I'd rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my Advice take what follows; Esquire *South* and I will go on with our Law-Suit in Spite of *John Bull's* Teeth.

L. Ba-

* Attempts to hinder the Cessation, and taking Possession of *Dunkirk*.

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L. Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a Gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool
 ——— With that *Nic.* bounce'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest Tumblers or Rope-dancers, and fell foul upon *John Bull*, to snatch the * *Cudgel he had in his Hand*, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it: *John* held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last Esquire *South* buckled too, to assist his Friend *Nic*: *John* hall'd on one side, and they two on the other! Sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a sudden again on *John's* side; so they went sawing up and down, from one End of the Room to the other. Down tumbled the Tables, Bottles, Glasses, and Tobacco pipes: The Wine and the Tobacco were all spilt about the Room, and the little Fellows were almost trod under Foot, till more of the Tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the Esquire, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty Cudgel; which by the contrary Force of two so great Powers † broke short in his Hands. *Nic.* seiz'd the longer End, and with it began to Bastinado old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a Corner, waiting the Event of this Squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insulting menacing Air, so that the old Fellow was forc'd to skuttle out of the Room, and retire behind a Dung-Cart. He call'd to *Nic.* "Thou insolent Jackanaps! Time was when
 "thou durst not have used me so, thou now takest
 "me unprovided, but, old and infirm as I am, I shall
 "find a Weapon by and by, to chastise thy Impudence."

When *John Bull* had recover'd his Breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* "Friend *Nic.* I am glad to find
 "thee so strong after thy great Complaints; really
 "thy Motions, *Nic.* are pretty vigorous for a consumptive

* The Army.

† The Separation of the Army.

" sumptive Man. As for thy worldly Affairs, Nic. if it
 " can do thee any Service, I freely make over to
 " thee this *profitable Law-Suit*; and I desire all these
 " Gentlemen to bear Witnesses to this my Act and Deed.
 " Yours be all the Gain, as mine has been the Char-
 " ges, I have brought it to bear finely: However, all
 " I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou
 " shalt have it with all its Appurtenances. I ask no-
 " thing but Leave to go Home.

Nic. Frog. The Counsel are feed, and all Things pre-
 par'd for a Trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the
 Issue: It shall be pleaded in thy Name as well as mine:
 Go home if thou canst, the Gates are shut, * the Turn-
 pickes lock'd, and the Roads barricado'd. -

J. Bull. Even these very Ways, Nic. that thou told-
 est me, were as open to me as thy self? If I can't
 pass with my own Equipage, what can I expect for
 my Goods and Waggons? I am deny'd Passage through
 those very Grounds that I have purchased with my own
 Money; however, I am glad I have made the Experi-
 ment, it may serve me in some stead.

John Bull was so overjoy'd that he was going to take
 Possession of Ecclestown, that nothing could vex him.
 Nic. (quoth he) *am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind
 Look upon me at parting.*

Nic. look'd fowre and grum, and would not open
 his Mouth.

J. Bull. *I wish thee all the Success that thy Heart
 can desire, and that these honest Gentlemen of the long
 Robe may have their Belly-full of Law.*

Nic. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the
 Room with Disdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to
 follow him.

J. Bull. *B'uy, b'uy Nic. not one poor Smile at parting;
 won't you shake your day-day, Nic? B'uy Nic. With that
 John march'd out of the common Road cross the
 Country, to take Possession of Ecclestown.*

* Difficulty of the March of Part of the Army to Dunkirk.

CHAP. XXII.

*Of the great Joy that John express'd when
he got Possession of * Eccleldown.*

WHEN John had got into his Castle, he seem'd like *Ulysses* upon his Plank after he had been well sous'd in Salt-Water; who (as *Homer* says) was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to Dinner, after hearing a long Cause upon the Bench. I dare say *John Bull's* Joy was equal to that of either of the Two; he skipp'd from Room to Room; ran up Stairs and down Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Garrets, and from the Garrets to the Kitchen; he peep'd into every Cran-ny; sometimes he admir'd the Beauty of the Architecture, and the vast Solidity of the Mason's Work; at other Times he commended the Symmetry and Proportion of the Rooms. He walk'd about the Gardens, he bath'd himself in the Canal, Swimming, Diving and beating the liquid Element, like a milk-white Swan. The Hall resounded with the sprightly Violin, and the martial Hautboy. The Family tript it about and caper'd, like *Hail-Stones bounding from a Marble Floor*. Wine, Ale and Oötober flew about as plentifully as Kennel-Water: Then a Frolick took *John* in the Head to call up some of *Nic. Frog's Pensioners* that had been so mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your Master in *Eccleldown Castle*.

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their Souls to the lowest Pit of Hell, if any Person in the World rejoic'd more than they did.

J. Bull.

* *Dunkirk*.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjur'd Rascals; however take this Bumper of *October* to your Master's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over, he call'd to *Nic. Frog*:

"How d'ye do, *Nic*? D'ye see where I am, *Nic*?
 "I hope the Cause goes on swimmingly, *Nic*. When
 "dost thou intend to go to *Clay-Pool*, *Nic*? Wilt thou
 "buy there some High Heads of the newest Cut for
 "my Daughters? How comest thou to go with thy
 "Arm ty'd up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a Rap over
 "the Finger-Ends? Thy Weapon was a good one when
 "I wielded it, but the Butt-end remains in my Hands.
 "I am so busy in packing up my Goods, that I have
 "no Time to talk with thee any longer. It would
 "do thy Heart good to see what Waggon-Loads I am
 "preparing for Market. If thou wantest any good
 "Office of mine for all that has happened, I will use
 "thee well, *Nic*. B'uy *Nic*.

POST.



POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been disputed amongst the *Literati* of *Grub-street*, whether *Sir Humphry* proceeded any farther in the History of *John Bull*. By diligent Inquiry we have found the Titles of some Chapters, which appear to be a Continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made Angry with the Articles of Agreement. How he kick'd the Parchment through the House, up Stairs and down Stairs, and put himself in a great Heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his Passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's Head with a Cleaver. Of the strange Manner of Sir Roger's escaping the Blow by laying his Head upon the Dresser.*

Chap. III. *How some of John's Servants attempted to scale his House with Rope-Ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the Methods by which John endeavour'd to preserve the Peace amongst his Neighbours: How he kept a Pair of Stilliards to weigh them; and by Diet, Purging, Vomiting and Bleeding, try'd to bring them to equal Bulk and Strength.*

Chap. V. *Of false Accounts of the Weights given in by some of the Journeymen; and of the New market Tricks, that were practis'd at the Stilliards.*

Chap. VI. *How John's new Journeymen brought him other guess Accounts of the Stilliards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir * Swain Northy was by Bleeding, Purging, and a Steel-Diet, brought into a Consumption; and how John was forc'd afterwards to give him the Gold Cordial.*

Chap.

* K. of Sw———en.

- Chap. VIII. *How * Peter Bear was over-fed, and afterwards refused to submit to the Course of Physick.*
- Chap. IX. *How John pamper'd Esquire South with Tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian Wine, and long'd for Sicilian Beef, and how John carried him thither in his Barge.*
- Chap. X. *How the Esq; from a Fowl-Feeder, grew dainty: How he long'd for Mango's, Spices, and Indian-Birds-Nests, &c. and could not sleep but in a Chinee Bed.*
- Chap. XI. *The Esq; turn'd Tradesman; how he set up a † China-Shop over-against Nic. Frog.*
- Chap. XII. *How he procur'd Spanish Flies to blister his Neighbours, and as a Provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravish'd Nic. Frog's favourite Daughter.*
- Chap. XIII. *How Nic. Frog hearing the Girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a Constable: Calling a Constable no Preventive of a Rape.*
- Chap. XIV. *How John rose out of his Bed in a cold Morning to prevent a Duel between Esq; South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great Surprize, he found the Combatants drinking Genever in a Brandy-Shop; with Nic's favourite Daughter between them. How they both fell upon John so that he was forced to fight his Way out.*
- Chap. XV. *How John came with his Constable's Staff to rescue Nic's Daughter, and break the Esquire's China Ware.*
- Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spanish Proverb, Time and I against any two; or Advice to dogmatical Politicians, exemplified in some new Affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*
- Chap. XVII. *A Discourse of the delightful Game of Quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a Game Solo in Clubs, and was beasted: How John call'd Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own Partner should have too many Tricks: And how the Success and Skill of Quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

THE

* Cz. of M—y.

† The O—nd Company.



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KEY *to the* LOCK:

OR, A

TREATISE

Proving, beyond all Contradiction,

The Dangerous Tendency of a late
POEM, intitl'd

The RAPE of the LOCK,

TO

GOVERNMENT and RELIGION.

By ESDRAS BARNIVELT, *Apoth.*

M.DCC.XIII.

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO
Mr. P O P E.

THOUGH it may seem foreign to my Profession, which is that of making up and dispensing salutary Medicines to his Majesty's Subjects, yet cannot I think it unbecoming me to furnish an Antidote against the Poison which hath been so artfully distill'd thro' your Quill, and convey'd to the World through the pleasing Vehicles of your Numbers. Nor is my Profession as an Apothecary, so abhorrent from yours as a Poet, since the Ancients have thought fit to make the same God the Patron of both: I have, not without some Pleasure, observ'd the mystical Arms of our Company, wherein is represented Apollo, killing the fell Monster Python: Which in some measure admonishes me of my Duty, to trample upon and destroy, as much as in me lies, that Dragon, or baneful Serpent, Popery.

I must take leave to make you my Patient, whether you will or no; though out of the Respect I have for you, I should rather chuse to apply Lenitive than Corrosive Medicines; happy, if they may prove an Emetic sufficient to make you cast up those Errors, which you have imbibed in your Education, and which, I hope, I shall never live to see this Nation digest.

128 EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Sir, I cannot but lament, that a Gentleman of your volatile Wit, rectified understanding, and sublimated Imagination, should misapply those Talents to raise ill Humours in the Constitution of the Body Politick of which your self are a Member, and upon the Health whereof your own Preservation depends. Give me leave to say, such Principles as yours would again reduce us to the fatal Necessity of the Phlebotomy of War, or the Causticks of Persecutions.

In order to inform you of this, I have sought your Acquaintance and Conversation with the utmost Diligence, for I hoped in Person to perswade you to a publick Confession of your Fault, and a Recantation of these dangerous Tenets. But finding all my Endeavours ineffectual, and being satisfied with the Conscience of having done all that became a Man of an honest Heart, and honourable Intention; I could no longer omit my Duty in opening the Eyes of the World by the Publication of this Discourse.

Sir, to address my self to so florid a Writer as you, without collecting all the Flowers of Rhetorick, would be an unpardonable Indecorum; but when I speak to the World, as I do in the following Treatise, I must use a simple Stile, since it would be absurd to prescribe an universal Medicine, or Catholicon, in a Language not universally understood.

As I have always professed to have a particular Esteem for Men of Learning, and more especially for your self, nothing but the Love of Truth should have engag'd me in a Design of this Nature. Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed magis Amicus Veritas. I am,

Your most sincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

E. BARNIVELT.

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KEY to the LOCK.



INCE this unhappy Division of our Nation into Parties, it is not to be imagined how many Artifices have been made use of by Writers, to obscure the Truth, and cover Designs which may be detrimental to the Publick. In particular, it has been their Custom of late to vent their Political Spleen in

Allegory and Fable. If an honest believing Nation is to be made a Jest of, we have a Story of *John Bull* and his Wife; if a Treasurer is to be glanced at, an *Ant* with a *white Straw* is introduced; if a Treaty of Commerce is to be ridiculed, 'tis immediately metamorphosed into a Tale of *Count Tariff*.

But if any of these Malevolents have never so small a Talent in Rhime, they principally delight to convey their Malice in that pleasing Way? as it were gilding the Pill, and concealing the Poison under the Sweetness of Numbers.

It is the Duty of every well-designing Subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill Consequences of such pernicious Treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the Publick of the late Poem, intitled, *The RAPE of the LOCK*; which I shall demonstrate to be of this Nature.

It is a common and just Observation, that when the Meaning of any Thing is dubious, one can no Way bet-

ter judge of the true Intent of it, than by considering *who* is the Author, *what* is his Character in general, and his *Disposition* in particular.

Now that the Author of this Poem is a reputed *Papist*, is well known; and that a Genius so capable of doing Service to that Cause, may have been corrupted in the Course of his Education, by *Jesuits*, or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming *Coolness* and *Moderation*, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with, by those of his own Persuasion. They are sensible that this Nation is secured by good and wholesome Laws, to prevent all evil Practices of the Church of *Rome*; particularly the Publication of Books, that may in any sort propagate that Doctrine: Their Authors are therefore oblig'd to couch their Designs the deeper; and tho' I cannot aver that the Intention of this Gentleman was directly to spread Popish Doctrines, yet it comes to the same Point if he touch the Government: For the Court of *Rome* knows very well, that the Church at this Time is so firmly founded on the State, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this Opinion, is an accidental Discovery I made of a very artful Piece of Management among his Popish Friends and Abettors, to hide his whole Design upon the Government, by taking all the Characters upon *themselves*.

Upon the Day that this Poem was publish'd, it was my Fortune to step into the *Cocon-Tree*, where a certain Gentleman was railing very liberally at the Author, with a Passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the Character of *Sir Plume*. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me, *a Roman Catholick Knight*.

I was the same Evening at *Will's*, and saw a Circle round another Gentleman, who was railing in like Manner, and shewing his Snuff-box and Cane, to prove he was satirized in the same Character. I asked this Gentleman's Name, and was told he was *a Roman Catholick Lord*.

A Day or two after I was sent for, upon a slight Indisposition, to the young Lady's to whom the Poem is dedicated. She also took up the Character of *Belinda* with much Frankness and good Humour, though the Author has given us a Key in his * Dedication, that he meant some thing further. This Lady is also a *Roman Catholick*. At the same time others of the Characters were claim'd by some Persons in the Room, and all of them *Roman Catholicks*.

But to proceed to the Work it self.

In all Things which are intricate, as *Allegories* in their own Nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the Clue at first Sight? but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace^Qhis our Author through all the Labyrinths, Doublings and Turnings of his intricate Composition.

First then, let it be observ'd that in the most demonstrative Sciences, some *Postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *Postulatum* or Concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY.

I. First, then, I shall discover, that *BELINDA* represents GREAT BRITAIN, or (which is the same Thing) her late MAJESTY. This is plainly seen in his Description of her:

On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she bore.

Alluding to the ancient Name of *Albion*, from her *white Cliffs*, and to the *Cross*, which is the Ensign of *England*.

II. The *Baron*, who cuts off the *Lock*, or *Barrier Treaty* is the E. of Ox—*d*.

F 5

III. *Cla-*

* The Character of *Belinda* (as it is here manag'd) resembles you in nothing but in Beauty. *Dedication to the Rape of the Lock*.

III. *Clarissa*, who lent the Scissars my Lady M—f—m.

IV. *Thalestris*, who provokes *Belinda* to resent the Loss of the Lock or Treaty, the Dutcheſs of M—gh.

V. Sir *Plume*, who is moved by *Thalestris* to re-demand it of *Great Britain*, Prince *Eu—ne*, who came hither for that Purpose.

There are other inferior Characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first Part of the *Baron's* Character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common Epithet given the E. of Ox—d by his Enemies. The Prize he aspires to is the Treasury, in order to which he offers a Sacrifice:

———— an Altar built
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

Our Author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this Statesman's Love to France; representing the Books he chiefly studies to be vast French Romances. These are the vast Prospects from the Friendship and Alliance of France, which he satyrically calls Romances; hinting thereby, that these Promises and Protestations were no more to be rely'd on than those idle Legends. Of these he is said to build an Altar; to intimate, that all the Foundation of his Schemes and Honours was fix'd upon the French Romances above-mentioned.

A Fan, a Garter, Half a Pair of Gloves.

One of the Things he sacrifices is a Fan, which both for its gaudy Show and perpetual Flutt'ring has been made the Emblem of Woman. This points at the Change of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber: The Garter alludes to the Honours he confer'd on some of his Friends; and we may, without straining the Sense, call the half Pair of Gloves a Gauntlet; the Token of those military Employments, which he is said to have sacrific'd to his Designs. The Prize, as I said before, means the Treasury,

Treasury, which he makes his Prayer *soon to obtain*, and long to possess.

*The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The rest the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.*

In the first of these Lines he gives him the Treasury, and in the last suggests that he should not long possess that Honour.

That *Thalestria* is the Dutches of M——gh. appears both by her Nearness to *Belinda*, and by this Author's malevolent Suggestion, that she is a Lover of War.

To Arms, to Arms, the bold Thalestria cries.

But more particularly in several Passages in her Speech to *Belinda*, upon the Cutting off the Lock, or Treaty. Among other Things she says, *Was it for this you bound your Locks in Paper Durance?* Was it for this so much Paper has been spent to secure the *Barrier Treaty*?

*Methinks, already I your Tears survey;
Already hear the horrid Things they say;
Already see you a degraded Toast.*

This describes the Aspersions under which that good Princess suffer'd, and the Repentance which must have follow'd the Dissolution of that Treaty; and particularly levels at the Refusal some People made to drink her Majesty's Health.

Sir *Plume* (a proper Name for a Soldier) has all the Circumstances that agree with Prince *Eu——ne*:

*Sir Plume, of Amber Snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane,
With earnest Eyes ———*

'Tis remarkable, this general is a great Taker of Snuff as well as Towns; his Conduct of the clouded Cane, gives him the Honour which is so justly his Due. of an exact Conduct in Battle, which is figur'd by his Cane

or

or Truncheon, the Ensign of a General. His earnest Eye, or the Vivacity of his Look, is so particularly remarkable to him, that this Character could be mistaken for no other, had not the Author purposely obscur'd it by the fictitious Circumstance of a *round unthinking Face*.

Having now explain'd the chief Characters of his *human Persons*, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the Sequel of this Discourse) I shall next take in Pieces his *Machinery*, wherein the Satire is wholly confin'd to Ministers of State.

The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* at first Sight appear'd to me to signify the two contending Parties of this Nation; for these being plac'd in the *Air*, and those on the *Earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common Denomination, *High* and *Low*. But as they are made to be the first Movers and Influencers of all that happens, 'tis plain they represent promiscuously the *Heads of Parties* whom he makes to be the Authors of all those Changes in the State, which are generally imputed to the Levity and Instability of the *British Nation*.

*This erring Mortals Levity may call :
Oh blind to Truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.*

But of this he has given us a plain Demonstration; for speaking of these Spirits, he says in express Terms,

————— *The Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.*

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious Way of Writing, we find the same Person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again describ'd in the Character of *Ariel*; it being a common Way with Authors, in this fabulous Manner, to take such a Liberty. As for Instance I have read in *St. Evremont*, that all the different Characters in *Petronius*, are but *Nero* in so many different Appearances. And in the Key to the curious Romance of *Barclay's Argenis*, that both *Poliarchus* and *Archombrotus* mean only the King of *Navarre*.

We

We observe in the very Beginning of the Poem, that *Ariel* is possess'd of the Ear of *Belinda*; therefore it is absolutely necessary that this Person must be the Minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be further convinc'd that he meant the Treasurer, may know him by his Ensigns in the following Line:

He rais'd his Azure Wand.

His sitting on the Mast of a Vessel, shews his presiding over the *South-Sea Trade*. When *Ariel* assigns to his *Sylphs* all the Posts about *Belinda*, what is more clearly describ'd than the Treasurer's disposing all the Places of the Kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the Lines.

— *Ye Spirits. to your Charge repair,
The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's Care;
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the Watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock.*

He has here particularized the Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber, the Keeper of the Cabinet, and her Majesty's Dresser, and impudently given Nicknames to each.

To put this Matter beyond all Dispute, the *Sylphs* are said to be *wond'rous fond of Place*, in the Canto following, where *Ariel* is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their Places *subordinately under him*.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive Malignity of this Author, who could not leave this Character of *Ariel* without the same invidious Stroke which he gave him in the Character of the *Baron* before.

*Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his Pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.*

Being another Prophecy that he should resign his Place; which it is probable all Ministers do with a Sigh.

At the Head of the *Gnomes* he sets *Umbriel*, a dusky melancholy Sprite, who makes it his Business to give *Belinda* the Spleen; a vile and malicious Suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy Minister*. The Vapours, Phantoms, Visions, and the like, are the Jealousies, Fears, and Cries of Danger, that have so often affrighted and alarm'd the Nation. Those who are describ'd in the House of *Spleen*, under those several fantastical Forms, are the same whom their Ill-willers have so often called the *Whimsical*.

The two foregoing Spirits being the only considerable Characters of the Machinery, I shall but just mention the *Sylph* that is wounded with the Scissars at the Loss of the Lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my L—rd Tow—nd, who at that Time receiv'd a *Wound* in his Character for making the Barrier Treaty, and was cut out of his Employment upon the Dissolution of it: But that Spirit reunites, and receives no Harm; to signify, that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real Hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this Head of the Characters, without observing, that our Author has run thro' every Stage of Beings in Search of Topicks for Detraction; and as he has characterized some Persons under *Angels* and *Men*, so he has others under *Animals* and *Things inanimate*. He has even represented an eminent Clergyman as a *Dog*, and a noted Writer as a *Tool*. Let us examine the former.

— But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet doux.

By this *Shock* it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. S—ch—ell, who leapt up, that is, into the Pulpit, and awaken'd Great Britain with his *Tongue*, that is, with his *Sermon*, which made so much *Noise*; and for which he has frequently been term'd by others of his Enemies, as well as by this Author, a *Dog*. Or perhaps, by his *Tongue*, may be more literally meant

his

his *Speech* at his *Trial*, since immediately thereupon our Author says, her Eyes open'd on a *Billet-doux*; *Billets-doux* being Addresses to Ladies from Lovers, may be aptly interpreted those Addresses of loving Subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that Trial.

The other Instance is at the End of the Third *Canto*.

*Steel did the Labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.*

Here he most impudently attributes the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, not to the Pleasure of her Majesty, or of her Ministry, but to the frequent Instigations of his Friend Mr. *Steel*. A very artful Pun to conceal his wicked Lampoonery!

Having now consider'd the general Intent and Scope of the Poem, and open'd the Characters, I shall next discover the Malice which is cover'd under the Episodes, and particular Passages of it.

The Game at *Ombre* is a mystical Representation of the late *War*, which is hinted by his making Spades the Trump; Spade in *Spanish* signifying a *Sword*, and being yet so painted in the Cards of that Nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our Cards. In this one Place indeed he has unawares paid a Compliment to the Queen, and her Success in the War; for *Belinda* gets the better of the *Two* that play against her, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

I do not question but ev'ry particular Card has its Person and Character assign'd, which, no doubt, the Author has told his Friends in private; but I shall only instance in the Description of the Disgrace under which the Duke of M ——— then suffer'd, which is so apparent in these Verses:

*Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mov'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu,
Sad chance of War! now destitute of Aid,
Falls undistinguish'd ———*

That

That the Author here had an Eye to our modern Transactions, is very plain from an unguarded Stroke towards the End of this Game.

*And now, as oft in some distemper'd State,
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate.*

After the Conclusion of the War, the publick Rejoicings and *Thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following Lines.

*The Nymph, exulting, fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.*

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious Insinuation, in the manner of a Prophecy, (which we have formerly observ'd this seditious Writer delights in) that the Peace should continue but a short Time, and that the Day should afterwards be curs'd, which was then celebrated with so much Joy.

*Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curst for ever this victorious Day.*

As the Game at *Ombre* is a satyirical Representation of the late War; so is the *Tea-Table* that ensues, of the *Council-Table*, and its Consultations, after the Peace. By this he would hint, that all the Advantages we have gain'd by our late extended Commerce, are only Coffee and Tea, or Things of no greater Value. That he thought of the Trade in this Place, appears by the Passage where he represents the *Sylphs* particularly careful of the rich *Brocade*; it having been a frequent Complaint of our Mercers, that *French Brocades* were imported in too great Quantities. I will not say he means those Presents of rich Gold Stuff Suits which were said to be made her Majesty by the King of France, tho' I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this Author, as well as the scandalous *John Dunston*, represents the Ministry in plain Terms taking frequent Cups.

And

And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.

Upon the whole it is manifest he meant something more than common Coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the Politician wise ;

and by telling us, it was this Coffee, that

*Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's Brain,
New Stratagems————*

I shall only further observe, that 'twas at this Table the Lock was cut off; for where but at the Council Board should the *Barrier Treaty* be dissolv'd?

The ensuing Contentions of the Parties upon the Loss of that Treaty, are describ'd in the Squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses, without any Disguise, in the Terms,

All side in Parties————

Here first you have a Gentleman who *sinks beside his Chair*: A plain Allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his Chair of President of the Council.

I come next to the *Bodkin*, so dreadful in the Hand of *Belinda*; by which he intimates the *British Sceptre*, so rever'd in the Hand of our late August Princess. His own Note upon this Place tells us, he alludes to a Sceptre; and the Verses are so plain, they need no Remark.

*The same (his antient Personage to deck)
Her great great Grandfire wore about his Neck
In three Seal-Rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown;
Her Infant Grandame's Whistle next it grew,
The Bells she gingled, and the Whistle blew;
Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.*

An open Satire upon *Hereditary Right*! The three Seal-Rings plainly allude to the three Kingdoms.

These are the chief Passages in the Battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the Squabble of Parties. Upon this Occasion he could not end the Description of them without testifying his malignant Joy at those Dissentions, from which he forms the Prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with Triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

*Behold how oft ambitious Aims are crost,
And Chiefs contend till all the Prize is lost.*

The Lock at length is turn'd into a *Star*, or the old Barrier Treaty into a new and glorious Peace; this no doubt is what the Author, at the Time he printed this Poem, would have been thought to mean, in Hopes, by that Compliment, to escape Punishment for the rest of this Piece. It puts me in mind of a Fellow who concluded a bitter Lampoon upon the Prince and Court of his Days, with these Lines:

*God save the King, the Commons, and the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.*

Whatever this Author may think of that *Peace*, I imagine it the most *extraordinary Star* that ever appear'd in our Hemisphere. A Star that is to bring us all the Wealth and Gold of the *Indies*; and from whose Influence, not Mr. *John Partridge* alone, (whose worthy Labours this Writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true *Britons*, may, with no less Authority than he, prognosticate the *Fall of Lewis* in the Restraint of the exorbitant Power of *France*, and the *Fate of Rome*, in the triumphant Condition of the Church of *England*.

We have now consider'd this Poem in its political View, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different Walks of Satire, the one in the Story itself, which is a Ridicule on the *late Transactions in general*; the other in the Machinery, which is a Satire on the *Ministers of State in particular*. I shall now shew that the

same

same Poem, taken in another Light, has a Tendency to Popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first Place, he has convey'd to us the Doctrine of *Guardian Angels* and *Patron Saints* in the Machinery of his *Sylphs*, which being a Piece of Popish Superstition, that hath been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this Disguise. Here are all the Particulars which they believe of those Beings, which I shall sum up in a few Heads.

1st, The Spirits are made to concern themselves with all human Actions in general.

2^{dly}, A distinct Guardian Spirit or Patron is assign'd to each Person in particular.

*Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite ———*

3^{dly}, They are made directly to inspire Dreams, Visions and Revelations.

*Her Guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy Rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed
The Morning Dream ———*

4^{thly}, They are made to be subordinate, in different Degrees, some presiding over others. So *Ariel* hath his several Under-Officers at Command.

Superior by the Head was Ariel plac'd.

5^{thly}, They are employ'd in various Offices, and each hath his Office assign'd him.

*Some in the Fields of purest Æther play,
And bathe and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some guide the Course, &c.*

6^{thly}, He hath given his Spirits the Charge of the several Parts of Diets; intimating thereby, that the Saints pre-

preside over the several Parts of human Bodies. They have one Saint to cure the Tooth-ach, another cures the Gripes, another the Gout, and so of the rest.

*The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's Care.
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.*

7thly, They are represented to know the Thoughts of Men.

*As on the Nofegay in her Breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind.*

8thly, They are made Protectors even to Animal and Irrational Beings.

Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over Hogs, &c.

9thly, Others are made Patrons of whole Kingdoms and Provinces.

Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own.

So St. George is imagin'd by the Papists to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain, &c. Now what is the Consequence of all this? By granting that they have this Power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The Toilette is an artful Recommendation of the Mass, and pompous Ceremonies of the Church of Rome. The unveiling of the Altar, the Silver Vases upon it, being robed in white, as the Priests are upon the chief Festivals, and the Head uncover'd, are manifest Marks of his.

*A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,
To that she bends —*

plainly denotes Image Worship.

The

The Goddess, who is deck'd with Treasures, Jewels, and the various Offerings of the World, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have Perfumes breathing from the Incense Pot in the following Line;

And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box.

The Character of *Belinda*, as we take it in this third View, represents the Popish Religion, or the Whore of *Babylon*; who is describ'd in the State this malevolent Author wishes for, coming forth in all her Glory upon the *Thames*, and overspreading the whole Nation with Ceremonies.

*Not with more Glories in th' athereal Plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purple Main,
Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams,
Launch'd on the Bosom of the Silver Thames.*

She is dress'd with a Cross on her Breast, the Ensign of Popery, the Adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following Lines:

*On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.*

Next he represents her as the *Universal Church* according to the Boasts of the Papists:

And like the Sun, she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

*If to her Share some female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all.*

Tho' it should be granted some Errors fall to her Share, look on the pompous Figure she makes throughout the World, and they are not worth regarding. In the Sacrifice following, you have these two Lines:

*For this ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd.*

In the first of them, he plainly hints at their rising to *Mattins*; in the second, by adoring ev'ry Power, the *Invocation of Saints*.

Belinda's Visits are describ'd with numerous *Wax-lights*, which are always used in the Ceremonial Parts of the *Romish* Worship.

*— Visits shall be paid on solemn Days,
When num'rous Wax lights in bright Order blaze.*

The *Lunar Sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *Purgatory*, which is seen in the following Line:

Since all Things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.

It is a Popish Doctrine, that scarce any Person quits this World, but he must touch at *Purgatory* in his Way to Heaven; and it is here also represented as the *Treasury* of the *Romish Church*. Nor is it much to be wonder'd at, that the *Moon* should be *Purgatory*, when a learned Divine hath in a late Treatise prov'd *Hell* to be in the *Sun*. *

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the Reader to compare this Key with those upon any other Pieces, which are suppos'd to have been secret Satires upon the State, either ancient or modern; in particular with the *Keys to Petronius Arbiter*, *Lucian's* true History, *Barclay's Argenis*, or *Rabelais's Garagantua*. I doubt not he will do me the Justice to acknowledge, that the Explanations here laid down, are deduc'd as *naturally*, and with as little Force, both from the general *Scope* and *Bent* of the Work, and from the several *Particulars*; and are every way as *consistent* and *undeniable*, every way as *candid* as any modern Interpretations of either Party, on the Conduct and Writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *State Decyphers* themselves, if according to their Art,
any

* The Reverend D. Swinden,

any thing can be more fully prov'd or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole Charge against this Author in a few Words: He has ridicul'd both the present Ministry and the last; abus'd great Statesmen and great Generals; nay, the Treaties of whole Nations have not escap'd him, nor has the Royal Dignity itself been omitted in the Progress of his Satire; and all this he has done just at the Meeting of a new Parliament. I hope a proper Authority may be made use of to bring him to condign Punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the Persons most concern'd would but order *Mr Bernard Lintot*, the Printer and Publisher of this dangerous Piece, to be taken into Custody and examin'd, many farther Discoveries might be made both of this Poet's and his Abettor's secret Designs, which are doubtless of the utmost Importance to the Government.

A Won-



A Wonderful

P R O P H E C Y

Taken from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Person
who was barbarously slain by the

M O H O C K S.

Proving also,

That the said M O H O C K S and H A W C U -
B I T E S are the G O G and M A G O G mention'd
in the *Revelations*.

And therefore that this vain and transitory World
will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

Breath'd forth in the Year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

W O E to London! Woe to *Westminster!*
Woe to *Southwark!* and Woe to the
Inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and
new Churches, those that are built, and those that are
not built!

But Woe to the Gates, the Streets, and the Houses!
Woe to the Men, the Women, and the Children! for
the M O H O C K S and H A W C U B I T E S are already come, the
Time draweth near, and the End approacheth!

Not to mention the near Resemblance betwixt the
Names of M O H O C K and G O G, H A W C U B I T E S and M A G O G
(though

(though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid Arguments, proving to you not only the Things that are, but also the Things that are not.

The Things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the Things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG; and yet both the Things that are, and the Things that are not, are one and the same Thing.

How this Matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG also.

They have the Mark of the Beast in their Foreheads, and the Beast himself is in their Hearts, their Teeth are sharp like the Teeth of Lions, their Tails are fiery like the Tails of Scorpions, and their Hair is as the Hair of Women.

Here the Spirit paus'd a while—and thus again proceeded.

Now listen to what is to come.

Those that are in, shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out—Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those are in.

Be not dejected—fear not—but believe and tremble.

The Lions of this World are dead, and the Princes of this World are dead also, and the next World draweth nigh.

That ancient *Whig*, the Antichrist of St. *John*, shall lead the Van like a young Dragon, but he shall be cut piece-meal, and disposseis'd.

The Dragon upon *Bow Church*, and the Grasshopper upon the *Royal Exchange*, shall meet together upon *Stocks-Market*, and shake Hands like Brethren.

Shake therefore your Heads, O ye People! My Time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your Repentance, and shorten your Iniquities.

Lo! the Comet appeareth in the South! yea it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Christians! Ah

blind Brethren ! Think not that this baleful Dog Star only shaketh his Tail at you in Wagery ; no, it shaketh it as a Rod, It is not a sporting Tail, but a fiery Tail, even as the Tail of an Harlot ; yea, such a Tail as may reach, and be told to all Posterity.

I am the *Porter* that was barbarously slain in *Fleet-street* ; by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I slain, when they laid violent Hands upon me.

They put their Hook into my Mouth, they divided my Nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought to my long Home ; but now I am return'd again to foretell their Destruction.

The Time is at Hand when the Free-thinkers of *Great-Britain* shall be converted to *Judaism* ; and the *Sultan* shall receive the Foreskins of *T—d* and *C—ns* in a Box of Gold.

Yet two Days, a Day, and half a Day, yea, upon the twelfth Hour of the fourth Day, those Emblems of GOG and MAGOG at the *Guild-hall* shall fall to perish the Ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole World shall perish with them.

Here the Spirit disappear'd, and immediately there-upon held his Peace.

M E-



MEMOIRS of P. P.

Clerk of this PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might justly be intitled, The Importance of a Man to himself: But as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.

IN the Name of the Lord, *Amen.* I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

Ever since I arrived at the Age of Discretion, I had a Call to take upon me the Function of a Parish Clerk; and to that End, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the Parish-Clerks of this Land; such I mean, as were right worthy in their Calling, Men of a clear and sweet Voice, and of becoming Gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the Year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655. the Year wherein our worthy Benefactor, Esquire *Brett*, did add one Bell to the Ring of this Parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same Day did give to this our Church two rare Gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at School, my Mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the Youth, In that I had a laudable Voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly Affection unto that black Letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly Ballads, such as the *Lady and Death*, the *Children in the Wood*, and *Cherry-Chase*; and not, like other Children, in lewd and trivial Ditties. Moreover, while I was a Boy, I always adventured to lead the Psalm next after Master *William Harris*, my Predecessor, who (it must be confess'd to the Glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-Clerk in that his Day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the Age of sixteen, I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle Conversation by my extraordinary Love to Ringing; inso-much, that in a short Time I was acquainted with every Sett of Bells in the whole Country: Neither could I be prevail'd with to absent myself from *Wakes*, being called thereunto by the Harmony of the Steeple. While I was in these Societies, I gave my self up to unspiritual Pastimes, such as *Wrestling*, *Dancing*, and *Cudgel-playing*; so that I often return'd to my Father's-House with a broken-Pate: I had my Head broken at *Milton* by *Thomas Wyat*, as we play'd a Bout or two for an Hat that was edg'd with Silver Galloon. But in the Year following, I broke the Head of *Harry Stubbs*, and obtain'd an Hat not inferior to the former: At *Yelverton* I encountred *George Cummins*, Weaver, and behold my Head was broken a second Time! At the Wake of *Waybrook*, I engag'd *William Sympkins*, Tanner, when lo, thus was my Head broken a third Time! and much Blood trickled therefrom. But I administred to my Comfort, saying within myself, "What Man is there, howsoever dextrous in any Knowledge or Craft, who is for aye on his Guard?" A Week after I had a *base-born* Child laid unto me; for in the Days of my Youth I was look'd upon as a Follower of Venerable Fantasies: Thus was I led into Sin by the Comeliness of *Susanna Smith*, who first tempted me, and then put me to Shame; for indeed she was a Maiden of a seducing Eye,
and

and pleasant Feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledge'd my Crime to our Curate, and to do away mine Offences, and make her some Attonement. was join'd to her in holy Wedlock on the Sabbath-Day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us Misfortunes, redound to our Advantage! For the Minister (who had long look'd on *Susanna* as the most lovely of his Parishioners) liked so well of my Demeanour, that he recommended me to the Honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the Decease of good Master *William Harris*.

Here ends the first Chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty Pages of his Amours in general, and that particular one with *Susanna* his present Wife; but I proceed to Chapter the 9th.

No sooner was I elected into mine Office, but I laid aside the powder'd Gallantries of my Youth, and became a new Man. I consider'd myself as in some wise of Ecclesiastical Dignity, since by wearing a Band, which is no small Part of the Ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deem'd, as it were, a Shred of the Linen Vestment of *Aaron*.

Thou may'st conceive, O Reader, with what Concern I perceiv'd the Eyes of the Congregation fix'd upon me, when I first took my Place at the Feet of the Priest. When I rais'd the Psalm, how did my Voice quaver for Fear! And when I array'd the Shoulders of the Minister with the Surplice, how did my Joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember *Paul*, "thou standest before Men of high Worship, the wise "Mr. Justice *Freeman*, the grave Mr. Justice *Tomson*, "the good Lady *Jones*, and the two virtuous Gentle- "women her Daughters, nay, the great Sir *Thomas* "Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young Master "the Esquire, who shall one Day be Lord of this Ma- "nor:" Notwithstanding which, it was my good Hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole Congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next Chapter contains an Account how he discharg'd the several Duties of his Office; in particular, he insists on the following.

I was determin'd to reform the manifold Currup-tions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth Dogs from the Temple, all excepting the Lap-Dog of the good widow *Howard*, a sober Dog which yelped not, nor was there Offence in his Mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to Moroseness, tho' sore against my Heart, unto poor Babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten Apples, which they privily munch'd at Church. But verily it pity'd me, for I remember'd the Days of my Youth.

Thirdly, With the Sweat of my own Hands I did make plain and smooth the Dog's-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The Pews and Benches which were formerly swept but once in three Years, I caus'd every *Saturday* to be swept with a Besom and trimm'd.

Fifthly and Lastly, I caus'd the Surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh Lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with Rose-water) and I had great Laud and Praise from all the neighbouring Clergy forasmuch as no Parish kept the Minister in cleaner Linnen.

Notwithstanding these his publick Cares, in the eleventh Chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual Occupations as a Handy-craftsman.

Shoes, *saieth he*, did I make, (and if intreated, mend) with good Approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipt the Hair. Chirurgery also I practis'd in the Worming of Dogs; but to bleed adventur'd I not, except the Poor. Upon this my twofold Profession, there pass'd among pleasant Men a merry Tale, delectable enough to be rehears'd: How that being overtaken with Liquor one *Saturday Evening*, I shav'd the Priest with *Spanish* Blacking for Shoes, instead of a Wash-ball, and with Lamp-Black powder'd his Perriwig. But these were sayings of Men, delighting in their own Conceits more than in the Truth. For it is well kown, that

that great was my Care and Skill in all these my Crafts; yea. I once had the Honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching Blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her Spaniel, which was wont to go astray. He was call'd Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous Pair of Shoes of the said Lady, to set an Heel-piece thereon; and I receiv'd such Praise therefore, that it was said all over the Parish, I should be recommended unto the the King to mend Shoes for his Majesty: Whom God preserve. Amen.

The rest of this Chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned, that when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his Shoes, of tanning the Hides of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the Tanner, and takes up four or five Pages to prove, that when the Apostles were instructed to travel without Shoes, the Precept did not extend to their Successors.

The next Chapter relates, how he discover'd a Thief with a Bible and Key, and experimented Verses of the Psalms that had cured Agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of Parish Affairs only; such as of the Succession of Curates; a List of the Weekly Texts; what Psalms he chose on proper Occasions; what Children were Born and Bury'd: The last of which Articles he concludes thus,

That the Shame of Women may not endure, I speak not of Bastards; neither will I name the Mothers, altho' thereby I might delight many grave Women of the Parish; even her who hath done Penance in the Sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the Church hath been witness of her Disgrace. Let the Father, who hath made due Composition with the Church-wardens to conceal his Infirmary, rest in Peace; my Pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next Chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church; part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected Time arrived, when the Psalms of King David should be hymn'd unto the same Tunes to which he play'd them upon his Harp; so was I inform'd by my Singing-Master, a Man right

unning in *Psalmody*. Now was our over-abundant *Quaver* and *Trilling* done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the *Sol-fa*, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chappel. We had *London Singing-Masters* sent into every Parish, like unto *Excise-men*; and I also was ordain'd to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy Disciple, in order to instruct my Fellow-Parishioners in this new Manner of Worship. What tho' they accus'd me of humming through the Nostrils, as a *Sacbut*; yet would I not forego that Harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy Parish-Clerks of *London*, still to preserve the same. I tutor'd the young Men and Maidens to tune their Voices as it were a *Psaltery*, and the Church on the Sunday was fill'd with these new *Halelujahs*.

Then follow full seventy Chapters, containing an exact Detail of the Law-Suits of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning Tythes, and near a hundred Pages left blank, with an earnest Desire that the History might be compleated by any of his Successors, in whose Time these Suits should be ended.

The next Chapter contains an Account of the Briefs read in the Church, and the Sums collected upon each. For the Reparation of nine Churches, collected at nine several times, 2 s. and 7 d. $\frac{3}{4}$. For fifty Families ruin'd by Fire, 1 s. $\frac{1}{2}$. For an Inundation, a King Charles's Groat given by Lady Frances. &c.

In the next, he laments the Disuse of Wedding-Sermons, and celebrates the Benefits arising from those at Funerals concluding with these Words: Ah! let not the Relations of the Deceas'd grudge the small Expence of an Hatband, a pair of Gloves, and Ten Shillings, for the Satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their Father, Brother, or bosom Wife, are certainly in Heaven.

In another, he draws a Panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great Encomiums, concludes, that, notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable Vessel, being a barren Woman, and never once having furnish'd God's Church with a Christening.

We

We find in another Chapter, how he was much stagger'd in his Belief, and disturb'd in his Conscience by an Oxford Scholar, who had prov'd to him by Logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal Souls; but how he was again comforted with the Reflection, that if so, they might be allowed christian Burial, and greatly augment the Fees of the Parish.

In the two following Chapters he is overpower'd with Vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the Feasts and Banquets of the Church Officers, and the Speeches he there made for the Good of the Parish. How he gave Hints to young Clergy-men to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent Sermon, the Merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a Conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Use of Texts. Let a Preacher (saith he) consider the Assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his Text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good Matter for Courtiers and Court-serving Men. The Heads of the Land judge for Reward; and the People thereof judge for Hire? and the Prophets thereof divine for Money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? Were the first Minister to appoint a Preacher before the House of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these Words? Give and it shall be given unto ye. Or before the Lords, Giving no Offence, that the Ministry be not blamed, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm Zeal of an Administration, who maketh his Ministers a flaming Fire, Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his Texts, as too tedious.

From this Period, the Style of the Book rises extremely. Before the next Chapter was passed the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite Page all on a Foam with Politicks.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated Year, in which the Church of England was tried in the Person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the Interest of our High Church at Heart, neither would I at any Seasons min'le myself in the Societies of Fanaticks, whom from my Infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It

was in these Days I bethought myself, that much Profit might accrue unto our Parish, and even unto the Nation, could there be assembled together a Number of chosen Men of the right Spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great Matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly Assembly of divers worthy Men at the *Rose and Crown Ale-house*, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the *Post-boy* of Mr. *Roper*, and the written Letter of Mr. *Dyer*, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves. Our Society was composed of the following Persons: *Robert Jenkins*, Farrier; *Amos Turner*, Collar-maker; *George Pilcocks*, late Exciseman; *Thomas White*, Wheel-right; and myself. First, of the first, *Robert Jenkins*.

He was a Man of bright Parts and shrewd Conceit, for he never shooed an Horse of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lam'd him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy Person, rightly esteemed among us for his Sufferings in that he had been honoured in the Stocks for wearing an Oaken Bough.

George Pilcocks, a Sufferer also, of zealous and laudable Freedom of Speech, insomuch that his Occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good Repute likewise, for that his Uncle, by the Mother's Side, had formerly, been Servitor at *Maudlin College*, where the glorious *Sa-sheverel* was educated.

Now were the Eyes of all the Parish upon these our Weekly Councils. In a short Space, the Minister came among us; he spoke concerning us and our Councils to a Multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at *London*, so that even the *Bishops* heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir *Thomas*, Member of Parliament, spake of the same to other Members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our Counsels enter into the Hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After

After this, the whole Book is turn'd on a sudden, from his own Life, to a History of all the publick Transactions of Europe, compiled from the News-papers of those Times. I could not comprehend the Meaning of this, till I perceiv'd at last (to my no small Astonishment) that all the Measures of the Four last Years of the Queen, together with the Peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the E—— of O——, D—— of O——, Lords H—— and B——, and other great Men; do here most plainly appear, to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all P. P.

The Reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary Writer, whose Work I have here abstracted. I took a Journey into the Country on purpose. The Neighbourhood thought it must be one Paul Philips, who had been dead about twelve Years. I could learn no more from my Enquiry, but that such a one had liv'd and died there: And there was nothing they knew remarkable of him, only this Circumstance which all agreed in, "That he had a black and white Cur with one Ear, that constantly follow'd him.

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is the Man,
That never spareth none.

T H E Country-Post.

From Tuesday, August the 12th, to Thursday, August the 14th.

From the Hen-roost. August the 4th.

TWO Days ago we were put in a dreadful Consternation by the Advance of a Kite, which threaten'd every Minute to *fall upon us*? he made several *Motions* as if he design'd to attack our *Left Wing*, which cover'd our *Infantry*. We were alarm'd at his Approach, and upon a general Muster of all our Forces, the Kitchen-Maid came to our Relief; but we were soon convinc'd that she had betray'd us, and was in the Interest of the Kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our Companions Necks, and stripp'd them naked: Five of us were also clapp'd in a *close Prison*, in order to be sold for Slaves the next Market-day.

P. S. The black *Hen* was last Night safely deliver'd of Seven young *Ducks*.

From the Garden, August the 3d.

The *Boars* have done much Mischief of late in these Parts, to such a degree, that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie safe in their *Beds*. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden Engine put about their Necks, to have their Noses bored, and Rings thrust thro' them, as a Mark of Infamy for such Practices.

From

From the great Pond, August the 1st.

Yesterday a large *Sail* of Ducks pass'd by here, after a small Resistance from two little Boys who flung Stones at them: They landed near the Barn-door, where they *forag'd* with very good Success: While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attack'd a Maid in a red Petticoat, and she retired with great *Precipitation*. This Afternoon being somewhat Rainy, they set *Sail* again, and took several *Frogs*. Just now arriv'd the *Parson's Wife*, and twenty Ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what Crime we know not, however two of them were condemn'd; 'twas also observ'd that she carried off a Gosling and three sucking Pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of the Garden, August the 5th.

Last Night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two *Ouvertures* of the said Fort; but at their Approach they heard great Firing from the Port-holes, they found them already *Bombard-ed* by the *Rear-Guard* of Sarah and Suky, who fearing these young Men were come to beat up their *Quar-ters* deserted their *necessary* Posts, which were immediately taken Possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoy'd by reason of several Stink Pots that had been hung there the same Morning.

From the Barley-Mow near the Barn, August the 3d.

It was Yesterday rumour'd, that there was heard a mighty Squeaking near this Place, as of an Army of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuscade in the said Mow: Upon this the Farmer assembled together a Counsel of Neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the Mow should be removed to prevent the farther Destruction of the Forage. This Day the Affair was put in Execution, four Hundred and Seventy nine Mice and Three large Rats were killed, and a vast Number wounded, by Pitch-Forks and other Instruments of Husbandry. A Mouse that was close pursued, took Shelter under Dolly's Petticoats, but by the Vigilance of George Simons, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his

his Way through a deep Morass, and crush'd to Death on the Spot. There was nothing material happen'd the next Day, only *Cicily Hart* was observ'd to make Water under the said Mow, as she was going a Milking.

From the great Yard, August the 2d.

It is very credibly reported that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between the old Red Cock, and the Pyed Hen, they having of late appear'd very much in Publick together: He Yesterday made her a Present of three *Barley-Corns*, so that we look on this Affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her about a Month ago.

From the Squire's House.

On Sunday last there was a noble Entertainment in our great Hall, where were present the Parson and the Farmer: The Parson eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parson: We refer you to the Curious in Calculation to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the Minister Christen'd a Male Child last Week, but it wants *Confirmation*.

From the Justices Meeting, August the 7th.

This Day a Jack-Daw, well known in the Parish, was order'd close Prisoner to a Cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a Justice of the *Quorum*; and the same Evening certain Apples, for *kissing* in a disrespectful Manner as they were *Roasting*, were committed to Lamb's Wooll. The same Day the said Justices caused a Pig to be whipt to Death, and eat the same, being convicted of *Squeaking* on the Tenth of June.

From the Church, August 8th.

Divine Service is continued in our Parish as usual, though we have seldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; by whose Manner of Living it may be conjectured, that the Advices from this Place are not credited by them, or else regarded as Matters of little Consequence.

From the Church-yard, August the 8th.

The Minister (having observed his only Daughter to seem too much affected with the Intercourse of his Bull and the Cows of the Parish) has order'd the Ceremony for the future to be perform'd not in his own Court, but

in the Church-yard ; where, at the first Solemnity of that Kind, the Grave-stones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary d'Urfe*, were spurn'd down. This has already occasion'd great Debates in the Vestry, the latter being the deceased Wife of the *Singing Clerk* of this Place.

Casualties this Week.

Several Casualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increased. There have died of the *falling Sicknefs* two stumbling Horses, as also one of their Riders. *Smother'd* (in Onions) Seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in a Soldiers Breeches) two Geese. Of a *Sore Throat*, several Sheep and Calves at the Butchers. Starv'd to Death, one Bastard Child nurs'd at the Parish Charge. *Stillborn* in Eggs of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Hens. Thirty-six. *Drown'd*, Nine Puppies. Of *Wind in the Bowels*, Five Bottles of small-Beer. I have not yet seen the exact List of the Parish Clerk, so that for a more particular Account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was set in them last *Sunday* for Swearing.

Strad-



Stradling *versus* Stiles.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen Banke
devant tous les Justices de mesme le Banke,
en le quart. An. du raygne de Roy *Jaques*
entre *Matthew Stradling* Plant. et *Peter Styles*
Def. en un Action propter certos Equos colo-
ratos, *Anglicè*, *Pyed Horses*, post per le dit
Matthew vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel
del Case.

SIR *John Swale*, of *Swale-Hall* in
Swale-Dale fast by the River *Swale*,
Kt. made his Last Will and Testament:
In which, among other Bequefts was this, *viz.* *Out*
of the kind Love and Respect that I bear unto my much
honoured and good Friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, Gent.
I do bequeath unto the said Mr. Matthew Stradling,
Gent. all my black and white Horses. The Testator
had six black Horses, six white Horses, and six pyed
Horses.

Le Point. The Debate therefore was, Whether or no
the said *Matthew Stradling* should have the
said pyed Horses by virtue of the said Be-
quest?

Pour le Pl. *Atkins* Apprentice pour le Pl. moi sem-
ble que le Pl. recovers.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider,
what is the *Nature of Horses*, and also what is the *Na-*
ture of Colours; and so the Argument will consequenti-
ally divide itself into a twofold Way, that is to say, the
Formal Part, and the *Substantial Part*. *Horses* are
the

the Substantial Part or thing Bequeathed: *Black and White* the Formal and descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and constituted for the Use and need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Common weal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have from time to time been made in Favour of *Horses*.

1st *Edw. VI.* Makes the Transporting of *Horses* out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 *l.*

2d and 3d *Edw. VI.* Takes from *Horse-stealers* the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of *Hen. VIII.* condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take Care of their own Posterity, than by also taking Care of that of their *Horses*.

And of so great Esteem are *Horses* in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a *Knight of the Bath* committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his *Sturs* chopt off with a Cleaver, being; as Master *Bracton* well observeth, unworthy to ride on a *Horse*.

Littleton Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a *Horse*, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a *Horse* to be severed: Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of an *Horse*.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, *Horses*, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What *Horses* they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which *White* and *Black* are the two
Ex-

Extreams, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of *black and white Horses*, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; for when two Extreams, or remotest Ends of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend *whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too*.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also the very Letter of the Words.

By the Word *Black*, all the Horses that are *black* are devised; by the Word *White*, are devised those that are *White*; and by the same Word, with the Conjunction Copulative, *And*, between them, *the Horses that are Black and White*, that is to say, *Pyed*, are devised also.

Whatever is *Black and White* is *Pyed*, and whatever is *Pyed* is *Black and White*; ergo, *Black and White* is *Pyed*, and, *vice versa*, *Pyed* is *Black and White*.

If therefore *Black and White Horses* are devised, *Pyed Horses* shall pass by such Devise: but *Black and White Horses* are devised; ergo, the Pl. shall have the *Pyed Horses*.

Catlyne Serjaunt, Moy semble al contrary, Pour le The Plaintiff shall not have the *Pyed Horses* by Defend. Intendment; for if by the Devise of *Black and White Horses*, not only black and white Horses, but Horses of any Colour between those two Extreams may pass, then not only *Pyed and Grey Horses*, but also *Red or Bay Horses* would pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against Reason. And this is another strong Argument in Law, *Nihil quod est contra rationem est licitum*, for Reason is the Life of the Law, nay, the Common Law is nothing but Reason; which is to be understood of artificial Perfection and Reason gotten by long Study, and not of Man's natural Reason, for *nemo nascitur Artifex*, and *Legal Reason est summa ratio*; and therefore if all the Reason that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united
into

into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of England; because by many Successions of Ages it hath been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiores.*

As therefore *pyed Horses* do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A *pyed Horse* is not a *white Horse*, neither is a *pyed* a *black Horse*; how then can *pyed Horses* come under the Words of *black and white Horses*?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one Thing in all Devises, Feofments and Grants, *that certain Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed*; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Justice.

Le reste del Argument jco ne pouvris oyer, car jco fui distrub en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt de cest Matter; et apres grand deliberation en,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. *nisi causa.*

Motion in Arrest of Judgment, that the *pyed Horses* were *Mares*; and thereupon an *Inspection* was prayed.

Or lur ces le Court *advise vult.*



PROPOSALS for printing a very
Curious Discourse, intitl'd, *ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ*
ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, *The Art of POLITICAL*
LYING.

THERE is now in the Press, a curious Piece, in-
titl'd, *Ψευδολογία Πολιτική*; or, *The Art of Political*
Lying: Consisting of Two Volumes in *Quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the Author meets with suitable Encourage-
ment, he intends to deliver the first Volume to the Subscri-
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II. The Price of both Volumes will be, to the Subscri-
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fit the Publick should be informed of the Contents of
the first Volume, by one who has with great Care perus'd
the Manuscript.

The Art of POLITICAL LYING.

THE Author in his Preface, makes some very ju-
dicious Reflections upon the Original of Arts and
Sciences: That at first they consist of scatter'd Theo-
rems and Practices, which are handed about amongst
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the Masters, and only reveal'd to the *Filii Artis*, till such Time as some great Genius appears, who collects these disjointed Propositions, and reduces them into a regular System. That this is the Case of that noble and useful Art of *Political Lying*, which in this last Age having been enrich'd with several new Discoveries, ought not to lie any longer in Rubbish and Confusion, but may justly claim a Place in the *Encyclopædia*, especially such as serves for a Model of Education for an able Politician. That he proposes to himself no small Stock of Fame in future Ages, in being the first who has undertaken this Design; and for the same Reason he hopes the Imperfection of this Work will be excus'd. He invites all Persons who have any Talent that way, or any new Discovery, to communicate their Thoughts, assuring them that honourable Mention shall be made of them in his Work.

The First Volume consists of Eleven Chapters.

In the First Chapter of his excellent Treatise, he reasons Philosophically concerning the Nature of the *Soul of Man*, and those Qualities which renders it susceptible of Lyes. He supposes the Soul to be of the Nature of a *Plano-Cylindrical Speculum*, or Looking-glass; that the plain Side was made by God Almighty, but that the Devil afterwards wrought the other Side into a Cylindrical Figure. The plain Side represents Objects just as they are; and the Cylindrical Side, by the Rules of Catoptricks, must needs represent true Objects false, and false Objects true: But the Cylindrical Side being much the larger Surface, takes in a greater Compass of visual Rays. That upon the Cylindrical Side of the Soul of Man, depends the whole Art and Success of *Political Lying*. The Author, in this Chapter, proceeds to reason upon the Qualities of the Mind: As its peculiar Fondness of the *Malicious* and the *Miraculous*. The Tendency of the Soul towards the *Malicious*, springs from Self-love, or a Pleasure to find Mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The Design of the *Miraculous*, proceeds from the Inactivity of the Soul, or its Incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The Author having estab-

bliss'd the Qualities of the Mind, upon which his Art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *Second* Chapter, to treat of the *Nature* of *Political Lying*; which he defines to be, *The Art of convincing the People of Salutory Falshoods, for some good End*. He calls it an *Art*, to distinguish it from that of telling Truth, which does not seem to want *Art*; but then he would have this understood only as to the *Invention*, because there is indeed more *Art* necessary to convince the People of a *Salutory Truth*, than a *Salutory Falshood*. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *Salutory Falshoods*, of which he gives a great many Instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the War so long, without several of those *Salutory Falshoods*. He gives Rules to calculate the Value of a *Political Lye*, in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. By *Good*, he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the Artist, which is a sufficient Ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the Good, as it commonly is, into *Bonum utile, dulce & honestum*. He shews you, that there are *Political Lyes* of a mix'd Nature, which include all the *Three* in different Respects: That the *Utile* reigns generally about the *Exchange*, the *Dulce* and *Honestum* at the *Westminster End* of the Town. One Man spreads a Lye to sell or buy *Stock* to greater Advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *Party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his *Revenge*. Having explain'd the several Terms of his Definition, he proceeds,

In his *Third* Chapter, to treat of the *Lawfulness* of *Political Lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine Principles, by enquiring into the several Rights that Mankind have to *Truth*. He shews, that the People have a Right to *private Truth* from their Neighbours, and *æconomical Truth* from their own Family, that they should not be abused by their Wives, Children, and Servants; but that they have no Right at all to *Political Truth*: That the People may as well all pretend to be Lords of Manors, and possess great Estates, as to have Truth told them in Matters of Government.

The Author with great Judgment, states the *several Shares* of Mankind in this Matter of Truth, according to their several Capacities, Dignities, and Professions; and shews you, that Children have hardly any Share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any Truth told them. It must be owned, that the Author, in this Chapter, has some seeming Difficulties to answer and explain *Texts of Scripture*.

The *Fourth* Chapter is wholly employed in this Question, *Whether the Right of Coinage of Political Lyes be wholly in the Government?* The Author who is a true Friend to *English Liberty*, determines in the Negative, and answers all the Arguments of the opposite Party with great Accuteness: That as the Government of *England* has a Mixture of Democratical in it, so the Right of inventing and spreading *Political Lyes*, is partly in the *People*; and their obstinate Adherence to this just Privilege has been most conspicuous, and shin'd with great Lustre, of late Years: That it happens very often, that there are no other Means left to the good People of *England*, to pull down a Ministry and Government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted Right: That abundance of *Political Lying* is a sure Sign of true *English Liberty*: That as Ministers do sometimes use Tools to support their Power, it is but reasonable that the People should employ the same Weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his *Fifth* Chapter, he divides *Political Lyes* into several *Species* and *Classes*, and gives Precepts about the *Inventing, Spreading, and Propagating* the several Sorts of them: He begins with the *Rumores*, and *Libelli famosi*, such as concern the Reputation of Men in Power: where he finds Fault with the common Mistake, that takes Notice only of one Sort, *viz.* The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three Sorts, the *Detractory*, the *Additory*, and the *Translatory*. The *Additory* gives to a great Man a larger Share of Reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good End or Purpose. The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, is a Lye which takes from a Great Man the Reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the Detri-
ment

ment of the Publick. The *Translatory* is a Lye that transfers the Merit of a Man's good Action to another who is in himself more deserving; or, transfers the Demerit of a bad Action from the true Author, to a Person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several Instances of very great Strokes in all the Three Kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the Good of the Publick to bestow the Valour and Conduct of *one* Man upon *another*, and that of *many* to *one* Man; nay, even, upon a good Occasion, a Man may be robbed of his Victory by a Person that did not command in the Action. The restoring and destroying the Publick, may be ascribed to Persons who had no hand in either. The Author exhorts all Gentlemen Practitioners to exercise themselves in the *Translatory*, because the *Existence* of the Things themselves being visible, and not demanding any Proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the Publick, but a *false Author*, or a *false Cause*, which is no great Presumption upon the Credulity of Mankind, to whom the Secret Springs of Things are for the most part unknown.

The Author proceeds to give some Precepts as to the *Additory*: That when one ascribes any thing to a Person which does not belong to him, the Lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known Qualities: For example, one would not make the *French King* present at a Protestant Conventicle; nor, like *Queen Elizabeth*, restore the overplus of Taxes to her Subjects. One would not bring in the *Emperor* giving two Months Pay in Advance to his Troops; nor the *Dutch* paying more than their *Quota*. One would not make the same Person zealous for a Standing Army and Publick Liberty; nor an Atheist support the Church; nor a lewd Fellow a Reformer of Manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brain'd Coxcomb forward for a Scheme of Moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary that a Person is to have some good adventitious Quality given him, the Author's Precept is, that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For example; They should not make a covetous Man give away all at once five thousand Pounds in a charitable generous Way; twenty or thirty Pounds may suffice at first.

They should not introduce a Person of remarkable Ingratitude to his Benefactors, rewarding a poor Man for some good Office that was done him thirty Years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a Service to a Person who is capable still to do him another. A Man whose personal Courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole Squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the Merit of some Squabble, or throwing a Bottle at his Adversary's Head.

It will not be allowed, to make a great Man, that is a known Despiser of Religion, spend whole Days in his Closet at his Devotion; but you may with Safety make him sit out publick Prayers with Decency. A great Man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just Debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making Restitution of Thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first, to pay Twenty Pounds to a Friend who has lost his Note.

He lays down the same Rules in the *Detractory* or *Defamatory* Kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the Qualities the Persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound Rules of *Pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious Prince, that he neglects his Devotion, and would introduce Heresy; but you may report of a merciful Prince, that he has pardon'd a Criminal who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great Man, who is remarkable for his Frugality for the Publick, that he squanders away the Nation's Money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: You must not affirm he took a Bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his Payments; because though neither may be true, yet the last is credible the first not. Of an open-hearted generous Minister you are not to say, that he was in an Intrigue to betray his Country; but you may affirm, with some Probability, that he was in an Intrigue with a Lady. He warns all Practitioners to take good heed to these Precepts; for want of which, many of their Lyes of late have proved abortive or short-liv'd.

In the *Sixth* Chapter he treats of the *Miraculous*, by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common Degrees of Probability. In respect of the People it is divided into two Sorts the τὸ φοβερόν, or the τὸ θυμαίνον, *Terrifying Lyes*, and *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, both being extremely useful on their proper Occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερόν, he gives several Rules; one of which is, that terrible Objects should not be too frequently shewn to the People, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the People of *England* should be frighted with the *French King* and the *Pretender* once a Year; but that the Bears should be chain'd up again till that Time Twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a Precept, in bringing out the *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* upon every trifling Occasion, has produc'd great Indifference in the Vulgar of late Years. As to the *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, he gives the following Rules; that they should not far exceed the common Degrees of Probability; that there should be Variety of them; and the same Lye not obstinately insisted upon: That the Promissory or Prognosticating Lyes should not be upon *short Days*, for fear the Authors should have the Shame and Confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these Rules, that well-meant, but unfortunate Lye, of the *Conquest of France*, which continued near *twenty Years* together; but at last by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατώδες, or the *Prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their Comets, Whales, and Dragons should be *sizable*; their Storms, Tempests, and Earthquakes, without the Reach of a *Day's Journey* of a Man and a Horse.

The *Seventh* Chapter is wholly taken up in an Enquiry, Which of the *two Parties* are the greatest Artists in *Political Lying*. He owns that sometimes the one Party, and sometimes the other, is better believ'd but that they have both very great Genius's amongst them. He attributes the ill Success of either Party to their glutting the Market, and retailing too much of a bad Commodity at once: When there

there is too great a Quantity of Worms, it is hard to catch Gudgeons. He proposes a Scheme for the Recovery of the Credit of any *Party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound Judgment the Author has shewn in the rest of the Work. It amounts to this, that the *Party* should agree to vent nothing but Truth for three Months together, which will give them Credit for six Months Lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit Persons to execute this Scheme. Towards the End of the Chapter, he inveighs severely against the Folly of Parties, in retaining Scoundrels and Men of low Genius to retail their Lyes; such as most of the present News-Writers are, who, except a strong Bent and Inclination towards the Profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the Rules of *Pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a Trust.

In his next Chapter he treats of some extraordinary Genius's who have appear'd of late Years, especially in their Disposition towards the *Miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young Men to turn their Invention to the Service of their Country, it being inglorious, at this Time, to employ their Talent in prodigious Fox-Chases, Horse-Courses Feats of Activity in driving of Coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of Peaches, pulling out whole Setts of Teeth to clean, &c. when their Country stands so much in need of their Assistance.

The *Eighth* Chapter is a Project for uniting the several smaller Corporations of Lyars into one Society. It is too tedious to give a full Account of the whole Scheme; what is most remarkable is, That this Society ought to consist of the Heads of each Party: That no Lye is to pass current without their Approbation, they being the best Judges of the present Exigencies, and what Sort of Lyes are demanded: That in such a Corporation there ought to be Men of all Professions, that the τὸ τρεπὸν, and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *Decency* and *Probability*, may be observ'd as much as possible: That besides the Persons above-mentioned, this Society ought to consist of the hopeful Genius's about the Town (of which there are great Plenty to be pick'd up in the se-

veral Coffee-Houses) Travellers, Virtuoso's, Fox-hunters, Jockies, Attornies, old Seamen and Soldiers out of the Hospitals of *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*: To this Society, so constituted ought to be committed the sole Management of *Lying*: That in their outer Room there ought always to attend some Persons endow'd with a great Stock of Credulity, a Generation that thrives mightily in this Soil and Climate: He thinks a sufficient Number of them may be pick'd up any where about the *Exchange*: These are to circulate what the other coin; for no Man spreads a Lye with so good a Grace as he that believes it: That the Rule of the Society be to invent a Lye, and sometimes two, for every Day; in the Choice of which, great Regard ought to be had to the Weather, and the Season of the Year: Your *Φοβερὰ*, or *Terryfying Lyes*, do mighty well in *November* and *December*, but not so well in *May* and *June*, unless the easterly Winds reign: That it ought to be Penal, for any body to talk of any thing but the Lye of the Day: That the Society is to maintain a sufficient Number of Spies at Court, and other Places, to furnish Hints and Topicks for Invention; and a general Correspondence of all the Market-Towns for circulating their Lyes: That if any one of the Society were observ'd to blush, or look out of Countenance, or want a necessary Circumstance in telling the Lye, he ought to be expell'd, and declar'd incapable: Besides the roaring Lyes, there ought to be a private Committee for Whispers, constituted of the ablest Men of the Society. Here the Author makes a Digression in Praise of the *Whig-Party*, for the right Understanding and Use of *Proof Lyes*. A *Proof-Lye* is like a *Proof-Charge* for a Piece of Ordnance, to try a Standard Credulity. Of such a Nature he takes Transubstantiation to be in the Church of *Rome*, a *Proof-Article*, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else: Therefore the *Whig-Party* do wisely, to try the Credulity of the People sometimes by *Swingers*, that they may be able to judge to what Height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the End of this Chapter, he warns the Heads of Parties against believing their own Lyes, which has prov'd of pernicious Consequence of

of late, both a wise Party, and a wise Nation having regulated their Affairs upon Lyes of their own Invention. The Causes of this he supposes to be too great a Zeal and Intenseness in the Practice of this *Art*, and a vehement Heat in mutual Conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: That all Parties have been subject to this Misfortune: The *Jacobites* have been constantly infested with it; but the *Whigs* of late seem even to exceed them in this ill Habit and Weakness. To this Chapter the Author subjoins a *Calendar* of Lyes, proper for the several Months of the Year.

The *Ninth* Chapter treats of the *Celerity* and *Duration* of Lyes. As to the *Celerity* of their Motion, the Author says it is almost incredible: He gives several Instances of Lyes that have gone faster than a Man can ride Post: Your *Terrifying Lyes* travel at a prodigious Rate, above ten Miles an Hour; your Whispers move in a narrow Vortex, but very swiftly. The Author says it is impossible to explain several *Phænomena* in relation to the *Celerity* of Lyes, without the Supposition of *Synchronism* and *Combination*. As to the *Duration* of Lyes he says they are of all Sorts, from Hours and Days to Ages; that there are some, which like Insects, die and revive again in a different Form; that good Artists, like People who build upon a short Lease, will calculate the Duration of a *Lye* surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the Turn is serv'd.

The *Tenth* Chapter treats of the Characteristicks of Lyes; how to know when, where, and by whom invented? Your *Dutch English*, and *French Ware* are amply distinguish'd from one another, as an *Exchange-Lye* from one coin'd at the other End of the Town: Great Judgment is to be shewn as to the Place where the Species are intended to circulate: Very low and base Coin will serve for *Whipping*: There are several Coffee-houses that have their particular Stamps, which a judicious Practitioner may easily know. All your great Men have their proper *Phænomenisticks*. The Author says he has attain'd, by Study and Application, to so

great Skill in this Matter, that bring him any Lye, he can tell whose Image it bears so truly, as the Great Man himself shall have not the face to deny it. The *Promissory* Lyes of Great Men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing, and their Lyes in Matter of Fact, by immoderate Swearing.

He spends the whole *Eleventh* Chapter on one simple Question, *Whether a Lye is best contradicted by Truth, or by another Lye?* The Author says, that considering the large Extent of the *Cylindrical Surface* of the Soul, and the great Propensity to believe Lyes in the Generality of Mankind of late Years, he thinks the properest Contradiction to a Lye, is another Lye. For Example; if it should be reported that the Pretender was at *London*, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in *England*; but you must prove by Eye-Witnesses that he came no farther than *Greenwich*, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about that a great Person were dying of some Disease, you must not say the Truth, that they are in Health, and never had such a Disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was, not long ago, a Gentleman who affirmed, that the Treaty with *France* for bringing in Popery and Slavery into *England*, was sign'd the 15th of *September*; to which another answer'd very judiciously, not by opposing Truth to his Lye, that there was no such Treaty; but that, to his certain Knowledge, there were many Things in that Treaty not yet adjust'd.

The Account of the Second Volume of this excellent Treatise, is refer'd for another Time.

The NARRATIVE of Dr. *Robert Norris*, concerning the *Strange and Deplorable FRENZY* of Mr. *J-----N D-----IS*, an Officer of the Custom-House.

IT is an acknowledg'd Truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest Man as his good Name, nor ought he to neglect the just Vindication of his Character, when it is injuriously attack'd by any Man. The Person I have at present Cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy Circumstances, it having pleas'd God to deprive him of his Senses, which may extenuate the Crime in him. But I should be wanting in my Duty, not only to myself, but also to my Fellow-Creatures, to whom my Talents may prove of Benefit, should I suffer my Profession or Honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolv'd to give the Publick an account of all that has pass'd between that unhappy Gentleman and my self.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my Closet pondering the Case of one of my Patients, I heard a knocking at my Door; upon opening of which enter'd an old Woman with Tears in her Eyes, and told me, that without my Assistance her Master would be utterly ruin'd. I was forced to interrupt her Sorrow by enquiring her Master's Name and Place of Abode. She told me he was one Mr. *D-----* is an Officer of the Custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy last *April* and had continued in those melancholy Circumstances with few or no Intervals. Upon this I ask'd her some Questions relating to his Humour and Extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the Cause of his Distemper was found out. Alas, Sir, says she, this Day Fortnight in the Morning a poor simple Child came to him from the Printer's: the Boy had no sooner enter'd the Room, but he cry'd out *the*

Devil was come. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud and mutters between his Teeth the Word *Cator*, or *Ca-to*, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Master is under an evil Tongue; for I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitched the whole Nation. It pitted my very Heart, to think that a Man of my Master's Understanding and great Scholarship, (who, as the Child told me, had a Book of his own in Print,) should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a Groat for a Horse-shoe, which is at this Time nail'd on the Threshold of his Door; but I don't find my Master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the Window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a Messenger from the French King! I shall die in the Bastile.*

Having said this, the old Woman presented me with a Viol of his Urine; upon Examination of which I perceiv'd the whole Temperament of his Body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the Place where he dwelt.

When I came to his Lodgings near *Charing-Cross*, up *three Pair* of Stairs, (which I should not have published in this Manner, but that this Lunatick conceals the Place of his Residence on purpose to prevent the good Offices of those charitable *Friends* and *Physicians*, who might attempt his Cure) when I came into the Room, I found this unfortunate Gentleman seated on his Bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, Bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly Gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learnt, calls himself a *Grammarian*; the Latitude of whose Countenance was not a little eclips'd by the Fullness of his Peruke. As I am a black lean Man of a pale Visage and hang my Clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, "*S'death, a French-Man!* I am betray'd to the Tyrant! "*who cou'd have thought the Queen wou'd have deliver'd me up to France in this Treaty, and least of all that you my Friends, wou'dst have been in a Conspiracy against me?*" — Sir, said I, here is neither Plot nor Conspiracy, but for your Advantage.

The

The Recovery of your Senses requires my Attendance; and your Friends sent for me on no other Account. I then took a particular Survey of his Person, and the Furniture and Disposition of his Apartment. His Aspect was furious, his Eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon Manner. He often open'd his Mouth, as if he wou'd have utter'd some Matter of Importance, but the sound seem'd lost inwardly. His Beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shav'd, believing the modern Dramatick Poets had corrupted all the Barbers in the Town to take the first Opportunity of cutting his Throat. His Eye-brows were grey, long and grown together, which he knit with Indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seem'd not to have smoothed his Forehead for many Years. His Flannel Night Cap, which was exceedingly begrimm'd with Sweat and Dirt, hung upon his left Ear; the Flap of his Breeches dangled between his Legs, and the Rolls of his Stockings fell down to his Ancles.

I observ'd his Room was hung with *old Tapestry*, which had several Holes in it, caus'd, as the old Woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the Heads of divers *Tyrants*, the Fierceness of whose Visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his Room were pinned a great many Sheets of a Tragedy called *Cato*, with Notes on the Margin with his own Hand. The words *Absurd*, *Monstrous*, *Execrable*, were every where written in such large Characters, that I could read them without my Spectacles. By the Fire side lay Three-farthings-worth of small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the Door huge Heaps of Papers of the same Title, which his Nurse inform'd me she had convey'd thither out of his Sight, believing they were Books of the Black Art; for her Master never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raving Fits*: There was nothing neat in the whole Room, except some Books on his Shelves very well bound and gilded, whose Names I had never before heard of, nor I believe are any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar*, a Comedy; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; the *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*; an

Essay on publick Spirit. The only one I had any Knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleav'd. The whole Floor was cover'd with Manuscripts, as thick as a Pastry Cook's Shop on a Christmas Eve. On his Table were some Ends of Verse and of Candles; a Gallipot of Ink with a yellow Pen in it, and a Pot of half-dead Ale cover'd with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my Eyes round on all this odd Furniture with some Earnestness and Astonishment, and in a profound Silence, I was on a sudden surpriz'd to hear the Man speak in the following Manner:

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with
 "your Predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*, whom the
 "mistaken Citizens of *Abdera* sent for in this very
 "manner to cure the Philosopher *Democritus*; he re-
 "turn'd full of Admiration at the Wisdom of that Per-
 "son whom he had supposed a Lunatick. Behold, Doc-
 "tor, it was thus *Aristotle* himself and all the great
 "Ancients spent their Days and Nights, wrapt up in
 "Criticism, and beset allaround with their own Writ-
 "tings. As for me, whom you see in the same man-
 "ner, be assur'd I have none other Disease than a
 "Swelling in my Legs, whereof I say no more, since
 "your Art may further certify you.

I began now to be in hopes that his Case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely Medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper Queries, which with the Answers made to me, I shall set down in Former Dialogue, in the very Words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least Circumstance in this Narrative; and I call my Conscience to witness, as if upon Oath, that I shall tell the Truth without addition or diminution.

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this Swelling?

Denn. By a Criticism.

Doct. A Criticism! that's a Distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Distemper! It is no Distemper, but a Noble Art. I have sat fourteen Hours a Day

Day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a Communication between the Legs and the Brain?

Doct. What made you sit so many Hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I speak of your Distemper, what gave you this Tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato. *

Old Wom. For God's sake, Doctor, Name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole Cause of his Madness: Alas, poor Master's just falling into his Fits.

Mr. Lintott. Fits! Z ——— what Fits? A Man may well have Swellings in his Legs, that sits writing fourteen Hours in a Day. He got this by the Remarks.

Doct. The Remarks! What are those?

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damn'd if this Dog Lintott ever publish'd my Advertisements.

Mr. Lint. Z ——— ! I publish'd Advertisement upon Advertisement; and if the Book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G——, as much has been done for the Book, as cou'd be done for any Book in Christendom.

Doct. We do not talk of Books, Sir; I fear those are the Fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this Discourse.

I desire a Word in private with this other Gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible Man: I suppose, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his Friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you observed since he has been under your Care? You remember, I suppose, the Passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the Patient, on the third Day, have an Interval, suspend the Medicaments at Night; let Fumigations be used to corroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no Account promoted Sternutation by Hellebore.

Gent.

* Remarks on Cato, publish'd by Mr. D. in the Year. 1712.

Gent. Sir, no such Matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake? Am I not a Physician? and shall an Apothecary dispute my *Nostrums* ——— You may perhaps have fil'd up a Prescription or two of *Ratcliff's* which chanced to succeed; and with that very Prescription injudiciously prescrib'd to different Constitutions, have destroy'd a Multitude. *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very Evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my Friend an Apothecary! a base Mechanic! He who, like my self, professes the noblest Sciences in the Universe, Criticism and Poetry. Can you think I would submit my Writings to the Judgment of an Apothecary? By the Immortals, he himself inserted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a Hand in my *publick Spirit*, nay, assisted me in my Description of the *Furies, and infernal Regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintott. He is an Author; you mistake the Gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author these twenty Years, to his Bookseller's Knowledge, and no Man's else.

Denn. Is all the Town in a Combination? Shall Poetry fall to the Ground? Must our Reputation be lost to all foreign Countries? O Destruction! Perdition! * *Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, so when Poetry fails, Cities are overturn'd, and the World is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; *Mr. Lintott*, I pray you pinion down his Arms, that he may do no Mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to Death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be sick to Death (say the modern Physicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is sensible of his Pain, 'tis half a Cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn.

* He wrote a Treatise proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from Italian Opera's.

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *Sentiments*, of the *Diſtion*, of the *Protaſis*, of the *Epitaſis*, and the *Cataſtrophe*—— Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama*?

Old Wom. The *Dram*. Sir? Mr. *Lintott* drank up all the Gin juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently!

Denn. O ſhameful Want, ſcandalous Omiſſion! By all the Immortals, here is no *Perepoſia*, no Change of Fortune in the Tragedy; Z—— no Change at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch Change.

Dr. Hold your Peace, Woman, his Fit increaſes, good Mr. *Lintott* hold him.

Mr. *Lintott*. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the Devil will buy the *Remarks*?

[Here Mr. *Lintott* ſcratch'd his Head.]

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold Bath to-morrow—— Mr. *Lintott*. you are a ſenſible Man; pray ſend for Mr. *Verdier's* Servant, and as you are a Friend to the Patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this Evening whiſt he is cupp'd on the Head. The Symptoms of his Madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for *Avicen* ſays, that if Learning be mix'd with a Brain that is not of a Con-texture fit to receive it, the Brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted Ideas out of the *Perecranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent Knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs ſtand off, unhand me, Miſcreants! Is the Man whoſe whole Endeavours are to bring the Town to Reaſon mad? Is the Man who ſettles Poetry on the Baſis of Antiquity mad? Dares any one aſſert there is a *Peripœtia* in that vile Piece that's foisted upon the Town for a Dramatick Poem? That Man is mad, the Town is mad, the World is mad. See *Longinus* in my right Hand, and *Ariſtotle* in my left; I am the only Man among the Moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſinated? and ſhall a Bookſeller, who hath lived upon my Labours, take away that Life to which he owes his Support?

Gent.

Gent. By your Leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my Friend ill-treated; he is no more affected with Lunacy than my self: I am also of the same Opinion as to the *Perepætia* — Sir, by the Gravity of your Countenance and Habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Physician; but by your indecent and boisterous Treatment of this Man of Learning. I perceive you are a violent sort of *Person*, I am loath to say *Quack*, who rather than his Drugs should lie upon his own Hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the Mouths of others: The Gentleman is of good Condition, sound Intellectuals, and unerring Judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these Proceedings.

These were all the Words that pass'd among us at this Time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of Force in the Cure of my Patient.

I privately whisper'd the old Woman to go to *Verdier's* in *Long-Acre*, with Orders to come immediately with Cupping-Glasses; in the mean time, by the Assistance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his Friend into a Closet, (who 'tis plain from his last Speech was likewise touch'd in his Intellectuals) after which we bound our Lunatick Hand and Foot down to the Bedstead, where he continued in violent Ravings, notwithstanding the most tender Expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the Operation, till the Servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no sooner clapp'd half a dozen Cupping Glasses on his Head, and behind his Ears, but the Gentleman above-mention'd bursting open the Closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. *D — is's* Bandages, and let drive at us with a vast Folio, which sorely bruise'd the Shin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr. *John D — is* also starting up with the Cupping Glasses on his Head, seiz'd another Folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the Skull, just above my right Temple. The Truth of this Fact Mr. *Verdier's* Servant is ready to attest upon Oath, who, taking an exact Survey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my Head to be *Gruterus's Lampas Critica*, and that which broke

broke Mr. *Lintott's* Shin was *Scaliger's Poetices*. After this, Mr. *John D—* is strengthen'd at once by Rage and Madness, snatch'd up the Peruke-Block, that stood by the Bed-side, and wielded it round in so furious a Manner, that he broke three of the Cupping-Glasses from the Crown of his Head, so that much Blood trickled down his Visage ——— He look'd so ghastly, and his Passion was grown to such a prodigious Height, that my self, Mr. *Lintott*, and *Verdier's* Servant, were oblig'd to leave the Room in all the Expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our Wounds dress'd, and laid hold of that Opportunity of entering into Discourse with him about the Madness of this Person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation :

That on the 17th of May, 1712. between the Hours of 10 and 11 in the Morning, Mr. *John D—* is enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large Paper, did suddenly, without the least Provocation, tear out that of No — where the Author treats of Poetical Justice, and cast it into the Street. That the said Mr. *John D—* is on the 27th of March, 1712. finding on the said Mr. *Lintott's* Counter a Book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then publish'd, he read a Page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two Lines ;

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,

Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury, and cried out, *By G — he means Me.*

That being in his Company on a certain Time, when *Shakespear* was mention'd as of a contrary Opinion to Mr. *Dennis* he swore the said *Shakespear* was a *Rascal*, with other defamatory Expressions, which gave Mr. *Lintott* a very ill Opinion of the said *Shakespear*.

That about two Months since, he came again into the Shop, and cast several suspicious Looks on a Gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some Information concerning that Person. He was no sooner acquainted that the Gentleman was a new Author, and

and that his first Piece was to be publish'd in a few Days, but he drew his Sword upon him, and had not my Servant luckily catch'd him by the Sleeve, I might have lost one Author upon the spot, and another the next Sessions.

Upon recollecting all these Circumstances, Mr. *Lintott* was entirely of Opinion, that he had been mad for some Time; and I doubt not but this whole Narrative must sufficiently convince the World of the Excess of his Frenzy. It now remains, that I give the Reasons which oblig'd me in my own Vindication to publish this whole unfortunate Transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John D—is* had industriously caused to be reported that I enter'd into his Room *Viz & Armis*, either out of a Design to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the Stage these four Years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an Accomplice with his Book-feller, who visited him with Intent to take away divers valuable Manuscripts, without paying him Copy-Money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no Graduate Physician, and that he had seen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moor-fields*, when he had Lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Custom-House*, and other Places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French King* to convey him into *France*; that I bound him Hand and Foot; and that, if his Friend had not burst from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this Hour in the *Bastile*.

All which several Assertions of his are so very extravagant: as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all Mankind whether this Person be not out of his Senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further Proofs of this Truth in open Court, if he drives the Matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him, to the full Enjoyment of

of his Understanding : So wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

*From my House on
Snow-hill, July
the 30th. 1713.*

Robert Norris, M. D.

God Save the Queen.

A full and true ACCOUNT of a
Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poi-
son, on the Body of Mr. *Edmund Curll*,
Bookseller; with a faithful Copy of his
last Will and Testament.

HISTORY furnishes us with Examples of ma-
ny Satyrical *Authors* who have fallen Sacrifices
to Revenge, but not of any *Booksellers* that I
know of, except the unfortunate Subject of the follow-
ing Paper; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible and
Dial in Fleetstreet*, who was yesterday poison'd by Mr.
Pope, after having liv'd many Years an Instance of the
mild Temper of the *British Nation*.

Every Body knows that the said Mr. *Edmund Curll*,
on *Monday* the 26th Instant publish'd a Satyrical Piece,
entitled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were
attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*;
by which indiscreet Method though he had escap'd one
Revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the *Wednesday* ensuing, between the Hours
of Ten and Eleven, Mr. *Lintott*, a neighb'ring Book-
seller, desir'd a Conference with Mr. *Curll* about set-
ting a *Title-Page*, inviting him at the same Time to
take a Whet together. Mr. *Pope*, (who is not the only
Instance how Persons of bright Parts may be carry'd a-
way by the Instigation of the Devil) found Means to
convey himself into the same Room, under pretence
of Business with Mr. *Lintott* who it seems is the Prin-
ter of his *Homer*. This Gentleman with a seeming
Cool-

Coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid Poems: He excused himself by declaring that one of his Authors (Mr. Oldmixon by Name) gave the Copies to the Press, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a Glass of Sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledg'd; and tho' the Liquor in Colour and Taste differ'd not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the Pangs this unhappy Stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous Drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven a Clock he went home, where his Wife observing his Colour chang'd, said, *Are you not Sick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody Sick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural Manner, the Contents of his vomiting being as green as Grass. His Wife had been just reading a Book of her Husband's printing, concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertsford*, and her Mind misgave her that he was bewitch'd; but he soon let her know that he suspected Poison, and recounted to her, between the Intervals of his Yawnings and Reachings, every Circumstance of his Interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintott in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden Alteration he observ'd in him: Brother Curll, says he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Distemper, which (I have heard) kills in half an Hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abstain from Sack.* Mr. Curll reply'd in a moving Tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my Business*. Z — ds, says Mr. Lintott, *my Author!* ——— *Why did not you drink old Hock?* Notwithstanding which rough Remonstrance, he did in the most friendly Manner press him to take warm Water; but Mr. Curll did with great Obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintott infer, that he chose to die as thinking to recover greater Damages. All this Time the Symptoms increas'd violently, with acute Pains in the lower Belly. Brother Lintott, says he, *I perceive my last Hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle*

settle our Worldly Affairs. Mr. *Lintott* like a kind Neighbour, was hastening out of the Room, while Mr. *Curll* rav'd aloud in this Manner: *If I survive this, I will be reveng'd on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the Printer of these Poems, and I will reprint these very Poems in his Name.* His Wife admonish'd him not to think of Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the same Instant, Mr. *Lintott* (whose Goodness can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. *Pemberton*. After some Tears jointly shed by these human Booksellers, Mr. *Curll* being (as he said) in his perfect Senses though in great bodily Pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. *Curll* having first put on his Night-cap) in the following Manner.

Gentlemen, in the first Place, I do sincerely pray Forgiveness for those indirect Methods I have pursued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors Names to Things they never saw, publishing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg Pardon of all Persons of Honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgesses and Commonality, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my Publications, particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of *Mariborough*, I have likewise aspers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abus'd the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have also libell'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*; so that I have preserv'd that Equality and Impartiality which becomes an honest Man in Times of Faction and Division.

I call my Conscience to witness, that many of these Things which may seem malicious, were done out of Charity; I having made it wholly my Business to print for poor disconsolate Authors, whom all other Booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir *Richard Blackmore*! you know he takes no Copy-money.

The second Collection of Poems, which I groundlessly call'd Mr. *Prior's*, will sell for Nothing, and hath
not

not yet paid the Charge of the Advertisements, which I was oblig'd to publish *against him*: Therefore you may as well suppress the Edition, and beg that Gentleman's Pardon in the Name of a dying Christian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticism showing how superior it is to Mr. *Addison's*, (which I wickedly ascrib'd to Madam *Dacier*) may be suppress'd at a reasonable Rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no Animosity to Mr. *Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipadia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his Leave, in Quarto. Mr. *Gildon's Rehearsal* or *Bays the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. *Rowe*; though upon the Faith of an honest Man, I paid him double, for abusing both him and Mr. *Pope*.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir *Richard Blackmore's Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole Impression, Presents excepted) and let my poor Widow have in exchange the sole Propriety of the Copy of *Madam Mascranny*.

[Here Mr. *Pemberton* interrupted, and would by no Means consent to this Article, about which some Dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying Person, if Mr. *Lintott* had not interposed and Mr. *Curll* vomited.]

What this poor unfortunate Man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken Accents, (being perpetually interrupted by Vomitings) that the Reader is intreated to excuse the Confusion and Imperfection of this Account.

Dear Mr. *Pemberton*, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hick's Hall*, for publishing *Rocheſter's* bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwise be my best Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpless Child.

The Case of *Impotence* was my best Support, all the last long Vacation.

[In this last Paragraph Mr. *Curll's* Voice grew more free, for his Vomiting abated upon his Dejections, and he spoke what follows from his Close-stool.]

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Bishop's *Last Wills and Testaments*, I solemnly declare I printed them

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not with any Purpose of Defamation; but meerly as I thought those Copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our Trade in Wills turning to small Account, we may divide them blind-fold.

For Mr. *Manwaring's* Life, I ask Mrs. *Oldfield's* Pardon: Neither *His*, nor my Lord *Halifax's* Lives, though they were of service to their Country, were of any to me: But I was resolved, since I could not print their Works while they lived, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these Words, Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd. *Ah! Mr. Oldmixon* (said poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky Preface. However, in these my last Moments, I will be just to all Men; you shall have your third Share of the Court Poems, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another Bookseller? Your Protestant Packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find another Bookseller, Brother *Curll*? and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aside and whisper'd him: *Sir, As soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the Devil.*

Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had several *Taking Title-Pages* that only wanted Treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired that when they were writ, his Heirs might have some Share of the Profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintott* advis'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desir'd his Wife to step into the Shop for a *Common-Prayer-Book*, and read it by the help of a Candle, without Hesitation. He clos'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. *Curll* to give Forty Shillings to the Poor of the Parish of *St. Dunstan's*, and a *Weeks Wages* advance to each of his Gentlemen-Authors, with some small Gratuity in partieular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor Man continued for some Hours with all his disconsolate Family about him in Tears, expecting his

his final Dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful foetid Stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the Poison is still latent in his Body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow Degrees, in less than a Month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will no further pursue their Revenge, or shorten this small Period of his miserable Life.

A further ACCOUNT of the most deplorable Condition of Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the Manner of Mr. *Curll*'s Impoisonment, by a faithful tho' unpolite Historian of *Grubstreet*. I am but the Continuer of his History; yet I hope a due Distinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribbler of a Sheet and half, and the Author of a Three-penny stitch'd Book, like my self.

* *Wit* (saith Sir Richard Blackmore) proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Assuance of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to a Degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles rise with the vital Liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational Part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madness*. The Verity of this Hypothesis, is justify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller, hath been afflicted ever since his swallowing the Poison at the *Swan Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*. For tho' the Neck of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the Head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said Animal Spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the Inflammable Particles of this uncommon Poison.

The

The Symptoms of his Departure from his usual Temper of Mind, were at first only *speaking civilly to his Customers, singeing a Pig with a new purchas'd Libel, and refusing Two-and-Nine-Pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.*

As the poor Man's Frenzy increas'd, he began to void his Excrements in his Bed, read Rochester's bawdy Poems to his Wife gave Oldmixon a slap on the Chops, and wou'd have kiss'd Mr. Pemberton's A — by Violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he wou'd dine upon nothing but Copper-Plates, took a Clyster for a whipt Syllabus; and made Mr. Lintott eat a Suppository for a Raddish with Bread and Butter.

We leave it to every tender Wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: At first she privately put a Bill into several Churches, desiring Prayers of the Congregation for a wretched Stationer distemper'd in Mind. But when she was sadly convinc'd that his Misfortune was publick to all the World, she writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. Lintott.

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's Letter to Mr. Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

YOU, and all the Neighbours know too well, the Frenzy with which my poor Man is visit'd. I never perceiv'd he was out of himself, till that melancholy Day that he thought he was poison'd in a Glass of Sack; upon this, he run a vomiting all over the House, nay, in the new wash'd Dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest Adversity that ever betel my poor Man, since he lost one Testicle at School by the bite of a black Boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the Stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed Widow; for God knows he never publish'd any Books that lasted above a Week, so that if we wanted daily Books, we wanted daily Bread. I can write no more, for I hear the Rap of Mr. Curll's Ivory-headed Cane upon the Counter. — Pray recommend me to your Pastry-Cook, (who furnishes

‘ nishes you yearly with Tarts in exchange for your
 ‘ Papers) for Mr. Curll has disoblig’d ours, since his
 ‘ Fits came upon him; — before that, we generally
 ‘ liv’d upon bak’d Meats. — He is coming in, and I
 ‘ have but just time to put his *Son* out of the way for
 ‘ fear of Mischief: So wishing you a merry *Easter*, I
 ‘ remain your

Most humble Servant,

C. Curll,

‘ P. S. As to the Report of my poor Husband’s steal-
 ‘ ing a *Calf*, it is really groundless, for he always binds
 ‘ in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all *Wednesday* con-
 tinued outrageously mad. On *Thursday* he had a *lucid*
Interval, that enabled him to send a general Summons
 to all his *Authors*. There was but one Porter who could
 perform this Office, to whom he gave the following
 Bill of Directions where to find ’em. This Bill, to-
 gether with Mrs. Curll’s Original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lib-*
tot’s Shop to be perus’d by the Curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll’s Authors.

‘ **A**T a Tallow-chandlers in *Petty France*, half way
 ‘ under the blind Arch: Ask for the *Historian*.
 ‘ At the Bedsted and Bolster, a Musick-house in *Moor-*
 ‘ *fields*, two Translators in a Bed together.
 ‘ At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-yard*, a School-
 ‘ master with Carbuncles on his Nose.
 ‘ At a Blacksmith’s Shop in the *Friars*, a Pindarick
 ‘ Writer in red Stockings.
 ‘ In the Calendar Mill Room at *Exeter-Change*, a
 ‘ Composer of Meditations.
 ‘ At the Three *Tobacco Pipes* in *Dog and Bitch Yard*,
 ‘ one that has been a Parson, he wears a blue Camblet-
 ‘ coat trim’d with black: my best Writer against *Re-*
 ‘ *veal’d Religion*.

* At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers, in *Lewknors Lane*
 * the Man that wrote against the Impiety of Mr. *Rome's*
 * Plays.

* At the Farthing Pye House in *Tooting Fields*, the
 * young Man who is writing my new *Pastorals*.

* At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall in *Curstors Alley*, up three pair of Stairs, the Author of my
 * *Church History* — if his Flux be over — you may
 * also speak to the Gentleman who lies by him in the
 * Flock Bed, my *Index-maker*.

* The *Cook's Wife* in *Buckingham Court*; bid her
 * bring along with her the *Similes* that were lent her
 * for her next new Play.

* Call at *Eudge Row* for the Gentleman you use to go
 * in the *Cockloft*; I have taken away the *Ladder*, but
 * his Landlady has it in keeping.

* I don't much care if you ask at the *Mint* for the
 * old Beetle-brow'd Critick, and the purblind Poet at
 * the Alley over-against *St. Andrews Holbourn*. But this
 * as you have Time.

All these Gentlemen appear'd at the Hour appointed,
 in Mr. *Curll's* Dining Room, two excepted; one of
 whom was the Gentleman in the *Cockloft*, his Land-
 lady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnas-
 sum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely
 watch'd by the Bailiffs.

They no sooner enter'd the Room, but all of them
 shew'd in their Behaviour some *Suspicion* of each other;
 some turning away their Heads with an Air of Con-
 tempt; others squinting with a Leer that shew'd at
 once *Fear* and *Indignation*, each with a haggard ab-
 stracted Mein, the lively Picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*,
 and *short Commons*. So when a Keeper feeds his hun-
 gry Charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian Leo-
 pards*, each eyes his Fellow with a fiery Glare: High
 hung, the bloody Liver tempts their Maw. Or as a
 Housewife stands before her Pales, surrounded by her
 Geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their
 Wings, and Down is scatter'd as the Winter's Snow, for
 a poor Grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such Looks
 shot through the Room transverse, oblique, direct; such

was the stir and din, 'till *Curll* thus spoke, (but without rising from his Close-stool.)

' *Whores* and *Authors* must be paid beforehand, to put them in good Humour; therefore here is half a Crown a piece for you to drink your own Healths, and Confusion to Mr. *Addison*, and all other successful Writers.

' Ah Gentlemen! What have I not done, what have I not suffer'd, rather than the World should be depriv'd of your Lucubrations? I have taken involuntary Purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been can'd, once was I hunted, twice was my Head broke by a Grenadier, twice was I tof's'd in a Blanket; I have had Boxes on the Ear, Slaps on the Chops; I have been frighted, pump'd, kick'd, slander'd, and bespitten. — I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinc'd that this Author of Mr. *Lintott's* could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest Methods of Revenge.

He had scarce done speaking, but the *Historian* propos'd a History of his Life. The *Exeter-Exchange-Gentlemen* was for penning Articles of his Faith. Some pretty smart *Pindarick*, (says the Red Stocking Poet) would effectually do his Business. But the *Index-maker* said there was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After several Debates they came to the following Resolution.

' *Resolv'd*, That every Member of this Society, according to his several Abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the Defamation of Mr. *Pope*.

' *Resolv'd*, That towards the Libelling of the said *Pope*, there be a Sum employ'd not exceeding Six Pounds Sixteen Shillings and Nine Pence (not including Advertisements.)

' *Resolv'd*, That he has on purpose, in several Passages, perverted the true ancient *Heathen* Sense of *Homer*, for the more effectual Propagation of the *Po-pish* Religion.

' *Resolv'd*, That the Printing of *Homer's Battles* at this Juncture, has been the Occasion of all the Disturbances of this Kingdom.

∴ *Order'd*,

‘ Order’d, That Mr. *Barnivelt* be invited to be a Member of this Society, in order to make further Discoveries.

‘ Resolv’d, That a number of effective *Errata’s* be raised out of *Pope’s Homer* (not exceeding 1746,) and that every Gentleman who shall send in one Error, for his Encouragement shall have the whole Works of this Society *gratis*.

‘ Resolv’d, That a Sum not exceeding Ten Shillings and Six-pence be distributed among the Members of this Society for *Coffee* and *Tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in *Coffee-Houses*.

‘ Resolv’d, That towards the further lessening the Character of the said *Pope*, some Persons be deputed to abuse him at *Ladies Tea-Tables*, and that in consideration our Authors are not *well-dress’d* enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that Service.

‘ Resolv’d, That a *Ballad* be made against Mr. *Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, Mr. *Gildon*, and Mrs. *Centlivre*, do prepare and bring in the same.

‘ Resolv’d, That above all, some effectual Ways and Means be found to encrease the Joint Stock of the Reputation of this Society, which at present is exceedingly low, and to give their Works the greater currency; whether by raising the Denomination of the said Works by counterfeit Title Pages, or mixing a greater Quantity of the fine Metal of other Authors, with the Alloy of this Society.

‘ Resolv’d, That no Member of this Society for the future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a Morning, and that Mr. B— remove from the *Hercules* and *Still*.

‘ Resolv’d, That all our Members, (except the *Cook’s Wife*) be provided with a sufficient Quantity of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield’s Sal Volatile*.

‘ Resolv’d, That Sir R— B— be appointed to endue this Society with a large Quantity of *regular* and *exalted Ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold Sentiments* (being his true Receipt to make Wits.)

These Resolutions being taken, the Assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a-part in

Mr. *Curll's* Afflictions, that none could of them leave him without giving him some Advice to re-instate him in his Health.

Mr. *Gildon* was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *Belly*, he should get the Mummy of some deceas'd *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual Antidote against *Antichrist*; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive, that the *Liver* of the Person who administred the Poison, boil'd in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the Company were expecting the Thanks of Mr. *Curll*, for these demonstrations of their Zeal, a whole Pile of Sir *Richard's Essays* on a sudden fell on his Head; the Shock of which in an Instant brought back his Delirium. He immediately rose up, overturn'd the Close-stool, and besh—t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second Edition*) then without putting up his Breeches, in a most furious Tone he thus broke out to his Books, which his distemper'd Imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their Shelves, fluttering their Leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now G--d damn all *Folio's*, *Quarto's*, *Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's*! ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my House without paying for your Lodging? — Are you not the beggarly Brood of fumbling *Journey-men*; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cob-webs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porter's Ale*? — Was not the first Light you saw, the *Farthing-candle* I paid for? Did you not come before your Time into *dirty Sheets* of brown Paper? — And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handsomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with splendid *Titles*, and sent you into the World with the Names of *Persons of Quality*? Must I be *always* plagu'd with you? Why flutter ye your Leaves, and flap your Covers at me? *Damn you all*, ye *Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing*; *Rags* ye were, and to *Rags* ye shall return. Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons*? Why cry ye — at every Word to me, ye *bawdy Poems*? — To my Shop at *Timbridge*

ye

ye shall go, by G — and thence be drawn like the rest of your Predecessors, bit by bit, to the *Passage-House*: For in this present Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their Breech with?

Having said this, and at the same Time recollecting that his own was yet unwip'd, he abated of his Fury, and with great Gravity, apply'd to that Function the unfinish'd Sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of N—m

A Strange but true Relation how *EDMUND CURLL*, of *Fleetstreet*, Stationer, Out of an extraordinary Desire of *Lucre*, went into *Change-Alley*, and was converted from the *Christian Religion* by certain *Eminent Jews*: And how he was circumcis'd and initiated into their *Mysteries*.

A Varice (as Sir Richard in the Third Page of his Essay says hath elegantly observ'd) is an inordinate Impulse of the Soul towards the amassing or heaping together a Superfluity of Wealth without the least Regard of applying it to its proper Uses.

And how the Mind of Man is possessed with this Vice, may be seen every Day both in the City and Suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by *Plato*, *Puffendorf* and *Socrates*, as the darling Vice of old Age: But now our young Men are turn'd Usurers and Stock-Jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Estates. Strange Change of Vice! when the Concupiscence of Youth is converted into the Covetousness of Age, and those Appetites are now become VENAL which should be VENEREAL.

In the first Place, let us shew you how many of the antient Worthies and Heroes of Antiquity have been undone and ruin'd by this Deadly Sin of Avarice.

I shall take the Liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble Roman. Does not *Ætius* inform us that he receiv'd Fifty Broad Pieces for the Assassination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Caesar*, who fell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papists*?

Did not *Themistocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a Sum of Money, where they barbarously put out the other Eye of the famous *Hannibal*? As *Heredotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the Roman Medals.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late Mr. *Addison* hath very well observed) though otherwise a Gentleman of good Sense, was not unsully'd by this pecuniary Contagion: For he sold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix Dollars*, which in our Money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Sestertii*, according to Mr. *Demoivre's* Calculation. See *Hesiod* in his 7th Chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same Diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Scylla* the Roman Consul shot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Pistol, and robb'd him of several *Bank-Bills* and *Chequer-Notes* to an immense Value; for which he came to an untimely End, and was deny'd *Christian* Burial. Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam*.

To come near to our own Times, and give you one modern Instance (tho' well known, and often quoted by Historians, viz. *Echard*, *Dionysius Halicarnassens*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and others) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey of Bulloign*, one of the great Heroes of the Holy-War, who robb'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt*, of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion's* Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Antony*) all these things were found in *Godfrey's* Breeches Pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damascus*.

Who then can wonder after so many great and illustrious Examples that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, should renounce the *Christian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy

filthy Prospect of Lucre in the present Fluctuation of *Stocks*.

It having been observed to Mr. *Curll* by some of his ingenious Authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any Religion) what immense Sums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles*, &c. he immediately turned his Mind from the Business in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and resolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change-Alley*. Whereupon falling into Company with the *Jews* at their Club at the Sign of the *Cross* in *Coruhill*, they began to tamper with him upon the most important Points of the *Christian Faith*, which he for some time zealously and like a good *Christian* obstinately defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other Advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to present Gain. They took the Hint, and promised him that immediately upon his Conversion to their Persuasion he should become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made use likewise of several other Arguments, to wit.

That the wisest Man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet *Solomon*.

That *David* the Man after God's own Heart, was a *Jew* also. And most of the Children of *Israel* are suspected for holding the same Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at first strenuously deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholicks*, and so far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Christianity*, he call'd for a *Pork-Grisking*.

They now promis'd if he would poison his Wife and give up his *Grisking*, that he should marry the rich *Ben Meymon's* only Daughter. This made some Impression on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew* Tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed had very great Weight with him.

They, now perceiving that his *Godliness* was only *Cain*, desisted from all other Arguments and attack'd him on his weak side, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offered him an Eighth of an advantagious Bargain for the *Apostles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *Nine and Thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but insisted hard upon *Black-Puddings*, being a great Lover thereof.

Joshua Perrara engag'd to let him share with him in his *Bottomrye*, upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian Name*; but he still adher'd to *Black-Puddings*.

Sir *Gideon Lopez* tempted him with *Forty Pound* Subscription in *Ram's Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangelists*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black Pudding* and *Circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unknown to his Wife) came to the Tavern aforesaid. At his Entrance into the Room he perceiv'd a meagre Man, with a fallow Countenance, a black forky Beard, and long Vestment. In his right Hand he held a large Pair of Sheers, and in his Left a red hot Searing-Iron. At Sight of this, Mr. *Curll's* Heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid Hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle!

He now entreated them in the most moving Tone of Voice to dispense with that unmanly Ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Pascal Lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following,

All these Protestations avail'd him nothing, for they threatened him that all Contracts and Bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible Signs of *Judaism*.

Our Apostate hearing this, stretch'd himself upon his Back, spread his Legs, and waited for the Operation; but when he saw the High-Priest take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roar'd most unmercifully, and swore several Christian Oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that issued from him convinced the old *Levite* and all his Assistants that he needed no present *Purgation*. wherefore without farther *anointing* him he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate Jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcis'd, which by the *Levitical Law* is worse than not being circumcis'd at all, refus'd to stand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they cast him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woeful, and miserable Sight at the Sign of the *Old Testament* and *Dial* in *Fleetstreet*, his Wife, (poor Woman) is at this Hour lamenting over him, wringing her Hands and tearing her Hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at *Jonathan's* and *Garraway's*, the Memorial of her Loss, and her Husband's Indignity.

PRAYER. (*To save the Stamp.*)

KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the Hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who, albeit, they abhor the Blood of Black Puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the Blood of White ones. And that we may avoid such like Calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy Wretch's woeful Example to abominate the heinous Sin of Avarice, which sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel Clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. Amen.

GOD's Revenge against Punning. Shewing the miserable Fates of Persons addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court and Town.

MAnifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from Time to Time, for the Chastisement of a Sinful People, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the Degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the Punishment should be General: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that destructive Pestilence, whose Mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be believ'd, Five Millions of Christian Souls, besides Women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful Conflagration ensuing, in this famous Metropolis of *London*, which consumed, according to the Computation of Sir *Samuel Morland*, 100000 Houses, not to mention Churches and Stables.

Scarce had this unhappy Nation recover'd these Funest Disasters, when the Abomination of Play-Houses rose up in this Land: From hence hath an Inundation of Obscenity flowed from the Court, and overspread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigur'd the Walls of holy Temples with exorbitant Representations of the Members of Generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to Spell, but they had Wickedness enough to write the Names thereof in large Capitals; an enormity, observed by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the Happy *Revolution*; still the Nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*, *Arianism*, and *Whistonism* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become Universal.

And yet still, after all these Visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a Contagion more Epidemical,
and

and of consequence more fatal: This was foretold to Us, First, By that unparrall'd Eclipse in 1714: Secondly, By the dreadful Corruscations in the Air this present Year: And thirdly, By the Nine Comets seen at once over *Soho-Square*, by Mrs. *Katharine Waddington*, and others; a Contagion that first crept in amongst the first Quality, descended to their Footmen, and infused itself into their Ladies; I mean, the woeful Practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God translated into our Language; which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now such is the Enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's Day*, and in the King's Chappel: Therefore to deter Men from this evil Practice, I shall give some true and dreadful Examples of God's Revenge against *Punsters*.

The Right Honourable — but it is not safe to insert the Name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his Sleeves.) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punster* himself, but was accessory to the Punning of others, by Consent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed: for which the Lord mercifully spar'd his Neck, but as a Mark of Reprobation *wry'd his Nose*.

Another Nobleman of great Hopes, no less guilty of the same Crime, was made the Punisher of himself with his own Hand, in the Loss of 500 Pounds at Box and Dice: whereby this unfortunate young Gentleman incur'd the heavy Displeasure of his aged Grandmother.

A Third of no less illustrious Extraction, for the same Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one Day cut off his curious Hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel F —, an ancient Gentleman of grave Deportment, gave into this Sin so early in his Youth, that
when—

206 GOD'S *Revenge* against PUNNING.

whenever his Tongue endeavours to speak Common Sense, he hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle Gentleman, for the same Crime, banish'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miserable Invalid at *Tilbury-Fort*.

— *Eustace Esq;* for the Murder of much of the King's *English* in *Ireland*, is quite depriv'd of his Reason, and now remains a lively Instance of Emptiness and Vacuity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the same Offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, for his forward Attempt to *Pun*, was stunted in his Stature, and hath been visited all his Life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmons, Shoemaker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this Custom, and did it with so much Success, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no body would trust him; so that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miserable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the University of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy Defend us All, &c, &c.

TO the Right Honourable, the MAYOR
and ALDERMEN of the City of LON-
DON: The Humble Petition of the *Col-
liers, Cooks, Cook-Maids, Blacksmiths,
Jack-makers, Brasiers, and Others,*

S H E W E T H.

THAT whereas certain *Virtuosi* disaffected to the Government, and to the Trade and Prosperity of this Kingdom, taking upon them the Name and Title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed, by Gathering, Breaking, Folding, and Bundling up the the *Sun-Beams*, by the help of certain *Glasses*, to Make, Produce, and Kindle up several New *Focus's* or Fires within these His Majesty's Dominions, and thereby to Boil, Bake, Stew, Fry, and Dress all sorts of Victuals and Provisions, to Brew, Distil Spirits, Smelt Oars, and in general, to perform all the Offices of Culinary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the Monopoly of this their said Invention. We beg leave humbly to represent to your Honours,

That such Grant or Patent will utterly ruin and reduce to Beggary your Petitioners, their Wives, Children, Servants, and Trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said Invention, but warming of Cellars and Dressing of Suppers in the Winter-time. That the abolishing so considerable a Branch of the Coasting Trade as that of the Colliers, will destroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* talk of making use of the *Moon* by Night, as of the *Sun* by Day, they will utterly ruin the numerous Body of *Tallow-Chandlers*, and impair a very considerable branch of the *Revenue* which arises from the *Tax* upon Tallow and Candles.

That

That the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* do profane the Emanations of that Glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to roast *Nutton*. And we humbly conceive, It will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to Confine, Forestall, and Monopolize the Beams of the Sun. And whereas the said *Catoptrical Victuallers* have undertaken, by burning Glasses, made of Ice to roast an Ox upon the *Thames* next Winter: We conceive all such Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company of Watermen*.

That the Diversity of Exposition of the several Kitchens in this great City, whereby some receive the Rays of the Sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great Irregularity as to the *Time of Dining* of the several Inhabitants, and consequently great Uncertainty and Confusion in the Dispatch of Business: And to those who, by reason of their Northern Exposition, will be still forced to be at the Expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the Price of their Manufacture to such Inequality as is inconsistent with common Justice: And the same Inconveniency will affect *Landlords* in the *Value* of their *Rents*.

That the Use of the said Glasses will oblige Cooks and Cook-Maids to study Opticks and Astronomy, in order to know the due Distances of the said *Focus's* or Fires, and to adjust the Position of their Glasses to the several Altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the Hours of the Day, and the Seasons of the Year; which studies, at these Years, will be highly troublesome to the said Cooks and Cook Maids, not to say any thing of the utter Incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult Arts; or, (which is still a greater Inconveniency) it will throw the whole Art of *Cookery* into the Hands of Astronomers and Glass-Grinders, Persons utterly unskilled in other Parts of that Profession, to the great Detriment of the *Health* of his Majesty's good Subjects.

That it is known by Experience, That Meat roasted with Sun-beams is extreemly unwholesome; witness several that have dy'd suddenly after eating the Provisions

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sions of the said *Catoptrical Viſtuallers*; forasmuch as the Sun-Beams taken inwardly, render the Humours too Hot and Aduſt, occasion great Sweatings, and dry up the Reſtial Moisture.

That Sun-Beams taken *inwardly*, shed a malignant Influence upon the *Brain*, by their natural Tendency towards the *Moon*? and produce Madneſs and Diſtraction at the Time of the Full Moon. That the constant Uſe of ſo great Quantities of this *Inward Light*, will occasion the Growth of *Quakeriſm*, to the Danger of the *Church*; and *Poetry*, to the Danger of the *State*.

That the Influences of the Conſtellations, through which the Sun paſſes, will, with his Beams, be conveyed into the *Blood*; and when the Sun is amongſt the Horned Signs, may produce ſuch a Spirit of *Unchaſtity*, as is dangerous to the Honour of your Worſhips Families.

That Mankind living much upon the Seeds and other parts of Plants, theſe being impregnated with the Sun-Beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the Bowels, a Thing of more dangerous Conſequence to Human Bodies than Breeding of Worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the Poor who live upon Roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon *Barley* and *Rice-Gruel*, &c. for which we are ready to produce to your Honours the Opinions of Eminent Phyſicians, That the Taſte and Property of the Viſtuals is much alter'd to the worſe by the ſaid *Solar Cookery*, the Fricaffes being depriv'd of the *Haut Gout* they acquire by being dreſs'd over Charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an Eclipse of an extraordinary Length, that this City ſhould be depriv'd of the Sun-Beams for ſeveral Months; how will his Maſteſty's Subjects ſubſiſt in the Interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally loſt?

In Conſideration of theſe, and many other Inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, That your Honours would either totally prohibit the Confining and Manufacturing the *Sun-Beams* for any of the uſeful Purpoſes of Life, or in the enſuing Parliament procure a *Tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the Duty and Price of
Coals,

Coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than Thirty Shillings *per* Yard Square, reserving the sole Right and Privilege of the *Catoptrical* Cookery to the Royal Society, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-Vessels, under the Direction of Mr. *Whiston*, for finding out the Longitude, who by Reason of the Remoteness of their Nations, may be reduc'd to Streights for want of Firing.

And we likewise beg that your Honours, as to the foremention'd Points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamsted*, who is the Legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have constituted our Trusty and Learned Solicitor.

REASONS humbly offer'd by the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of UPHOLDERS, against Part of the BILL, *For the better Viewing, Searching and Examining Drugs, Medicines, &c.* 1724.

BEing call'd upon by several Retailers and Dispensers of *Drugs and Medicines* about Town, to use our Endeavours against the Bill now depending, *for Viewing, &c.* In Regard of our common Interest, and in Gratitude to the said Retailers and Dispensers of Medicines (which we have always found to be very effectual) we presume to lay the following Reasons before the Publick, against the said Bill.

That the Company of Upholders are far from being averse to the giving of *Drugs and Medicines* in general, provided

provided they may be of such Qualities as we require, and administer'd by such Persons in whom our Company justly repose the greatest Confidence. And provided they tend to the Encouragement of Trade, and the Consumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom.

We beg Leave to observe, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry and Citizens whom we have attended.* Our Practice, which consists chiefly in outward Applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our Patients have been obliged to undergo a second Operation. Excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her first Burial, having burthened her Husband with a new Brood of posthumous Children, her second Funeral was by us perform'd without any further Charges to the said Husband of the Deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one single Instance of this Kind (a Misfortune owing meerly to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any Want of Skill, or Care, in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Censors of the College of Physicians*, to restrain any of His Majesty's Subject from dispensing, and well-disposed Persons from taking what Medicines they please, *is a manifest Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of Upholders, have an undisputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive the passing of this Bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said Right, might keep them *out of Possession* by unreasonable *Delays*, to the great Detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be consider'd that there are Multitudes of necessitous Heirs and penurious Parents, Persons in pinching Circumstances, with numerous Families of Children, Wives that have lived long, many robust aged Women with great Jointures, elder Brothers with bad Understandings, single Heirs of great Estates,

Estates, whereby the Collateral Line are for ever excluded Reversionary Patents, and Reversionary Promises of Preferments, Leases upon Single Lives, and Play-debts upon joint Lives and that the Persons so aggrieved have no Hope of being speedily relieved any other Way, than by the dispensing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the Manner they *now are* ; Burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the Deceased, who by certain mechanical Motions and Powers are carried about Town, who would have been put into our Hands long before this Time by any other well-order'd Government ; By want of a due *Police* in this Particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That *frequent Funerals* contribute to preserve the Genealogies of Families, and the Honours conferred by the Crown, (which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn Occasion ;) to maintain *necessitous Clergy*, to enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent Habits to officiate on *Sundays*, to feed the great Retinue of *sober and melancholy Men* who appear at the said Funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular Employment. Moreover we desire it may be remember'd, that by the passing of this Bill, the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their Hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent Funerals will not be discouraged (as is by this Bill proposed) it being the only Method left of *carrying* some People to Church,

We are afraid that by the Hardships of this Bill our Company will be reduced to leave their Business here, and *practise* at York and Bristol, where the free Use of *bad Medicines* will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped that no specious Pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited Power for People to live (in Defiance of Art) as long as they can by the Course of *Nature*, to the Prejudice of our Company, and the Decay of Trade.

That

That as our Company are like to suffer in some measure by the Power given to Physicians to dissect the Bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope that the Manufacture of Cases for Skeletons will be reserved solely to the Coffinmakers.

We likewise humbly presume that the Interests of the several Trades and Professions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of the Makers of Hearses, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feather-men and Bell-ringers; and especially the Manufacturers of Crapes; and the Makers of *Snuff*, who use great Quantities of old Coffins, and who, consider'd in the Consumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greatest Number of Hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.

Annus Mirabilis: Or, The Wonderful Effects of the approaching Conjunction of the Planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.* A Will-Wisher to the Mathematicks.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora - - -*

I SUPPOSE every Body is sufficiently appriz'd of, and duly prepar'd for the famous Conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this Instant *December*, 1722. foretold by all the Sages of Antiquity, under the Name of the *Annus Mirabilis*, or the *Metamorphosical* Conjunction; a Word which denotes the mutual Transformation of Sexes, (the Effect of that Configuration of the Celestial Bodies) the human Males being

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to be turn'd into Females, and the human Females into Males.

The *Egyptians* have represented this great Transformation by several significant Hieroglyphicks, particularly one very remarkable. There are carv'd upon an Obelisk, a *Barber* and a *Midwife*; the Barber delivers his *Razor* to the Midwife, and she her *Swadling Cloaths* to the Barber. Accordingly *Thales Milesius* (who, like the rest of his Countrymen, borrow'd his Learning from the *Egyptians*) after having computed the Time of this famous Conjunction, *Then*, says he, *shall Men and Women mutually exchange the Pangs of Shaving and Child-bearing*.

Anaximander modestly describes this Metamorphosis in mathematical Terms: *Then*, says he, *shall the negative Quantity of the Women be turn'd into positive, their — into +; (i. e.) their Minus into Plus*.

Plato not only speaks of this great Change, but describes all the Preparations towards it. "Long before the bodily Transformation (says he) Nature shall begin the most difficult Part of her Work by changing the *Ideas* and *Inclinations* of the two Sexes; Men shall turn effeminate, and Women manly; Wives shall domineer, and Husbands obey; Ladies shall *ride a Horse-back*, dress'd like *Cavaliers*; Princes and Nobles appear in *Night-rails* and *Petticoats*; Men shall *squeak up* on Theatres with *Female Voices*, and Women corrupt *Virgins*; Men shall *knot and cut Paper*; and even the *Northern People*, ἀρσένια κνυπνὶν οὐρνεῖν: A Phrase (which for Modesty's Sake I forbear to translate) which denotes a Vice too frequent amongst us". So far *Plato*.

That the Ministry forsook this great Change, is plain from the *Callico-Act*; whereby it is now become the Occupation of the Women all over *England*, to convert their useless Female Habits into Beds, Window-Curtains, Chairs, and Joint-stools; *undressing* themselves (as it were) *before their Transformation*.

The Philosophy of this Transformation will not seem surprizing to People, who search into the *Bottom* of Things. *Madam Bourignon*, a devout *French Lady*, has shewn

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shewn us. how Man was at first created Male and Female in one Individual, having the Faculty of Propagation within himself: A Circumstance necessary to the State of Innocence, wherein a Man's Happiness was not to depend upon the Caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his Female Mate. Many such Transformations of Individuals have been well attested: particularly one by *Montaigne*, and another by the late Bishop of *Salisbury*. From all which it appears, that this System of Male and Female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer several Alterations. Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows, that a Woman is but an introverted Man; a new Fusion and *Flatus* will turn the hollow Bottom of a Bottle into a Convexity; but I forbear, (for the Sake of my *Modest Men-Readers*, who are in a few Days to be Virgins.)

In some Subjects, the smallest Alterations will do: some Men are sufficiently spread about the Hips, and contriv'd with that Female Softness, that they want only the Negative Quantity to make them Buxom Wenches; and there are Women who are, as it were, already the *Ebauche* of a good sturdy Man. If Nature cou'd be puzzl'd, it will be how to bestow the redundant Matter of the exuberant Bubbies that now appear about Town, or how to roll out the short dapper Fellows into well siz'd Women.

This great Conjunction will begin to operate on *Saturday* the 29th Instant. Accordingly, about Eight at Night, as *Senexino* shall begin at the Opera, *Si videte, Did you but see?* He shall be observ'd to make an *unusual Motion*; upon which the Audience will be affected with a *red Suffusion* over their Countenance: And because a strong Succussion of the Muscles of the Belly is necessary towards performing this great Operation, both Sexes will be thrown into a *profuse involuntary Laughter*; Then (to use the modest Terms of *Anaximander*) *shall negative Quantity be turn'd into positive*, &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a Number of *untouch'd Virgins* within those Walls! but alas! such will be the Impatience and Curiosity of People

ple to act in their new Capacity, that many of them will go to Pot that *very Night*. To prevent the Disorders that may happen upon this Occasion, is the chief Design of this Paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this Conjunction to compass their filthy Purposes. They tell the Ladies forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable Commodity; hardly of so much Value as a Callico Under-petticoat, since, like its Mistress, it will be useless in the Form it is now in. If the Ladies have no Regard to the Dishonour and Immorality of the Action, I desire they will consider that Nature, who never destroys her own Productions, will exempt big-belly'd Women till the time of their Lying-in; so that not to be transform'd, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they don't think it worth while to defend a Fortress that is to be demolish'd in a few Days, let them reflect that it will be a melancholy thing Nine Months hence, to be brought to Bed of a Bastard; a posthumous Bastard as it were, to which the *Quondam* Father can be no more than a *dry Nurse*.

This wonderful Transformation is the Instrument of Nature, to balance Matters between the Sexes. The Cruelty of scornful Mistresses shall be return'd; The slighted Maid shall grow into an imperious Gallant, and reward her Undoer with a big Belly, and a Bastard, &c.

It is hardly possible to imagine the Revolutions that this wonderful Phenomenon will occasion over the Face of the Earth. I long impatiently to see the Proceedings of the Parliament of *Paris*, as to the Title of Succession to their Crown; this being a Case not provided for by the *Salique* Law. There will be no preventing Disorders amongst Friars and Monks; for certainly Vows of Chastity don't bind but under the Sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with Marriages, tho' I think it will be a Scandal amongst Protestants for Husbands and Wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *Debitum Conjugale* by the Husband being *femme Couverte*. I submit it to the Judgment of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, whe-

whether this Transformation does not discharge all Suits of Rapes?

The Pope must undergo a new groping; but the false Prophet *Mahomet* has contriv'd Matters well for his Successors; for as the Grand Signior has now a great many fine Women, he will then have as many fine young Gentlemen at his Devotion.

These are surprising Scenes, but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn Operations of Nature are Subjects of Contemplation, not of Ridicule; therefore I make it my earnest Request to the merry Fellows, and giggling Girls about Town, that they would not put themselves in a high Twitter, when they go to visit a *General* Lying-in of his first Child; his *Officers* serving as Midwives, Nurses and Rockers dispensing Caudle; or if they behold the *Reverend Prelates* dressing the Heads and airing the Linen at Court, I beg they will remember that these Offices must be fill'd with People of the greatest Regularity, and best Characters. For the same Reason, I am sorry that a certain Prelate, who notwithstanding his Confinement, still preserves his healthy, cheerful Countenance, cannot come in time to be a Nurse at Court.

I likewise earnestly intreat the *Maids of Honour*, (then *Ensigns* and *Captains* of the *Guards*) that, at their first setting out, they have some Regard to their former Station; and do not run wild through all the infamous Houses about Town. That the present *Grooms of the Bed-Chamber* (then *Maids of Honour*) would not eat Chalk and Lime in their Green-Sickness: And in general, that the Men would remember that they are become *Retromingent*, and not by Inadvertency lift up against Walls and Posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the *Clergy*; but Balls and Assemblies will be indecent for some Time.

As for you, *Coquettes*, *Bawds* and *Chambermaids*, (the future *Ministers*, *Plenepotentiaries* and *Cabinet-Counsellors* to the Princes of the Earth;) manage the great *Intrigues* that will be committed to your Charge, with your usual Secrecy and Conduct; and the Affairs of your Masters will go better than ever.

O ye

O ye *Exchange Women*! (our Right Worshipful *Representatives* that are to be) be not so griping in the Sale of your Ware as your Predecessors, but consider that the Nation like a spend-thrift Heir, has run out: Be likewise a little more continent in your *Tongues* than you are at present, else the Length of Debates will spoil your Dinners.

You Housewifely good Women, who now preside over the *Confectionary*. (henceforth *Commissioners* of the *Treasury*) be so good as to dispence the *Sugar-Plumbs* of the Government with a more impartial and frugal Hand.

Ye Prudes and censorious old Maids, (the *Hopes* of the *Bench*) exert but your usual Talent of *finding Faults*, and the Laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such *slender Evidences* as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent Oyster-Merchants of *Bil-linggate*. (just ready to be call'd to the *Bar*, and quois'd like your Sister-Serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the Time, and lessening the Expences of Law-Suits: For I think you are observ'd to bring your Debates to a *short Issue*; and even Custom will restrain you from taking the *Oyster*, and leaving only the *Shell* to your Clients.

O ye Physicians, who in the Figure of old Women are to clean the *Tripe* in the Markets; scour it as effectually as you have done that of your Patients, and the Town will fare most deliciously on *Saturdays*.

I cannot but congratulate human Nature, upon this happy Transformation; the only Expedient left to restore the Liberties and Tranquillity of Mankind; which is so evident, that it is almost an Affront to common Sense to insist upon the Proof of it. If there can be any such stupid Creature who doubts it, I desire he will make but the following obvious Reflection: There are in *Europe* alone, at present, about a Million of sturdy Fellows, under the Denomination of *standing Forces*, with Arms in their Hands: That those are Masters of the Lives, Liberties and Fortunes of all the rest, I believe no Body will deny. It is no less true in Fact, that Reams of Paper, and above a square Mile of Skins of Veilum

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Vellum have been employ'd to no Purpose, to settle Peace amongst those Sons of Violence. Pray, who is he that will say unto them, *Go and disband your selves?* But lo! by this Transformation it is done at once, and the *Halcyon* Days of publick Tranquility return. For neither the military Temper nor Discipline can taint the soft Sex for a whole Age to come. *Bellaque matribus invisa, Wars odious now to Mothers,* will not grow immediately palatable in their *Paternal* State.

Nor will the Influence of this Transformation be less in *Family*-Tranquility, than it is in *National*. Great Faults will be amended, and Frailties forgiven, on both Sides. A Wife who has been disturb'd with late Hours and choak'd with the Haugout of a Sot, will remember her Sufferings, and avoid the Temptation; and will, for the same Reason, indulge her Mate in his Female Capacity in some Passions, which she is sensible from Experience are natural to the Sex. Such as Vanity of fine Cloaths, being admir'd, &c. And how tenderly must she use her Mate under the breeding Qualms and Labour-Pains, which she hath felt herself? In short, all unreasonable Demands upon Husbands must cease, because they are already satisfy'd from natural Experience that they are impossible. That the Ladies may govern the Affairs of the World, and the Gentlemen those of their Household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of,

Their Most Sincere

Well-wisher,

M. S.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

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AN ESSAY of the Learned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGINE of SCIENCES. *Writtento the most Learned Dr.----F. R. S. from the Deserts of NUBIA.*

AMong all the Enquiries which have been pursu'd by the Curious and Inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a Learned Head, than the Source from whence we derive those Arts and Sciences which raise us so far above the Vulgar, the Countries in which they rose, and the Channels by which they have been convey'd. As they who first brought them amongst us travell'd into the remotest Parts of the Earth to attain them, I may boast of some advantages by the same means ; since I write this from the Deserts of *Æthiopia*, from those Plains of Sand which have buried the Pride of Invading Armies, with my Foot perhaps at this instant ten Fathom over the Grave of *Cambyfes*, a Solitude to which neither *Pythagoras* nor *Apollonius* ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that Arts and Sciences took their Rise among the *Ægyptians* and *Indians* ; but from whom *they* first receiv'd them, is yet a Secret. The highest Period of Time to which the Learned attempt to trace them, is from the beginning of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, when their Inventors were worshipp'd as Gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into Times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their History, from whatever dark and broken

ken Hints may any way be found in ancient Authors concerning them.

Nor *Troy* nor *Thebes* were the first of Empires; we have mention, tho' not Histories, of an earlier warlike People call'd the *Pygmæans*. I cannot but persuade my self, from those Accounts of * *Homer*, *Aristotle* and others, that their History Wars and Revolutions were then a part of the Study of the Learned, from the very Air in which those Authors speak of them as of things universally known. And tho' all we directly hear is of their Military Atchievements, in the brave defence of their Country from the annual Invasions of a powerul Enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excell'd as much in the Arts of peaceful Government, tho' there remain no Traces of their Civil Institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of Time, and such sudden Periods have been put to them, as occasion a total Ignorance of their Story. And if I should conjecture that the like happen'd to this Nation, from a general extirpation of the People by those Flocks of monstrous Birds, where with Antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the *Baleares* was wasted by Rabbits, † *Smythæ* by Mice, and of late || *Bermudas* almost depopulated by Rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that Empire retired into the depths of their Deserts, where they liv'd undisturb'd, till they were found out by *Ogyris* in his Travels to instruct Mankind.

Hemet, say § *Diodorus* in *Æthiopia*, a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their Body and whose leader *Pan* accompany'd him in his Expedition for the civilizing of Mankind. Now of this great Personage *Pan*, we have a very particular Description in the ancient Writers who unanimously agree to represent him, *shaggy Bearded, Hairy all over, half a Man and half a Beast*, and walking erect, with a Staff,

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* Il. 3. *Hom.* † *Eustathius* in *Hom.* Il. 1. || *Speade*, in *Bermudas.* § *L. 1. ch. 18. Diod.*

(the Posture in which his race are to this Day shown among us.) And since the chief thing to which he apply'd himself was the *civilizing of Mankind*, it shou'd seem that the first Principles of Science must be receiv'd from this People, to whom the Gods were by *Ho-mer* said to resort *twelve Days every Year*, for the Conversation of its wise and just Inhabitants.

If from *Ægypt* we proceed to take a View of *India*, we shall find that their Knowledge also deriv'd it self from the same Source. To that Country did these Noble Creatures accompany *Bacchus* in his Expedition, under the Conduct of *Silenus*, who is also describ'd to us with the very same Marks and Qualifications. Mankind is ignorant, saith † *Diodorus*, whence *Silenus* deriv'd his Birth, through his great Antiquity; but he had a Tail on his Loins, as likewise had all his Progeny, in sign of their descent. Here then they settled a Colony, which to this Day subsists with the same Tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those Men who retir'd from the Converse of their own Species, to a more uninterrupted Life of Contemplation. I am much inclin'd to believe that in the midst of those Solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated Order of *Gymnosophists*. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their Life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable, the Manners and Customs of their Masters and Instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest Woods, to go naked, to suffer their Bodies to be over-run with Hair, and their Nails to grow to a prodigious length. § *Plutarch* says, they eat what they could get in the Fields, their Drink was Water, and their Bed made of Leaves or Moss. And || *Herodotus* tells us, that they esteem'd it a great exploit to kill very many Ants or creeping Things.

Hence we see that the two Nations which contend for the Origine of Learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious Race. Tho' they

* Il. 1st. † L. 3. cb. 69. *Diod.* § *Plutarch in his first Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.* || *Herod. L. 1.*

they have contested which was first blest with the rise of Science, yet have they conspir'd in being grateful to their common Masters. *Ægypt* is well known to have worshipp'd them of old in their own Images; and *India* may be credibly suppos'd to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the *Tooth* of one of these hairy Philosophers, as it should seem in just Gratitude to the *Mouth* from which they receiv'd their Knowledge.

Pass we now over into *Greece*, where we find *Orpheus* returning out of *Ægypt*, with the same intent as *Osiris* and *Bacchus* made their Expeditions. From this Period it was, that *Greece* first heard the Name of *Satyrs*, or own'd them for *Semi-dei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful Species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of *Pan*, of the same Name, and expressly call'd King by * *Theocritus*. If thus much be allow'd, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all Antiquity. One, that the Tradition of *Beasts* following the Musick of *Orpheus* (which has been interpreted of his taming Savage Tempers) will thus have a literal Application. The other, which we most insist upon, is, that the Love which these Sages bear to the Females of our Kind affords a Solution of all those Fables of the Gods compressing Women in Woods under bestial appearances. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compress'd in the Shape of different Animals; but to this we answer, that Women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, 'tis highly credible that to this ancient and generous Race the World is indebted, if not for the *Heroes*, at least for the acutest Wits of Antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimick Genius † *Æsop* for whose extraction from these *Sylvestres Homines* we may gather an Argument from *Planudes*, who says, that *Æsop* signifies the same thing as *Æthiop*, the Original Nation of

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* Παν Αρκε, Theo. Id. 1st. † Παν. Æsop. initio.

our People. For a second Argument we may offer the description of his Person, which was *short, deform'd*, and almost *Savage*, infomuch that he might have liv'd in the Woods, had not the Benevolence of his Temper made him rather adapt himself to our Manners, and come to Court in wearing Apparel. The third Proof is his acute and satyrical Wit; and, lastly, his great Knowledge in the *Nature of Beasts*, together with the natural Pleasure he took to speak of them upon all Occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is * *Socrates*. First, it was a Tradition that he was of an uncommon Birth from the rest of Men; Secondly, he had a Countenance confessing the Line he sprung from, being *bald, flat nos'd*, with *prominent Eyes*, and a *downward look*: Thirdly, he turn'd certain Fables of *Æsop* into Verse, probably out of his Respect to Beasts in general, and Love to his Family in particular.

In process of time, the Women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by Mankind, or induc'd by an abhorrence of their Shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our Sages were necessitated to mix with Beasts; This by degrees occasion'd the Hair of their Posterity to grow higher than their Middles; It arose in one Generation to their Arms, in the Second it invaded their Necks, in the Third it gain'd the ascendant of their Heads, till the degenerate Appearance in which the Species is now immers'd, became compleated. tho' we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common Calamity, there being some unprejudic'd Women in every Age, by virtue of whom a Total extinction of the Original Race was prevented: And it is remarkable also, that even where they were mix'd, the Defection from their Nature was not intire; there still appear'd marvellous Qualities among them, as was manifest in those who follow'd *Alexander in India*. How did they attend his Army and sarvey his Order! How did they cast themselves into the same forms for March
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* Vid. *Plato* and *Xenophon*.

or for Combat! What an imitation was there of all his Discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike Disposition, and of that Constitution which they enjoy'd while they were a Monarchy.

To proceed to *Italy*: At the first appearance of these wild Philosophers, there were some of the least mix'd, who vouchsafed to converse with Mankind; which is evident from the Name of * *Favus*, a *fando*, or *speaking*. Such was he who coming out of the Woods, in hatred to Tyranny, encourag'd the *Roman* Army to proceed against the *Hetruscans* who would have restor'd *Tarquin*. But here, as in all the Western Parts of the World, there was a great and memorable *Æra* in which they began to be *Silent*. This we may place something near the time of *Aristotle*, when the Number, Vanity and Folly of Human Philosophers encreas'd, by which Men's Heads became too much puzzled to receive the Wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the Questions of that Academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this Period, if ever we hear of their giving Answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrain'd, in like manner as was that Ancient *Grecian* Prophet, *Proteus*.

Accordingly we read in † *Sylla's* Time, of such a Philosopher taken near *Dyrrachium*, who wou'd not be persuaded to give them a Lecture by all they cou'd say to him, and only shew'd his Power in *Sounds* by Neighing like a Horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in *Augustus's* reign by the Inquisitive Genius of the great *Virgil*, whom, together with *Varus*, the Commentators suppose to have been the true Persons, who are related in the 6th *Bucolick* to have caught a Philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the Race of the old *Silenus*. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which *Virgil* was well aware) they not only ty'd him fast, but allur'd him likewise by making him

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* *Livy*. † *Plutarch. in Vit. Sylla.*

a Present of a comely Maiden call'd *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this Song we have their *Doctrine* of the *Creation*, the same in all probability as was taught so many Ages before in the great *Pygmean* Empire, and several Hieroglyphical Fables under which they couched or embellished their Morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolick as an inestimable Treasure of the most ancient Science.

In the Reign of *Constantine* we hear of another, taken in a Net, and brought to *Alexandria*, round whom the People flock'd to hear his Wisdom; but as *Ammianus Marcellinus* reporteth, he proved a dumb Philosopher, and only instructed by *Action*.

The last we shall speak of who seemeth to be of the true Race, is said by St. *Jerome* to have met St. * *Anthony* in a Desert, who enquiring the Way of him, he shew'd his understanding, and Courtesy by pointing, but wou'd not answer, for he was a dumb Philosopher also.

These are all the Notices which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a People in *your side* of the World. But if we return to their ancient native Seats, *Africa* and *India*, we shall there find even in modern times, the Traces of their Original Conduct and Valour.

In *Africa* (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. *Purchas's* Collections) a Body of them whose Leader was inflam'd with Love for a Woman, by martial Powers and Stratagem won a Fort from the *Portuguese*.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the Praise of two of their unparallell'd Monarchs in *India*. The one was *Perimal the Magnificent*, a Prince most Learned and Communicative, to whom in *Malabar* their excess of Zeal dedicated a Temple, rais'd on Seven hundred Pillars, not inferior in † *Maffaus's* Opinion to those of *Agrippa* in the *Pantheon*. The other *Hanimant the Marvellous* his Relation and Successor, whose Knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise Species cou'd arrive at such Perfection;

* *Vit. St. Ant.* † *Maff. l. 1.*

Perfection ; and therefore they rather imagin'd him and his Race a sort of *Gods* formed into *Apes*. He was the *Tooth* which the *Portuguese* took in *Bisnagar* 1559, for which the *Indians* offer'd, according to § *Linschoten*, the Immense Sum of Seven hundred thousand Ducats. Nor let me quit this Head without mentioning with all due respect *Oran Outang* the Great, the last of this Line ; whose unhappy Chance it was to fall into the Hands of *Europeans*. *Oran Outang*, whose Value was not known to us, for he was a mute Philosopher : *Oran Outang*, by whose dissection the Learned Dr. *Tyson* has added a Confirmation to this System from the resemblance between the *Homo Sylvestris* and our *Humane Body* in those Organs by which the rational Soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this People, as sunk into the *bruta Natura*, by their continual Commerce with Beasts. Yet even at this time, what Experiments do they not afford us of relieving some from the Spleen, and others from Imposthumes, by occasioning Laughter at proper Seasons ? With what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in Humane Life ? and what surprizing Relations have *Le Comte* and others given of their Appetites, Actions, Conceptions, Affections, Varieties of Imaginations, and Abilities capable of pursuing them ? If under their present low circumstances of *Birth* and *Breeding*, and in so short a Term of Life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all Beasts, and equal many Men ; what Prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *Nati melioribus annis*, those Primitive *Longeval* and *Antideluvian Man-Tigers*, who first taught Sciences to the World ?

This Account, which is intirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced Kuowledge from a Fountain correspondent to several Opinions of the Ancients, tho' hitherto undiscover'd, both by them and the Moderns. And now what shall I say to Mankind in the Thought of this great Discovery ? What, but that they should abate of their Pride, and consider that the Authors of our Knowledge are among *Beasts* : That

K 5

these

these, who were our elder Brothers by a Day in the Creation, whose Kingdom was like the Scheme of *Plato* govern'd by Philosophers, who flourish'd with Learning in *Æthiopia* and *India*, are now undistinguish'd from, and known only by the same Appellation, as the *Man-Teger*, and the *Monkey* !

As to *Speech*, I make no question that there are Remains of the First and less corrupted Race, in their Native Deserts, who yet have the Power of it. But the vulgar Reason given by the *Spaniards*, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to Work." is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other Learned Persons affect their *Ease*. A Second is, That these observant Creatures having been Eye-Witnesses of the Cruelty with which that Nation treated their Brother *Indians*, find it necessary not to show themselves to be *Men*, that they may be protected not only from Work, but from Cruelty also. Thirdly, They cou'd at best take no delight to converse with the *Spaniards*, whose grave and sullen Temper is soaverse to that natural and open *Chearfulness*, which is generally observ'd to accompany all true Knowledge.

But now were it possible, that any way cou'd be found out to draw forth their Latent Qualities, I cannot but think it wou'd be highly serviceable to the Learned World, both in respect of recovering past Knowledge, and promoting the Future. Might there not be found certain gentle artful Methods, whereby to endear us to them ? Is there no Nation in the World, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their Society, and win them by a *sweet Similitude of Manners* ? Is there no Nation where the Men might allure them by a distinguishing Civility, and in a manner fascinate them by *assimilated Motions* ? No Nation, where the Women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest Treatment, might oblige the loving Creatures to *sensible returns* of Humanity ? The Love I bear my Native Country, prompts me to wish this Nation might be *Great Britain*, but alas ! in our present wretched divided Condition, how can we hope that *Foreigners* of so great Prudence, will *freely declare* their Sentiments, in the midst

midst of violent *Parties*, and at so vast a distance from their Friends, Relations, and Country? The Affection I bear our Neighbour-State, wou'd incline me to wish it were *Holland* — *Sed levâ in parte Mamilla Nil salit Arcadico*. 'Tis from *France* then we must expect this Restoration of Learning, whose late Monarch took the Sciences under his Protection, and rais'd them to so great a Height. May we not hope their Emissaries will some time or other have Instructions, not only to invite Learned Men into their Country, but Learned Beasts, the true ancient Man-Tegers, I mean of *Æthiopia* and *India*? Might not the Talents of each Kind of these be adapted to the Improvement of the several Sciences? The Man-Tegers to instruct Heroes, Statesmen and Scholars? Baboons to teach the Courtiers, Ceremony and Address? Monkeys, the Art of pleasing in Conversation and agreeable Affectations, to Ladies and their Lovers? The Apes of less learning, Comedians and Dancing Masters? The Marmosets Court Pages, and young *English* Travellers. But the distinguishing each Kind, and allotting them to their proper Business, I leave to the Inquisitive, and penetrating Genius, of the *Jesuits* in their respective Missions.

Vale & Fruere.

M. S.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS
SEU
MARTINI SCRIBLERI
Summi Critici
CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM
SPECIMEN:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus
pœne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum re-
vocabimus. In singulis ferè versibus spuriae occur-
runt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codi-
cibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque
Criticorum in hunc diem existentes. Interea adver-
te oculos, & his paucis frui. At si quæ sint in
hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syl-
labarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra Libro ipsi præ-
figenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I.

A R M A Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab
oris
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Laviniaque venit
Littora: multum ille & terris *jactatus* & alto,
Vi superum —
Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *Aris*
Italiam. *flatus* profugus, *Latina*que venit
Littora: multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto.
Vi superum —

Ab

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. 2. vers. 512.
550. — *Flatu*, ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur — *Latina* cer-
tè littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab
ipso nominata, Lib. 12. vers. 193. — *factatus*,
terris non convenit.

II. VERS. 52.

— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret ?

— Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret ?

Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*.

Et procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86.

— Venti velut *agmine facto*

Qua data porta ruunt —

— Venti velut *aggere facto*

Qua data porta ruunt —

Siccorrige, meo periculo,

IV. VERS. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*,

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achata* notissimum, *Oronti*
nunquam datur.

V. VERS. 119.

Excuitur, pronusque *magister*

Volvitur in caput —

— Excuitur: pronusque *magis tēr*

Volvitur in caput —

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripisse, quod planè con-
firmatur ex sequentibus — *Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem*
Torquet —

VI. VERS. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma Virum —

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virum*, quæ ex
ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare*?

VII. VERS. 251.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*. *Summas*,
& *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectio
Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; simili modo
Noster de Camilla, *Æn.* 11. — *intacta segetis per sum-*
ma volaret, &c. hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & *fixa* volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

Jam *faces* & *saxa* volant, *fugiuntque Ministri*: Uti solent, instanti periculo — *Faces, facibus* longe præstant; quid enim nisi *faces* jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque *sedilia saxo*.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.
Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*:
Nugæ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum usum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VERS. 188.

— Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur

A tergo —

— Tres littore *corvos*

Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur

A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc Animalia in *Africa* non inveniri, quis nescit? At motus & ambulandi ritus *Corvorum* quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant *Corvi*, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus Militum* frequentè observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque *Hyades*, *geminosque Triones*.

Error gravissimus. Corrigi, — *septemque Triones*.

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce & *Torum* & *Mensam* exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *Juvenes*! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit

Æn. 4. v. 19.

Huic uni torfan potui succumbere *culpa*:

Anna? fatebor enim —

Corrigi,

Corrigi, *Huic uni* [Viro scil.] potui succumbere; Culpas
Anna? fatebor enim, &c.
Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto:

Concubuerunt omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuerunt, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem:
quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuere* & *ora tenebant*, tau-
tologice dictum. In Manuscripto perquam rarissimo
in Patris Musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant*; sed magis inge-
niosè quam verè. — *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam
a prandio surrexit: *Pater* nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem. Sic haud
dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse. Hoc fa-
tis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum Cantilena vo-
cata *Chivy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit
in hæc verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum.

Eruerint Danaï —

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*
— Mallet *oves* potius quam *opes*. quoniam in antiquis-
simis illis temporibus *oves* & armenta divitiarum regum
fuere. Vel fortasse *Opes Paridis* innuit, quas super I-
dam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro He-
lenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, meri-
to occisas.

VERS. 5.

— Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui.

— Quæque ipse *miserrimus* audi,

Et quorum pars magna fui —

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione e-
narrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea
fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam
visa referre non potuit.

VERS.

VERS. 7.

— Quis talia *fando*Temperet *a* lachrymis?— Quis talia *flendo*,

Temperet *in* lachrymis? — Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare; quam solummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœloPræcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.Et jam nox *lumina* cœloPræcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humila*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi aridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

VERS. 11.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem.Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,Et *brevi* ter Trojæ *Superumque* audire labores.

Cura Noctis (scilicet noctis Excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophën denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. — Ter audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores Exposcit*: Ter enim pro sepe usurpatur. *Trojæ superumque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. 2. vers. 610, &c.

VERS. 13

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque* refugit,

Incipiam.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque* resurgit. *Resurgit* multò proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam ut hætenus, *refugit*.

VERS. 14.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,

Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,

Instar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,*Ædificant* — &c.*Tracti*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
Tracti & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *at fracti* frigide & vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus: quem si *Equam* *Gracam* vocabis Lector, minimè pecces: Solæ enim femellæ *utero* gestant. — Uterumque *armato milite complent* — *Uteroque recusso Insonuere cava* — *Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere. Inclusos utero Danaos, &c. Vox fœta non convenit maribus, — Scandit fatalis machina muros. Fœta armis* — *Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? Incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram Equæ lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causâ, Equum potius quam Equam, Genus pro Sexu, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.*

M. S.

It

It cannot Rain but it Pours:

O R,

London strew'd with Rarities.

B E I N G,

An ACCOUNT of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the House of Mr. Ratcliffe in Bishopsgate-Street: As also of the Faustina, the celebrated Italian Singing Woman; And of the Copper-Farthing Dean from Ireland.

And Lastly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the Woods of Germany by a Wild Beast, hunted and taken in Toyls; how he behaveth himself like a dumb Creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being call'd Peter; and how he was brought to Court all in Green, to the great Astonishment of the Quality and Gentry. 1726.

WE shall begin with a Description of *Peter* the Savage, deferring our other Curiosities to some following Papers,

Romulus and Remus, the two famous Wild Men of Antiquity, and *Orsin* that of the Moderns, have been justly the Admiration of all Mankind: Nor can we presage less of this Wild Youth, as may be gather'd from that famous and well-known Prophecy of *Lily's*, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted.

*When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne breaking the Assiento;
When Eagle Split shall fly to China,
And Christian Folks adore Faustina:
Then Shall an Oak be brought to Bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed;
Great Feats shall be atchieve —*

The

The Pope is now going to *Benevento*; the *Spaniards* have broke their Treaty; the Emperor trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress *Faustina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by several Tokens about this Wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us; but there being no Register of his Christening, his Age is only to be guessed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about Twelve or Thirteen. His being so young was the Occasion of the great Disappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing Room in full Expectation of some Attempt upon their Chastity: So far is true, that he endeavour'd to Kiss the young Lady *W——le*, who for that reason is become the Envy of the Circle; this being a Declaration of Nature, in favour of her superior Beauty.

Aristotle saith, That Man is the most Mimick of all Animals; which Opinion of that great Philosopher is strongly confirm'd by the Behaviour of this wild Gentleman, who is endowed with that Quality to an extreme Degree. He receiv'd his first Impressions at Court: His Manners are, first to lick People's Hands, and then turn his Breech upon them; to thrust his Hand into every body's Pocket; to climb over People's Heads; and even to make use of the *Royal Hand*, to take what he has a Mind to. At his first Appearance he seiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence some have conjectur'd, that he is either descended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*. However, these are manifest Tokens of his innate Ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own Property, and ready to invade that of other People. By this mimick Quality he discover'd what wild Beast had nurs'd him: Observing Children to ask Blessing of their Mothers, one Day he fell down upon his Knees to a Sow, and utter'd some Sounds in that humble Posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick's* natural Brother, because of some resemblance of Manners, and the officious Care of *Ulrick* about him; but
the

the Superiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern Languages, (that Care being left to the ingenious Physician, who is entrusted with his Education) yet he distinguishes Objects by certain Sounds fram'd to himself, which Mr. *Rotenberg*, who brought him over understands perfectly. Beholding one Day the Shambles with great Fear and Astonishment, ever since he calls Man by the same Sound which expresseth Wolf. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Mag-pyes and Owls; a Beau with a *Toupee*, a Monkey; Glass, Ice; Blue, Red, and Green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an Heap of Gold a Turd. The first Ship he saw, he took to be a great Beast swimming on her Back, and her Feet ty'd above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs, and wonder'd they were so unlike their Dam. He understands perfectly the Language of all Beasts and Birds, and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one Species. He can bring any Beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much miss'd now in his Native Woods, where he us'd to do good Offices among his Fellow-Citizens, and serv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their Differences. One Day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their Danger, and upon uttering some Sounds, they all fled. He takes vast Pleasure in Conversation with Horses; and going to the *Mense* to converse with two of his intimate Acquaintances in the King's Stable, as he pass'd by, he neighed to the Horse at *Charing-Cross*; being as it were surpriz'd to see him so high, he seem'd to take it ill that the Horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his Understanding for not being skill'd in Statuary.

He expresseth his Joy most commonly by Neighing; and whatever the Philosophers may talk of their Risibility, Neighing is a more noble Expression of that Passion than Laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with

Tears.

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Tears. Other Animals are sensible they debase themselves, by mimicking Laughter; and I take it to be a general Observation, that the top Felicity of Mankind is to imitate Monkeys and Birds: Witness *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches* and *Masquerades*; on the other Hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to Mankind. Love he expresseth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and it is not doubted but that he will serve in Time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great Instruction is to be had from this Wild Youth in the Knowledge of Simples; and I am of Opinion, that he ought always to attend the Censors of the College in their Visitation of Apothecaries Shops.

I am told that the new *Sect* of *Herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the Fields, or to beg him for a Clerk of their Kitchen: And that there are many of them now thinking of turning their Children into Woods to Graze with the Cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral Race, refin'd from the Corruptions of this Luxurious World.

He sings naturally several pretty Tunes of his own Composing, and with equal Facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Isharmonick*, and *Diatonick* Stile, and consequently must be of infinite Use to the Academy, in judging of the Merits of their Composers, and is the only Person that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzo-i* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first Notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural Skins of the Creatures that wore them, and seem'd to be in great Pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor Man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected People, who say he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine Wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the false Notions they have of Wild Men, which they frame from such as they see about the Town, whose Actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young Gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this Character, to Copy this true Original of Nature.

The Senses of this Wild Man are vastly more acute than those of a Tame One; he can follow the Track of a Man, or any other Beast of Prey. A Dog is an Ass to him for finding Troubles; his Hearing is more perfect, because his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the Sonorous Object.

Let us pray the Creator of all Beings, Wild and Tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Christian; so such as are at Court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their Savage and Rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekness of the Gospel.

A LETTER to the INTELLIGENCER.

S I R,

IT may appear to you perhaps a Thing very unnatural to receive a Complaint from a *Son* against his *Father*; but the Treatment, which I met with from mine, is of such a Nature, that it is impossible for me not to complain.

You must know there are three Brethren of us, *George*, *Patrick*, and *Andrew*; I am the second, but the last in Affection with my *Father*, for which I call Heaven and Earth to Witness, I never committed any Fault to incur his Displeasure, or to deserve his Neglect. But so it is, that the best of Men have often times been misled in the choice of their Minions, and very undiscerning in conferring their Favours where they ought.

If Parents could but once bring themselves to be impartial, it would beyond all doubt produce a delightful Union in their Children, and be the most binding Cement, that could be thought of, to preserve their Affections; because an equal Dispensation of Favours would intirely remove all Cause of Murmuring, Repining, or Envy; and, what is of the greatest Consequence, would secure the Love and Esteem of their Chil-

Children; whereas a partial Behaviour in Parents must necessarily produce the contrary.

But to state my Case, in the best Manner I can, and with an unbiassed Regard to Truth, I think it first necessary to give you our Characters, with an Account of my *Father's* Behaviour, that you may be the better able to give me your *Advice*.

First then, to begin with my Brother *George*. He was ever a great Lover of his Belly, and formerly used to cram himself with *Beef, Pudding, and White-Pot*; but for some Time past, he has taken more Delight in new-fangled *Toss-ups, and French Keck-Shaws*. This high Feeding does naturally dispose him to be haughty, stubborn, cholerick and rebellious, insomuch, that beside his Insults towards others, he is ready upon all Occasions to fly in his own *Father's* Face, and apt to despise every Body but himself.

He is so various in his Opinions, that he is of as many *Religions*, as there are and have been *Seets*, since the Beginning of *Christianity*; but the *True and Reformed Church as by Law established*, is what he chiefly frequents. He was once a great Admirer of ancient Learning, but he has long since quitted this, for the Reading of *News-Papers, Pamphlets, and Modern Languages*. In his younger Years, he was fond of Manly Exercises, such as *Fencing, Leaping, Boxing, pitching the Bar, Wrestling, Hurling, Foot-ball, Hunting, &c.* but of late he has fallen into a strange and unaccountable Effeminacy, and seems to take Delight in nothing but *Masquerades, Plays, and Italian Opera's*. He is very fond of *Italian* magnificent Buildings, although entirely inconsistent with our Climate, extravagant in the highest Degree in purchasing fine Paintings and Statues, and no less expensive in vast extensive Parks and Gardens, by which Means he has almost run out all his Fortune.

My younger Brother, *Andrew*, who has cunning enough to outwit the *Devil*, joined with Brother *George* some Years ago, and they manage so dextrously together, that whatever they say, is a *Law* with my *Father*; however they are not without their Quarrels now and then? but Brother *Andrew* still comes by the worst,

although

although he is cautious enough to go always armed, for Brother George wears a longer Sword. Brother Andrew is not very nice in his Food, but loves fine Cloaths. This I suppose he has learned abroad; for he is a great Traveller. His chief Studies are *Mathematicks* and the *Civil Law*, in both which he has made a considerable Progress. As for his *Religion*, although he openly professes himself a most rigid *Fanatick of the Kirk*, yet he is shrewdly suspected to have a Hankering after *Popery*. He has one eminent bad Quality, which is, that he cannot easily forgive and forget. I remember I was once so unfortunate, as to tell a fair Lady, (a *Mistress* of mine) before his Face, that I would stand by her against him and all other Adversaries, which he took heinously ill, and has not forgiven me to this Hour, but lies upon the Watch to do me all the ill Offices he can.

I come now to my own Character, in which I shall not conceal nor gloss over my Vices, Errors or Failings, but at the same Time, I shall not think it inconsistent with Modesty, to tell you my Virtues.

I have but a small Fortune, can hardly keep Soul and Body together, yet out of a Regard to my Family which is very Ancient, I love to make what they call a Figure, upon extraordinary Occasions. And now and then I furnish my Table with Victuals and Liquors of the best Kinds, which makes my *Father* and Brother George think I have got the World in a String. I am kind and hospitable to Strangers, although they frequently rob my House, and turn my Children to lye in the Barn.

I am so fond of Learning, that I put them to the best School in the Kingdom, and I plainly see they will be only the Wiser, but never the Richer for it; because, my *Father* uses all his Interest for Brother George's Sons, and the greatest Dunce among them shall be better provided for, than the most Ingenious of mine. And, I must say, I have some who are equal in Learning to the best of his. I had a Design once, to follow *Merchandise*, that I might the better be able to provide for my poor Children; but Brother George having a Mind to make a *Monopoly*, prevailed upon my *Father*

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ther to join against me; and so at last they contrived it, that I should sell nothing but a few of my *Cattle*, and some *Linnen-Cloth*, which is all the Support I have; whereas Brother George can sell every Thing he has, all the World over; and so cruel is he to me, that he will not let me have even a Bit of his Dirt, if he thinks it will be of any Advantage to me. My Religion is of three Sorts, the *Established*, *Popish*, and *Presbyterian*, but I have a greater Share of the First in me: I think it is best, because it encourages Obedience to my *Father*, more than either of the other two. It is not long, since Brother George and *Andrew* were in a Confederacy against my *Father*, with an Intent to turn him out of his House, and give another the Possession; at which critical Juncture, I muster'd up a great Number of my Sons and Servants, to his Assistance, and, for ought I know, saved both his Life and Fortune.

Soon after this, I had like to have been ruined by a Project; for one of my Brother George's Family endeavoured to persuade my *Father*, that *Gold* and *Silver* were of no Use to me, and desired Leave to furnish me with a few *Counters*, in Lieu thereof; and I fear, I should have been so weak, as to accept of them, had it not been for the seasonable Remonstrances made by some of my own *House*.

These are a few of the many Hardships I have suffered; notwithstanding all which, I am willing to continue in *Passive Obedience* to my dear *Father*; for I have Reason to believe, that his unkindness to me, is owing to ill Advisers, who have prejudiced him against me and my Children; but I hope before long he will be able to distinguish his most faithful Son. In the mean Time, I do humbly entreat the Favour of you to write a Letter to my *Father*, which he may see in Print, for I fear all my Letters to him hitherto have been intercepted.

PATRICK.

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S I R,

S I R,

YOU have not told me your *Father's* Name, nor his Quality, and therefore I am at a Loss in what Manner I should address him. But in common Humanity (because I think your Case deplorable) I will give you what Comfort I am able, together with my best Advice.

You are not the only Instance of *suffering Innocence*, and therefore it ought not to surprize you, that *Providence* (for Reasons unaccountable to us) has laid two great Tryals in your Way, *Oppression* from your *Brethren*, and *Unkindness* from your *Father*, this too without any Fault on your Side. If you did not meet with these Afflictions, you would want an Opportunity of shewing your Humility and Resignation, as I understand you do not by your Letter.

Let me advise you to consider that your Condition is not quite so lamentable, as that of *Joseph*, who triumphed in God's own Time over all his Misfortunes and Sufferings, and at last had the Pleasure of doing Good even to his Persecutors; but indeed there is this Difference, that his Grievance was chiefly from his *Brethren*; for had his Father join'd in the Cruelty, the Wounds would have pierced nearer to his Heart.

I do not in the least doubt but there are some about your Father, who do you ill Offices, (I hope some Time or other they will be detected :) You may find a convenient Opportunity of getting fairly at him. State your Case and expostulate with him concerning your own and your Childrens Sufferings. When he hears your Story, and beholds your Sincerity, you may be sure of his Compassion and a Redress; for there is no Heart so hard as not to sympathize with real Woe, no Advocate so powerful as Innocence. In the mean Time, let me conjure you not to turn aside to the Right or to the Left, from that indispensable Duty, which the express Laws of God enjoin you, for let me assure you that Ingratitude to a Parent is, no less than Rebellion, like the Sin of Witchcraft.

I com-

I commit you to his Care and Direction, who is best able to govern the unruly Affections of Men, to turn the Hearts of the Malicious, and to relieve and support those who suffer for the Sake of Righteousness.

I am your faithful Friend,

The INTELLIGENCER.

A Second LETTER to the INTELLIGENCER.

*Quantum stagna Tazi rudibus stillantia venis
Effluxere decus! quanto pretiosa metallo
Hermi ripa micat! quantas per Lydia culta
Despumat rutilas divos Pactolus arenas.*

Claudian.

Mr. Intelligencer,

HAVING lately, with great Candor and Impartiality, perused some of your *Papers* upon the Distress and Poverty of this *Island*, which you take Care to describe in the most pathetick Manner, you must forgive me if I differ from you, and think it one of the most flourishing and wealthy Kingdoms in the whole World. And to support my Opinion, I will venture to affirm, that there never was such Affluence in ready Cash as at this present Juncture: For have we not more *Bankers* than ever were known among us? And whether the *Money* circulates in *Specie* or *Paper*, it is the same Thing to us, since those who would rather have *Cash* than *Paper*, can (as is well known) have their Choice, whenever they please. It is to be presum'd that no *Banker* gives a *NOTE* before the *Money* is first laid down on his *Counter*; then of Consequence there is as much *Money* as there is *Paper*; and that we have a great deal of *Paper* is most certain, therefore a great deal of *Money*. But I will proceed farther, and prove that we have much more *Money* than *Paper*, because there

are Multitudes who keep their own Money. This appears from the great Number of Iron Chests imported from *Holland* within these last *seven Years*; for what Use can they be of, but to lodge money? They are at least two hundred. We will suppose that these, one with another, may contain *two thousand Pounds* a piece, then the Sum total amounts to *four hundred thousand Pounds*, which is so much superfluous and unnecessary Cash.

If this *Island* were not very wealthy, it is strongly to be presumed, that so many wise and able Heads, Men of great Learning and superior Talents, whose Reputations reach'd us from distant Regions long before they came among us, so well distinguish'd in their own *Countries* for their great Knowledge in their several Professions, and here more especially remarkable for their speaking in publick, and their profound Skill in Religion, Politicks and Law: I say that Men of such Accomplishments would never quit their own Native Soil, where so many Estates are daily made, if they were not sure that this *Island* must, on account of its greater Wealth, afford them Opportunities of making larger Acquisitions than they could at home.

Have not almost all the Gentlemen thro' this *Kingdom*, for some Years past, declined all profitable Employments, and left them to be filled by others? Can there be a stronger Argument of their Wealth, than their chusing to live at their *Ease*, out of Office, rather than be at the small Trouble which attends the Discharge of a beneficial Employment?

Could so many estated Gentlemen thro' the North of *Ireland*, afford to keep so much of their Lands waste and untenanted, if they had not Money enough by them to live without Tenants; and would not the Tenants likewise be glad to take this waste Land to plow and sow, but that they have ready Money enough to buy Bread Corn and other Necessaries from all the World beside?

As another signal Mark of our Riches, there is scarce a Gentleman who does not educate his Sons at our UNIVERSITY (which as the World sees, wants not its due

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Encouragement) where they live at vast Expences, take Degrees, return to their Fathers, who, without ever troubling *Law* or *Gospel*, maintain them afterwards at Home, like *Gentlemen*.

Do not many of our Nobility through Wantonness and Superfluity, reside constantly in another Kingdom, where it is well known they make a better Figure, as to Houses, Coaches, and Equipages, than their Neighbours? And do not our young Peers, and Gentry, who go thither to see the World, Game, Race, Drink, &c. beyond any in Great-Britain, of the same Age and Quality? Which they could not possibly do, if their Agents here had not an undrainable Fund to supply them. For as the Philosopher says, *Nemo dat quod non habet*: Or as the Jugler very elegantly expresses it, *Where nothing is, there nothing can come out*.

If it be true, (I know it is confidently reported) that a great Number of *English Robbers* are come over; that likewise is a very strong Argument of our Wealth; for they would never quit the *English Streets* and *Roads* for ours, unless they were sure to find an Advantage by the Change. It is most certain we never had such a Number of *Robbers* as at this very Juncture; from whence we may conclude, that they could not possibly multiply thus, if they did not find Houses and People enough to rob, for all Professions and Trades encrease according to the Encouragement they meet with.

Are not whole Streets adding every Day to our *Metropolis*, when one would think it large enough already? Some entire Streets and many Houses, I must confess, are waste and uninhabited. But does not this shew the Wealth and Wantonness of the Inhabitants, who, not content with their present Dwellings, change them for others more costly and expensive?

Do not great Numbers of our Inhabitants, daily go off to *America*? Will any Man say, this can be done with empty Pockets? Can any Man think otherwise, but that it must be the Effect of vast Superfluity when People wantonly take such long Voyages, and Journeys, to go where they have no Business.

248 *A true and faithful Narrative*

The last Argument I shall offer for the Wealth of this Kingdom, is the great Number of *Beggars* in which it abounds; for it is a common Observation, that Riches are the Parent of Idleness, Sloth, and Luxury; and are not these naturally productive of Want and Beggary?

I could offer many more Arguments, but that I hope you and your Countrymen are sufficiently convinced, by what I have said, that *Ireland* is a Place of great Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty. Therefore let me advise you, the next Time you put Pen to Paper, not to dress up *Hibernia* in Rags and Dirt, but cloath her in *Scarlet* and *fine Linen*; for she can very well afford them. Draw the God of Riches, hovering over your *Island*, shaking ten Thousands of Golden Feathers from his Wings, much more than the Inhabitants can gather. And thus will your Country-Men who have retrenched upon your last groundless Alarm, return to their former Hospitality, and we shall see *Halcyon*, that is *Irish*, Days once more.

A True and Faithful NARRATIVE
of what pass'd in LONDON during the
general Consternation of all Ranks and
Degrees of Mankind;

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and
Friday last.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiston held his Lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an Audience of Fourteen worthy Citizens, his Subscribers and constant Hearers. Besides these, there were five chance Auditors for that Night only, who had paid their Shillings a piece. I think my self obliged to be very particular in this Relation, lest my Veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the Men who were present; of which number, I myself was one. Their Names are
Henry

Henry Watson, *Habberdasher*.
 George Hancock, *Druggist*.
 John Lewis, *Dry-Salter*.
 William Jones, *Corn-Chandler*.
 Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker*.
 James Peters, *Draper*.
 Thomas Floyer, *Silver-Smith*.
 John Wells, *Brewer*.
 Samuel Gregg, *Soap-Boiler*.
 William Cooley, *Fish-monger*.
 James Harper, *Ho. l. er*.
 Robert Tucker, *Stationer*.
 George Ford, *Iron monger*.
 Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary*.
 William Bennet,
 David Somers,
 Charles Lock,
 Leonard Daval,
 Henry Croft,

} Apprentices.

Mr. *Whiston* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience, oblig'd to change the subject Matter of his intended Discourse. — Here he paus'd, and seem'd for a short space as it were lost in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows.

“ Friends and Fellow-Citizens, all speculative Science
 “ is at an end; the Period of all things is at hand; on
 “ Friday next this World shall be no more. Put not
 “ your Confidence in me, Brethren, for to morrow
 “ Morning five Minutes after five the Truth will be evi-
 “ dent; in that instant the Comet shall appear, of which
 “ I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard,
 “ believe. Go hence, and prepare your Wives, your
 “ Families and Friends, for the universal Change.

At this solemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear'd in the utmost Astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. *Whiston* himself was in so calm a Temper, as to return a Shilling a

piece to the Youths who had been disappointed of their Lecture, which I thought from a Man of his Integrity a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a Duty, in Charity to warn all Men; in two or three Hours the News had spread through the City. At first indeed, our Report met with but little Credit, it being by our greatest dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to sink them, that some choice Favourites might purchase at a lower Rate; for the *South-Sea*, that very Evening fell five *per Cent*, the *India*, eleven; and all other Funds in Proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Attestations were intirely disbeliev'd or turn'd into Ridicule; yet nevertheless the News spread every where, and was the subject-matter of all Conversation.

That very Night, (as I was credibly informed) Mr. *Whiston* was sent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the Learned Sciences, and addicted to all the Speculative Doubts of the most able Philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since at other times, he has been known not to decline that Honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himself to attend to the great Business of his Soul: But whether it was the Lady's Faith, or Inquisitiveness, that occasion'd her to send, is a Point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the Secretary's Office by a Messenger, it is now known to be a Matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a Man should be *ordered into Custody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be so well affected to the *present happy Establishment*.

'Twas now I reflected with exceeding Trouble and Sorrow, that I had disus'd Family Prayers for above five Years, and (though it hath been a Custom of late intirely neglected by Men of any Business or Station) I determin'd within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a Duty. I acquainted my Wife with my Intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that Night, and many Hours being unwarily spent at Cards, I was pre-
vail'd

vail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next Day; she reasoning, that it would be Time enough to take off the Servants from their Business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an Hour or two every Day, after the *Comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no sooner heard of the Prophecy but he made me a Visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for said he, be comforted, Friend, thy tidings are Impossibilities, for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other Spiritual Cases with this set of People) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded that the Prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly Manner admonished me against *selling my Stock*, at the present low Price; which, he said, beyond dispute must have a rise before *Monday*, when this unreasonable Consternation should be over.

But on WEDNESDAY Morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr *Whiston*) the *Comet* appear'd: For at three Minutes after Five by my own Watch, I saw it. He indeed, foretold that it would be seen at five Minutes after Five, but as the best Watches may be a Minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his Calculation just to a Minute.

In less than a quarter of an Hour, all *Cheap-side* was crouded with a vast Concourse of People, and notwithstanding it was so early, 'tis thought that through all that part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child except the Sick, or infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the Street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their Knees, and seem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old Women of about Fourscore; The Six others, were Men in an Advanced Life, (but as I could guess) two of them might be under Seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this Nature, may be pass'd over by the greater Historians of our Times, as conducing very little or nothing to the un-

ravelling or laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Mysteries of State; for which Reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the Facts, which in the space of three Days came to my Knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be entirely without its Use, as it may enable us to form a more just Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before WEDNESDAY Noon, the Belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a Waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one Hundred and twenty Three Clergymen, who had been ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: These, 'tis said, went thither, to petition, that a *short Prayer* might be *Penn'd* and *Order'd*, there being none in the Service on that occasion. But as in things of this Nature, it is necessary that the *Council* be consulted, their request was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only Reason that the Churches were not that Morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the Fears and Consternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My Wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many Years on a Week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were disappointed of the Service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'Prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine *Cambrie* carried off by a Shop-lifter, so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked Women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him Justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir G — H — 's sagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular Eye upon the *Bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his Praise that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next Day in the Evening, after having taken due Care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his mind

was wholly turn'd upon Spiritual Matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the *To-ies* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that sudden Run upon the Bank which happen'd on this occasion.

A Great Man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wednesday* Morning, to make up such an Account as might appear fair, in case he should be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forc'd to desist, after having for several Hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a Resolution to trust the many hundred Articles of his secret Transactions upon Paper.

Another seem'd to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his Power in a Day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was, the terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a Majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was observ'd too, that he had few Visitors that Day; this added so much to his Mortification, that he read thro' the first Chapter of the Book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seem'd a true Penitent in every thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No Business was that Day done in his *Compting-House*; 'tis said too, that he was advis'd to Restitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a Crown a Piece to several craz'd, and starving Creditors, who attend-ed in the outward Room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* sent to countermand their Birth-day Cloaths; two of them burnt all their Collections of Novels and Romances, and sent to a Bookseller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*. But I must do all of them the Justice to acknowledge, that they shew'd a very decent Behaviour in the drawing Room, and restrain'd themselves from those innocent Freedoms and little Levities so commonly incident to young Ladies of their Profession. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next Day, that most of the *Taylors* and *Mantua-makers* discharg'd all their Journey-Men and

Women

Women. A grave elderly Lady of great Erudition and Modesty who visits these young Ladies, seem'd to be extremely shock'd, by the Apprehensions that She was to appear naked before the whole World; and no less so, that all Mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her Thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt Answers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour who had both Modesty and Curiosity, could not imagine the Sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly long'd to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every Body was to be alike: and they had a Day or two to prepare themselves, to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them order'd a Bathing-Tub to be got ready that Evening, and a Looking-Glass to be set by it. So much are these young Ladies both by Nature and Custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A West Country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-Lease fill'd up that Morning, for the same Sum which had been refus'd for three Years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the advantage of his Tenant, in so unhandsome a Manner; or that the shortness of the Life was in the least his Consideration; though I have heard the same worthy Prelate aspers'd and malign'd since upon this very Account.

The Term being so near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantages in making their defence, by being vers'd in the Practice of our earthly Courts. It is said too, that some of the chief Pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late Years. Several Attorneys demanded the *return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was answered, that the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could not connive at such Injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the Attorney's Pockets. Our sage and learned *Judges* had great consolation,

tion, inasmuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for several Years; the *Barristers* rejoiced in that they were not *Attornies*, and the Attornies felt no less satisfaction that they were not *Petti-foggers*, *Scriveners*, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's behaviour was as undismayed and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to want of Faith, but to their martial Disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *Oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this Morning on the Parade in *St. James's Park*. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of Expression, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the Fear of Damnation could make any impression upon their Superior Officers. A *Duel* was fought the same Morning between two Colonels, not occasion'd, (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's Head; that being a Point which might at such a Juncture have been accommodated by the Mediation of Friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this Time, above all others, but demanded immediate Satisfaction. I am apt to believe, that young Officer who desir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till *Saturday*, might make this request out of some Opinion he had of the truth of the Prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the Operation could not be his Motive, the Surgeon himself having assured me that he had before undergone three severe Operations of the like Nature, with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an Order issued, that the *Chaplains* of the several *Regiments* should attend their Duty; but as they were dispers'd about in several parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great Day was over.

Most of the considerable *PHYSICIANS* by their outward demeanor seem'd to be unbelievers; but at
the

the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *Pestilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occasion'd by the *Comet*, which might be arm'd against by proper and timely Medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approach'd, the Christian Resignation of the People increas'd, and most of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at Heart, than their Bodies.

If the Reverend CLERGY shew'd more Concern than others I charitably impute it to their great charge of Souls; and what confirm'd me in this Opinion was, that the Degrees of *Apprehension* and *Terror* could be distinguish'd to be greater or less, according to their *Ranks* and *Degrees* in the *Church*.

The like might be observ'd in all sorts of Ministers, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their Fear.

I speak not of the COURT. for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the *Names* of particular Persons, to avoid the imputation of Slander, so that the Reader will allow this Narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumstantial History.

I was not inform'd of any Persons who shew'd the least Joy, except three Malefactors, who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one Old Man, a constant Church-goer, who being at the point of Death, express'd some satisfaction at the News.

On *Thursday* Morning there was little or nothing transacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a Multitude of Sellers, but so few Buyers, that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain Price except among the *Jews*; who this Day reap'd great Profit by their Infidelity. There were many who call'd themselves *Christians*, who offer'd to buy for *time*, but as these were People of great *Distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular Relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one Person whatever (except the *Directors* themselves,

selves, and some of their particular Friends and Associates) could convert a *Bill* all that Day into *Specie*; all hands being employ'd to serve *them*.

In the several Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were seven Thousand two Hundred and Forty Five, who publickly and solemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their several *kept Mistresses*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Priests not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in Form.

At St. Bride's Church in Fleet-street, Mr. Woolston (who writ against the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost Terrors of Conscience, made a publick Recantation. Dr. Mandevil, (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. James's Gate; as did also at the Temple Church several Gentlemen, who frequent the Coffee-Houses near the Bar. So great was the Faith and Fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the Spot; but I will not record their Names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an Odium on their Families and Posterity.

Most of the *Players* who had very little Faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they cou'd, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion*; the same thing was observ'd of some *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleasure*.

An *Irish Gentleman* out of pure Friendship came to make me a Visit, and advis'd me to hire a Boat for the ensuing Day, and told me that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late; for his Country-Men had secured almost every Boat upon the River, as judging that, in the general Conflagration, to be upon the Water would be the safest Place.

There were two Lords and three Commoners, who, out of a scruple of Conscience, very hastily threw up their Pensions, as imagining a Pension was only an annual retaining Bribe. All the other great Pensioners, I was told, had their Scruples quieted by a Clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable that several of our very richest *Tradesmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away Shillings and Six-pences to the Beggars, who ply'd about the Church Doors; and at a particular Church in the City, a Wealthy *Church-Warden* with his own Hands distributed Fifty twelve-penny Loaves to the Poor, by way of Restitution for the many great and costly Feasts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chamber*, two Lords, a Custom-House-Officer, five Half-pay Captains, and a Baronet, (all noted *Gamesters*) came publickly into a Church at *Westminster*, and deposited a very considerable Sum of Money in the Minister's Hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of Town, or not to be found. But so great is the Hardness of Heart of this Fraternity, that among either the Noble, or Vulgar *Gamesters*, (though the Profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this Sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the Town, the Justice and Penitence of the *High-way-Men*, *House-breakers*, and common *Pick-Pockets* was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Companies* were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand; yet so great was their presence of Minds that all the *Thursday Morning* was taken up in *private Transfers*, which by malicious People was thought to be done with design to conceal their Effects.

I forbear mentioning the private Confessions of particular *Ladies* to their *Husbands*; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of consequence are Legitimate, it would be an invidious Task to record them as Bastards; and particularly, after their several *Husbands* have so charitably forgiven them.

The Evening and Night, through the whole Town, were spent in Devotions both Publick and Private; the Churches for this one Day, were so crouded by the Nobility and Gentry, that Thousands of common People were seen praying in the publick Streets. In
short,

short, one would have thought the whole Town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

At length FRIDAY came, and the People cover'd all the Streets; Expecting, Watching and Praying. But as the Day wore away, their Fears first began to abate, then lessen'd every hour, at Night they were almost extinct, till the total Darkeness, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Free-thinker* and *Atheist*. Great numbers went together to the *Taverns*, bespoke *Suppers*, and broke up whole *Hog sheads* for joy. The subject of all Wit and Conversation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were perfectly *asham'd*, nay, some utterly disown'd that they had manifested any Signs of Religion.

But the next Day, even the Common People, as well as their Betters, appear'd in their usual state of Indifference. They Drank, they Whor'd, they Swore, they Ly'd, they Cheated, they Plunder'd, they Gam'd, they Quarrell'd, they Murder'd. In short, the World went on in the old Channel.

I need not give any Instances of what will so easily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolston* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday's Evening-Post*, a new *Treatise* against the *Miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their Pensions the Day before, solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any Ministerial Point, I am inform'd was readily granted.

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: Or, *Martinus Scriblerus*
his TREATISE of the ART of SINK-
ING in POETRY.

IT hath been long (my * dear Countrymen) the Subject of my Concern and Surprize, that whereas numberless Poets, Criticks and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of *Antient Poesy*, there hath not arisen among us one Person so publick-spirited, as to perform the like for the *Moderns*. Altho' it is universally known, that our every-way-industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their *Writings*, and in the Velocity of their *Judgments*, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct Road is pay'd to their *ἔλας*, or *sublime*; no Track has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our *βάθος*, or *profound*. The *Latins*, as they came between the *Greeks* and Us, make use of the Word *Altitudo*, which implies equally *Height and Depth*. Wherefore considering with no small Grief, how many promising Genius's of this Age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a Guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary Task, to lead them as it were by the Hand, and Step by Step, the gentle down-hill Way to the *Barbary*; the Bottom, the End, the Central Point, the *non plus ultra* of true Modern Poesy!

When I consider (my dear Countrymen) the Extent, Fertility and Populousness of our *Lowlands of Parnassus*, the flourishing State of our Trade, and the Plenty of our Manufacture; there are two Reflections which

admini-

* *Martinus Scriblerus*, tho' of German Extraction, was born in England, *Vid.* his *Life and Memoirs*, which will speedily be published.

administer great Occasion of surprize; the one, that all Dignities and Honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre Inhabitants of the Top of the Mountain; the other, that our Nation should have arrived to that Pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular *System of Laws*. As to the first, it is with great Pleasure I have observ'd of late the gradual Decay of Delicacy and Refinement among Mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite Pains to come up to the Taste of these Mountaineers, when they without any, may condescend to ours. But as we have now an *unquestionable Majority* on our Side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the *Highlanders* and procure a farther Vent for our own Product, which is already so much relish'd, encourag'd and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of *Great-Britain*.

Therefore to supply our former Defect, I purpose to collect the scatter'd Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the Example and Practices of the deep Genius's of our Nation; imitating herein my Predecessors the Master of *Alexander*, and the Secretary of the renown'd *Zenobia*: And in this my Undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more Success than has attended even those great Criticks, since their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obey'd only by Fits, and by a very small Number.

At the same Time I intend to do Justice upon our Neighbours, Inhabitants of the *upper Parnassus*; who taking Advantage of the rising Ground, are perpetually throwing down Rubbish, Dirt and Stones upon us, never suffering us to live in Peace: these Men, while they enjoy the Crystal Stream of *Helicon*, envy us our common Water, which (thank our Stars) tho' it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater Abundance. Nor is this the greatest Injustice we have to complain of; for altho' it is evident that we never made the least *Attempt* or *Inroad* into their Territories, but lived contented in our Native Fens; they have often, not only committed *Petty Larcenys* upon our Borders, but driven the
Country,

Country, and carried off at once *whole Cart-loads* of our *Manufacture*; to reclaim some of which stolen Goods is part of the design of this Treatise.

For we shall see in the Course of this Work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the *Bathos* itself, had it not been for that mistaken Opinion they all entertain'd, that the *Rules* of the *Ancients* were *equally necessary* to the *Moderns*, than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following Discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the Light of their own Genius to attempt upon *new Models*, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approach'd Us in those particular Pieces; tho' in all their others they differ'd *totocælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular, of the present Age.

THE Taste of the *Bathos* is implanted by Nature itself in the Soul of Man; till perverted by Custom or Example he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the *Sublime*. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced Minds of Children delight only in such Productions, and in such Images, as our true Modern Writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence; and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the greatest Number, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a Taste for the *Sublime* to be very few, but the *Profund* strikes universally, and is adapted to every Capacity. It is a fruitless Undertaking to write for Men of

a nice

a nice and foppish *Gusto*, whom, after all, it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more Chimerical to write for *Posterity*, of whose Taste we cannot make any Judgment, and whose Applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed, our wiser Authors have a present End,

Et prodesse volunt, & delectare Poeta.

Their true Design is *Profit* or *Gain*; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure Applause, by administering *Pleasure* to the Reader: From whence it follows demonstrably, that their Productions must be suited to the *present Taste*; and I cannot but congratulate our Age on this peculiar Felicity, that although we have made indeed great Progress in all other Branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any *high relish* in Poetry, but are in this one Taste, less *nice* than our Ancestors. If an Art is to be estimated by its Success, I appeal to Experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their Number, as many starving good Poets, as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making *Gain* the principal End of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great *genius's* of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant Hours in some ingenious Mechanical or Manual Art: And to such as these, it would be Ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The Necessity of the Bathos, Physically considered.

FArthermore, it were great Cruelty and Injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other Way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this, I draw an Argument from what seems to me an undoubted Physical Maxim, That Poetry is a *natural* or *morbid* Secretion

Secretion from the Brain. As I would not suddenly stop a Cold in the Head, or dry up my Neighbour's Issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary Writing. It may be affirmed with great Truth, that there is hardly any human Creature past Childhood, but at one Time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and no Question was much the better for it in his Health; so true is the saying, *Nascimur Poeta*: Therefore is the Desire of writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the *Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain*; and the Person is said to *conceive*; now such as conceive must *bring forth*. I have known a Man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers Days, but forthwith grow wonderful easy, lightsome and cheerful, upon a Discharge of the peccant Humours, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely Deaths are occasioned by want of this laudable Vent of unruly Passions: yea, perhaps, in poor Wretches, (which is very lamentable) for meer want of Pen, Ink and Paper! From hence it follows, that a Suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous Consequence to the State: We find by Experience, that the same Humours which vent themselves in Summer in *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, are condens'd by the Winter's Cold into *Pamphlets* and *Speeches* for and against the *Ministry*: Nay I know not, but many Times a Piece of Poetry may be the most innocent Composition of a *Minister himself*.

It is therefore manifest that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good Subjects of *England*. Nor can I conceive how the World has swallow'd the contrary as a Maxim, upon the single Authority of that * *Horace*? Why should the *Golden Mean*, and Quintessence of all Virtues, be deem'd so offensive only in this Art? Or *Coolness* or *Mediocrity* be so amiable a Quality in a Man. and so detestable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these Writers with those, *Great Spirits*, who are born with a *Vivacité de pefanteur*, or (as an *English* Author calls it) an

Alacrity

* ——— *Mediocrilus esse poëtis
Non diti, non homines, &c.*

Alacrity of sinking, and who by *Strength of Nature* alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the *Necessity* of Rules to these lesser Genius's, as well as the *Usefulness* of them to the Greater.

C H A P. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an *Art of sinking* in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much Skill and Labour in making of *Dikes*, as in raising of *Mounds*? Is there not an Art of *Diving* as well as of *Flying*? And will any sober Practitioner affirm, That a diving Engine is not of singular Use in making him long-winded, assisting his Sight, and furnishing him with other ingenuous Means of keeping under Water?

If we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguish'd in the *true Profund*, as in the *true Sublime*. And the very same thing (as it appears from *Longinus*) had been imagin'd of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the *Bathos* a Genius is requisite; yet the Rules of Art must be allowed so far useful, as to add Weight, or as I may say, hang on Lead, to facilitate and enforce our Descent to guide us to the most advantageous Declivities, and habituate our Imagination to a Depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the Felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a Man who is amongst the lowest of the Creation at the very Bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend *beneath himself*, is not so easy a Task unless he calls in Art to his Assistance. It is with the *Bathos* as with small Beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being
by

by our Rules confin'd, and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert and bouncing.

The *Sublime* of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c. The *Profund* of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flowers, Fruits, and Animals, and Things for the meer Use of Man, are of mean Price, and so common as not to be greatly esteem'd by the Curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true Use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a Solution, why *common Sense* hath either been totally despis'd or held in small Repute, by the greatest modern Criticks and Authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true Genius for the Profund and by what it is constituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art, that whoever would excell therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his Head from all the Ideas, Ways, and Workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*. His Business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers*, and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to consider himself as a *grotesque* Painter, whose Works would be spoil'd by an Imitation of Nature, or Uniformity of Design. He is to mingle Bits of the most various, or discordant Kinds, Landscape, History, Portraits, Animals, and connect them with a great deal of *Flourishing*, by Heads or Tails, as it shall please his Imagination, and contribute to his principal End, which is to glare by strong Oppositions of Colours, and surprize by Contrariety of Images,

Serpent

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Hor.

His Design ought to be like a Labyrinth, out of which no Body can get you clear but himself. And since the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the Credible with the Surprising; our Author shall produce the *Credible* by painting Nature in her *lowest Simplicity*; and the *Surprising* by contradicting *Common Opinion*. In the very *Manners* he will affect the Marvellous; he will draw *Achilles* with the Patience of *Job*; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of Honour selling *Bargains*; a Footman speaking like a Philosopher; and a fine Gentleman like a Scholar. Whoever is conversant in *modern Plays*, may make a most noble Collection of this kind, and at the same time, form a complete Body of *modern Ethics and Morality*.

Nothing seem'd more plain to our great Authors, than that the World had long been weary of natural Things. How much the contrary is form'd to please, is evident from the universal Applause daily given to the admirable Entertainments of *Harlequins* and *Magicians* on our Stage. When an Audience behold a Coach turn'd into a Wheel-barrow, a Conjuror into an old Woman, or a Man's Head where his Heels should be; how they are struck with Transport and Delight? Which can only be imputed to this Cause, that each Object is chang'd into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low Ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself Master of this happy and unnatural Way of thinking to such a Degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any Object, to furnish his Imagination with Ideas infinitely below it. And his Eyes should be like unto the wrong End of a perspective Glass, by which all the Objects of Nature are lessen'd.

For Example; when a true Genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the Idea of a Piece of *Blue Lutestring*, or a *Child's Mantle*.

* *The Skies, whose spreading Volumes scarce have Room,
Spun thin, and wove in Nature's finest Loom,*

M

The

* *Prince Arthur*, p. 41, 42.

*The new-born World in their soft Lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry Mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a *Tempest*, he shall have the Image of a tumbled Bed, and describe a succeeding Calm in this manner;

† *The Ocean joy'd to see the Tempest fled,
New lays his Waves, and smooths his ruffled Bed.*

The *Triumphs* and *Acclamations* of the *Angels*, at the Creation of the Universe, present to his Imagination the *Rejoisings of the Lord Mayor's Day*; and he beholds those glorious Beings celebrating the Creator, by Huzzaing, making Illuminations, and flinging Squibbs, Crackers, and Sky-rockets.

* *Glorious Illuminations, made on high
By all the Stars and Planets of the Sky,
In just Degrees, and shining Order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the best Dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd Air swift Fireworks flew,
Which with repeated Shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping Train,
Then fell in starry Showers and glittering Rain.
In Air ten thousand Meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal Battlements were flung.*

If a Man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that Passion his Friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the Love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory Regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her only to change the Course of Providence and Destiny, for the sake of three or four weighty Lines.

|| *Look down, blest'd Saint, with Pity then look down,
Shed on this Land thy kinder Influence,
And guide us through the Mists of Providence,
In which we stray.*————

Neither

† P. 14.

N. B. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in Duodecimo, 1714. The fourth Edition, revised.

* Page 50.

|| A. Phil. on the Death of Queen Mary.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his Way,
scruple to affirm himself an Eye-witness of Things ne-
ver yet beheld by Man, or never in Existence; as thus,

** Thus have I seen, in Araby the bless'd,
A Phoenix couch'd upon her Fun'ral Nest.*

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a
marvellous Genius, prompted by this laudable Zeal, is
not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all
Beings is represented in the following Images.

First he is a PAINTER.

*† Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the Air,
Spreads forth his Clouds, his sable Canvas where
His Pencil, dipp'd in heavenly Colour bright,
Paints his fair Rain-Bow, charming to the Sight.*

Now he is a CHYMIST.

*§ Th' Almighty Chymist does his Work prepare,
Pours down his Waters on the thirsty Plain,
Digests his Light'ning, and distils his Rain.*

Now he is a WRESTLER.

*|| Me in his griping Arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty Force my Body shook.
That the strong Grasp my Members sorely bruise'd,
Broke all my Bones, and all my Sinews loose'd.*

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

**† For Clouds the Sun-Beams levy fresh Supplies,
And raise Recruits of Vapours, which arise,
Drawn from the Seas, to muster in the Skies.*

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

*†† In Leagues of Peace the Neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.*

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

*** Job, as a vile Offender, God indites;
And terrible Decrees against me waites. ———
God will not be my Advocate.*

My Cause to manage, or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

**|| Who the rich Metal beats, and then with Care,
Unfolds the golden Leaves, to gild the Fields of Air.*

M 2

Then

* Anon.

† Blackm. q. 1. ed. 1. Duce. 175. p. 172.

§ Black. Pl. civ. p. 263.

|| Page 75.

*† Page 170.

†† P. 70.

** P. 61.

*|| P. 181.

Then a FULLER.

* ——— *th' exhaling Reeks that secret rise,
Born on rebounding Sun-beams through the Skies;
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, 'till they grow
A Heav'nly Fleece.* ———

A MERCER, or PACKER.

*Didst thou one End of Air's wide Curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Æther to untold;
Say || which Cerulian Pile was by thy hand unroll'd?*

A BUTLER.

§ *He measures all the Drops with wondrous Skill,
Which the black Clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.*

And a BAKER.

† *God in the Wilderness his Table spread,
And in his Airy-Ovens bak'd their Bread.*

CHAP. VI.

*Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the
Profund, and the Marks and Charac-
ters of each.*

I Doubt not but the Reader, by this *Cloud* of Examples, begins to be convinced of the Truth of our Assertion, that the *Bathos* is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no Mortal whatever, following the mere Ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of Thinking, could arrive at Images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great Author, from whose Treasury we have drawn all these Instances (the Father of the *Bathos*, and indeed the *Homer* of it) has like that immortal Greek, confin'd his Labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left Room for others to acquire a due Share of Praise in inferior Kinds. Many Painters who could never hit a Nose or an Eye, have

* P. 18.

|| Page 174.

§ Page 131.

† Black. Song of Moles, p. 218.

with Felicity copied a small-Pox, or been admirable at a Toad or a Red-Herring. And seldom are we without *Genius's* for *Still Life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible Accuracy.

An universal Genius rises not in an Age; but when he rises, Armies rise in him! He pours forth five or six *Epic* Poems with greater Facility, than five or six Pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile Copyer after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by *Quintilian*, that the same Genius which made *Germanicus* so great a General, would with equal Application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the Affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active Catcher of Butterflies, a careful and fanciful Pattern-drawer, an industrious Collector of Shells, a laborious and tuneful Bagpiper, or a diligent Breeder of tame Rabbits, might severally excel in their respective Parts of the *Bathos*.

I shall range these confin'd and less copious Genius's under proper Classes, and (the better to give their Pictures to the Reader) under the Names of Animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first Sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what Kind to refer, and with what *Authors* to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes*: These are Writers who now and then rise upon their *Fins*, and fly out of the *Profund*; but their Wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the *Bottom*. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are Authors that are eternally *skimming* and *fluttering* up and down, but all their Agility is employ'd to *catch Flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord R.

3. The *Ostridges* are such whose Heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the Ground; their Wings are of no use to lift them up, and their Motion is between *flying* and *walking*; but then they *run* very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's Words*, in such a hoarse odd Voice, that makes them seem *their own*. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are Authors that keep themselves long out of Sight under Water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. ———
D. E. q. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoises* are unweildy and big: they put all their Numbers into a great Turmoil and Tempest, but whenever they appear in plain Light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly Monsters. I. D. C. G.
I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to Admiration: They live generally in the Bottom of a Ditch, and make a great Noise whenever they thrust their Heads above Water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure Authors, that wrap themselves up in their own Mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like *Pastoral Writers*, delight much in Gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroider'd Shell, and underneath it, a heavy Lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief Characteristicks of the *Barbours*, and in each of these Kinds we have the Comfort to be bless'd with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Island.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our Author is to proceed, and the Manner of forming his Thoughts by familiarizing his Mind to the lowest Objects; to which it may be added, that *vulgar Conversation* will greatly contribute. There is no Question but the *Garret* or the *Prison*

Boy may often be discern'd in the Compositions made in such Scenes, and Company; and much of Mr. *Curl* himself has been insensibly infused into the Works of his learned Writers.

The Physician, by the Study and Inspection of Urine and Ordure, approves himself in the Science; and in like Sort should our Author accustom and exercise his Imagination upon the Dregs of Nature.

This will render his Thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many Fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is, (tho' some lukewarm Heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the Extremes) that where there is a Triteness or Mediocrity in the *Thought*, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect *Bathos*, by the most-elaborate low *Expression*: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the *Thought* alone that strikes, and gives the whole that Spirit, which we admire and stare at. For Instance, in that ingenious Piece on a Lady's drinking the *Bath-Waters*.

* *She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless Dame!
To her 'tis Water but to us 'tis Flame:
Thus Fire is Water, Water Fire, by Turns,
And the same Stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected than the *Diction* of these Verses? 'Tis the Turn of *Thought* alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same Lady goes into the Bath, the *Thought* (as in Justice it ought) goes still deeper.

† *Venus beheld her, 'midst her Crowd of Slaves,
And thought Herself just risen from the Waves.*

How much out of the Way of common Sense is this Reflection of *Venus*, not knowing herself from the Lady?

Of the same Nature is that noble Mistake of a frightened Stag in a full Chace, of which the Poet,

M 4

Hears.

* Anon.

† Idem.

*Hears his own Feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind Feet will o'er take the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is *Profundity* itself.

* *None but Himself can be his Parallel.*
unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that *Master of a Show* in *Smithfield*, who writ in large Letters, over the Picture of his Elephant, *This is the greatest Elephant in the World, except Himself.*
However our next Instance is certainly an Original: Speaking of a beautiful Infant.

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A Child, as Poets say, sure thou art He.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy Eyes proclaim thee not her Son.
There all the Lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
And with a fatal Brightness kill in thine.*

First he is *Cupid*, then he is not *Cupid*; First *Venus* would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's; and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another Author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a Circle of Criticks,

*Thus Phœbus thro' the Zodiack takes his Way,
And amid Monsters rises into Day.*

What a Peculiarity is here of Invention? The Author's Pencil, like the Wand of *Circe*, turns all into *Monsters* at a Stroke. A great Genius takes Things in the Lump, without stopping at minute Considerations: In vain might the Ram, the Bull, the Goat, the Lion, the Crab, the Scorpion, the Fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural Animals: Much more might it be pleaded that a pair of Scales, an old Man, and two innocent Children, were no Monsters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteem'd out of Nature. But what of that? with a Boldness peculiar to these daring Genius's, what he found not Monsters, he made so.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the Profund consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general.

WHAT in a great Measure distinguishes other Writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such Circumstances in a Description as illustrate or elevate the Subject.

The Circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar. But those that are far fetch'd, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity*; presenting the whole and every Side at once of the Image to View. For Choice and Distinction are not only a Curb to the Spirit, and limit the descriptive Faculty, but also lessen the Book, which is frequently of the worst Consequence of all to our Author.

When *Job* says in short, *He wash'd his Feet in Butter*, (a Circumstance some Poets would have soften'd, or past over) hear how it is spread out by the Great Genius.

** With Teats distended with their milky Store,
Such num'rous lowing Herd, before my Door,
Their painful Burden to unload did meet,
That we with Butter might have wash'd our Feet.*

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our Author) so many Herds, which Herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well, gave so much Milk and that Milk produc'd so much Butter, that if he did not, he might have wash'd his Feet in it.

The ensuing Description of Hell is no less remarkable in the Circumstances.

*† In flaming Heaps the raging Ocean rolls,
Whose livid Waves involve despairing Souls;*

M 5

* Blackm. Job. p. 133.

† *The* Pr. Arth. p. 89

*The liquid Burnings dreadful Colours shew,
Some deeply red, and others faintly blue.
Could the most minute Dutch Painters have been
more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this al-
so of a War-Horse!*

** His Eye-Balls burn, he wounds the smoking Plain,
And Knots of Scarlet Ribbond deck his Mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-Players:

*They brandish high in Air their threatening Staves,
† Their Hands a woven Guard of Ozier save,
In which, they fix their hazel Weapon's end.*

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole Life at Wakes in such laudable Diversions? He even teaches us how to hold, and to make a Cudgel!

PERIPHRASE is another great Aid to Prolixity; being a diffus'd circumlocutory Manner of expressing a known Idea, which should be so mysteriously couch'd, as to give the Reader the Pleasure of guessing what it is that the Author can possibly mean; and a Surprise when he finds it.

The Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this Figure.

*§ A waving Sea of Heads was round me spread,
And still fresh Streams the gazing Deluge fed.*

Here is a waving Sea of Heads, which by a fresh Stream of Heads, grows to be a gazing Deluge of Heads. You come at last to find it means a great Crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following.

*|| Nature's Confectioner, ———
Whose Suckets are moist Alchemy:
The Still of his refining Mold,
Minting the Garden into Gold.*

What is this, but a Bee gathering Honey?

*‡ Little Syren of the Stage
Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
Wanton Gale of fond Desire,
Tuneful Mischief, vocal Spell. ———*

Who would think this was only a poor Gentlewoman that sung finely? We

* Anon. † *Pr. Arth.* p. 197. § *Job.* p. 78. || *Cleveland.*
‡ *Ph.* 10 C ———

We may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a *Thought*; it is the spinning Wheel of the *Bathos*, which draws out and spreads it in the finest Thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin Thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the Tale of many a vast Romance, and the Substance of many a fair Volume might be reduced into the Size of a *Primmer*.

In the Book of *Job*, are these Words, *Hast thou commanded the Morning, and caused the Day Spring to know his Place?* How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our Age?

* *Canst thou set forth th' etherial Mines on high,
Which the refulgent Ore of Light supply?
Is the Celestial Furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden Metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out Light as fast,
As all my Stars and lavish Suns can waste.*

The same Author hath amplified a Passage in the civth Psalm; *He looks on the Earth, and it trembles. He touches the Hills, and they smoke.*

† *The Hills forget they're fix'd, and in their Bright,
Cast off their Weight, and ease themselves for Flight:
The Woods, with Terror wing'd, out-fly the Wind,
And leave the heavy, panting Hills behind.*

You here see the Hills not only trembling, but shaking off their Woods from their Backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a Foot-Race of Mountains and Woods, where the Woods distance the Mountains, that like corpulent purfy Fellows, come puffing and panting a vast Way behind them.

* *Job. p. 180.*

† *P. 267.*

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

THAT the true Authors of the *Profund* are to imitate diligently the Examples in their own Way, is not to be question'd, and that divers have by this Means attain'd to a depth whereunto their own Weight could not have carried them, is evident by sundry Instances. Who sees not that *De F——* was the Poetical Son of *Withers*, *T-te* of *Ogilby*, *E. W--rd* of *John Taylor*, and *E--n* of *Bl-k--more*? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some great Author to our Mind, and ask our selves this Question; How would Sir *Richard* have said this? Do I express my self as simply as *A. Ph*? Or flow my Numbers with the quiet Thoughtlessness of Mr. *W--st--d*?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the Works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the Sublime: Yet is not this a Paradox. As *Virgil* is said to have read *Ennius*, out of his Dunghil to draw Gold; so may our Author read *Shakespear*, *Milton*, and *Dryden*, for the contrary End, to bury their Gold in his own Dunghil. A true Genius, when he finds any Thing lofty or shining in them, will have the Skill to bring it down, take off the Gloss, or quite discharge the Colour, by some ingenious Circumstance, or Periphrase; some Addition, or Diminution, or by some of those Figures, the Use of which we shall shew in our next Chapter.

The Book of *Job* is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not our Father of the *Bathos* reduced it in every Page? Is there a Passage in all *Virgil* more painted up and labour'd than the Description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

————— *Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad ethera nubem
Turbine fumantem piceo & candente favilla,
Attolique globos flammarum, & sedera lambit.*

*Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exastuat imo.*

(I beg Pardon of the gentle *English* Reader, and such of our Writers as understand not *Latin*.) But lo! how this is taken down by our *British* Poet, by the single happy Thought of throwing the Mountain into a Fit of the *Cholic*

* *Ætna, and all the burning Mountains, find
Their kindled Stores with inbred Storms of Wind
Blown up to Rage, and roaring out, complain,
As torn with inward Gripes, and torturing Pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful Vomit round,
And with their melted Bowels, spread the Ground.*

Horace, in Search of the Sublime, struck his Head against the Stars †; but Empedocles, to fathom the *Profund*, threw himself into *Ætna*: And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this Description?

Imitation is of two Sorts; the first is when we force to our own Purposes the Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections, or Blemishes of celebrated Authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the Style of *Shakspear*; wherein the greatest Resemblance lay in one single Line,

And so good Morrow t'ye, good Master Lieutenant.

And sundry Poems in Imitation of *Milton*, where with the utmost Exactness, and not so much as one Exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*, embroidered was *broider'd*, Hermits were *Eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, Enterprize *Emprize*, Pagan *Paynim*, Pinions *Pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, Orchards *Orchats*, Bridge-work *Pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole Poem. And in very Deed, there is no other Way by which the true modern Poet could read to any Purpose the Works of such Men as *Milton* and *Shakspear*.

It may be expected, that like other Criticks, I should next speak of the *PASSIONS*: But as the main End and principal Effect of the *Bathos* is to produce *Tranquil-*
lity

* *Pr. Arth. p. 75.*

† *Sublimi seriam sidera vertice.*

lity of Mind, (and sure it is a better Design to promote Sleep than Madnets) we have little to say on this Subject. Nor will the short Bounds of this Discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiats* of Poetry, of the *Cool*, and the Manner of producing it, or of the *Methods* us'd by our Authors in managing the *Passions*. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the Use of *Wit* in expressing *Passion*: The true Genius rarely fails of *Points*, *Conceits*, and proper *Similies* on such Occasions: This we may term the *Pathetick epigrammatical*, in which even Puns are made use of with good Success. Hereby our best Authors have avoided throwing themselves or their Readers into any indecent Transports.

But forasmuch as it is sometimes needful to excite the *Passions* of our Antagonist in the *Polemic Way*, the true Students in the *Law* have constantly taken their *Methods* from *Low-Life*, where they observ'd, that to move *Love*, *Anger*, Use is made of *scolding* and *railing*, to move *Love* of *Bawdry*; to beget *Favour* and *Friendship*, of *gross Flattery*; and to produce *Fear*, by calumniating an *Adversary* with *Crimes* obnoxious to the *State*. As for *Shame*, it is a silly *Passion*, of which as our Authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And first of the
variegating, confusing, and reversing Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot so earnestly recommend to our Authors the Study of the *Abuse of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as Principle, to say nothing in the usual Way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figure must be so turn'd, as to manifest that intricate and w

derful *Cast* of *Head*, which distinguishes all Writers of this Genius; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the *Mold* in which they were formed, in all its *Inequalities*, *Cavities*, *Obliquities*, odd *Crannies*, and *Distortions*.

It would be endless, nay impossible to enumerate all *such Figures*; but we shall content ourselves to range the Principal which most powerfully contribute to the *Bathos*, under three Classes.

I. The Variegating, Confusing, or Reversing *Tropes* and *Figures*.

II. The Magnifying, and

III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the *Greek* or *Roman* Names; but in *Tenderneis* to our Countrymen and Fellow-Writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those Languages, we have also explained them in our Mother Tongue.

Of the first Sort, nothing so much conduces to the *Bathos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Master of this will say,
Mow the Beard,
Shave the Grass,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of Pleasure to the Mind, as doth to the Eye when we behold *Harlequin* trimming himself with a Hatcher, hewing down a Tree with a Razor, making his Tea in a Caldron, and brewing his Ale in a Tea-pot, to the incredible Satisfaction of the *British* Spectator. Another Source of the *Bathos* is,

The METONYMY.

the Inversion of Causes for Effects, of Inventors, for Inventions, &c.

Lac'd in her * Cofins new appear'd the Bride,
A † Bubble-Boy and § Tompion at her Side,
And with an Air divine her || Colmar ply'd,
But oh! she cries, what Slaves I round me see?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart ‡ Toupee.

}

The

* Stays, † Tweezer-Case. § Watch, || Fan, and a sort of ‡ Perriwig: All Words in Use this present Year 1727.

The SYNECHDOCHE,

Which consists, in the Use of a *Part* for the *Whole*; you may call a young Woman sometimes *Pretty-face* and *Pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *Snotty-nose* and *Draggle-tail*, Or of *Accidents* for *Persons*; as a Lawyer is called *Split-Cause*, a Taylor *Prick-house*, &c. Or of things belonging to a Man, for the Man himself; as a *Sword-man*, a *Gown-man*, a *T-m-T-d-man*; a *White-Staff*, a *Turn-key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent Figure for the Ignorant, as, *What shall I say?* when one has nothing to say; or *I can no more*, when one really can no more: Expressions which the gentle Reader is so good, as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.

The first Rule is to draw it from the lowest things which is a certain Way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

* *The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

If you would describe a rich Man refunding his Treasures, express it thus,

†† *Tho' he (as said) may Riches gorge, the Spoil
Painful in massy Vomit shall recoil.*

*Soon shall he perish with a swift Decay,
Like his own Ordure, cast with Scorn away.*

The Second, that whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *Run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the Scent of a State Negotiation, follow it in this manner.

|| *The Stones and all the Elements with thee
Shall ratify a strick Confederacy;
Wild Beasts their savage Temper shall forget,
And for a firm Alliance with thee treat;
The finny Tyrant of the spacious Seas
Shall send a scaly Embassy for Peace:
His plighted Faith the Crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for Joy sincerely weep.*

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing War against the Wicked, be sure not to omit one Circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying War.

* En.

** Lee Alex. †† Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93. || Job p. 22.

* *Envoys and Agents, who by my Command
Reside in Palestina's Land,
To whom Commissions I have given,
To manage there the Interests of Heaven.
Ye holy Heralds who proclaim
Or War or Peace in mine your Master's Name. —
Ye Pioneers of Heaven prepare a Road,
Make it plain, direct and broad; —
For I in Person will my People head;
—— For the Divine Deliverer
Will on his March in Majesty appear,
And needs the Aid of no Confederate Pow'r.*

Under the Article of the *Confusing*, we rank

THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES.

which raises so many Images, as to give you no Image at all. But its principal Beauty is when it gives an Idea just opposite to what it seem'd meant to describe. Thus an ingenious Artist painting the *Spring*, talks of a *Snow* of Blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected Picture of *Winter*. Of this Sort is the following:

*|| *The gaping Clouds pour Lakes of Sulphur down,
Whose livid Flashes sickning, Sunbeams drown.*

What a noble Confusion? Clouds, Lakes, Rainstone, Flames, Sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two Lines.

THE JARGON.

|| *Thy head shall rise, tho' buried in the Dust,
And 'midst the Clouds his glittering Turrets thrust.*

Quere, What are the glittering Turrets of a Man's Head?

‡ *Upon the Shore, as frequent as the Sand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.*

Quere, Where these *Dimetians* stood? and of what Size they were?

† *Destruction's Empire shall no longer last,
And Desolation lye for ever waste.*

§|| *Here Niobe, sad Mother, makes her moan
And seems converted to a stone in stone.*

But

* Blackm. *Isaiah*, chap. xl. *|| *Pr. Arthur*, p. 73. || *Job*, pag. 107. ‡ *Pr. Arthur*, p. 157. † *Job*, p. 89. §|| *T. Cook*, *Poems*.

But for Variegation and Confusion of Objects, nothing is more useful than

1. The PARANOMASIA, OR PUN.

where a *Word*, like the *Tongue* of a Jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being *split*, as this of Mr. Dennis *

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians, as they fly,
or this excellent one of Mr. Welsed †,

————— *Behold the Virgin lye*

Naked, and only cover'd by the Sky.

To which thou mayst add.

To see her Beauties no Man needs to stoop,

She has the whole Horizon for her Hoop,

2. The ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW.

Whereby Contraries and Oppositions are ballanced in such a way, as to cause a Reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding Delight and Recreation. Such are these on a Lady who made herself appear out of Size, by hiding a young Princess under her Cloaths.

§ *While the kind Nymph changing her faultless Shape*
Becomes unhand some, hand somly to scape.

On the Maids of Honour in Mourning.

‡ *Sadly they Charm, and dismally they please.*

————— *His Eyes so bright*

*§ *Let in the Object; and let out the Light.*

||* *The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

————— *The †‡ Vairies and their Queen*
In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

|||| *All Nature felt a reverential Shock,*

The Sea stood still to see the Mountains rock.

* Poems 1693. pag. 13. † Welsed, Poems, Acon & Lavin.

§ Waller. ‡ St. — on Q. Mary. *§ Quarles. ||* Lee. Alex.

‡ Phil. Paſt. ||| Blackm, Job, p. 176.

C H A P. XI.

*The Figure continued: Of the Magnifying
and Diminishing Figures.*

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take Care never to magnify any Object without clouding it at the same time: His Thought will appear in a true Mist, and very unlike what it is in Nature. It must always be remember'd that *Darkness* is an essential Quality of the Profund, or if there chance to be a Glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No Light, but rather Darkness visible.

The chief Figure of this sort is,

The *HYPERBOLE*, or *impossible*.

For Instance, of a Lion;

§ *He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous Grim,
His very Shadows durst not follow him.*

Of a Lady at Dinner,

*The silver Whiteness that adorns thy Neck,
Sullies the Plate, and makes the Napkin black.*

Of the same.

——— *Th' † Obscureness of her Birth
Cannot eclipse the Lustre of her Eyes,
Which make her all one Light.*

Of a Bull-baiting.

* *Up to the Stars the sprawling Mastives fly,
And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky.*

Of a Scene of Misery.

** *Behold a Scene of Misery and Woe!
Here Argus' soon might weep himself quite blind,
E'en tho' he had Briareus's hundred Hands
To wipe those hundred Eyes ———*

*And that modest Request of two absent Lovers.
Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two Lovers happy. ———*

The

§ Vet. Aut. † Theob. Double Falshood. * Blacken. ** Anon.

The PERIPHRAISIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given Examples in the ninth Chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same Class of the *Magnifying* may be referr'd the following, which are so excellently Modern, that we have yet no Name for them. In describing a Country Prospect.

* *I'd call them Mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a Name too low;
While the fair Vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a Term too high.*

III. The third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures: And first, The ANTICLIMAX, where the second Line drops quite short of the first, than which Nothing creates greater Surprise.

On the Extent of the *British* Arms.

|| *Under the Tropicks is our Language spoke,
And Part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.*

On a Warrior.

§ *And thou Dalhouffy the great God of War
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.*

On the Valour of the *English*.

‡ *Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its noisy Course.*

Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep it out,

——— *Nor fortify'd Redoubt.*

At other times this Figure operates in a larger Extent and when the gentle Reader is in Expectation of some great Image, he either finds it surprizingly *imperfect*, or is presented with something very *low*, or quite *ridiculous*. A Surprise resembling that of a curious Person in a Cabinet of antique Statues, who beholds on the Pedestal the Names of *Homer*, or *Cato*; but looking up, finds *Homer* without a Head, and nothing to be seen of *Cato* but his privy Members. Such are these Lines on a *Leviathan* at Sea.

||§ *His Motion works, and beats the oozy Mud,
And with its Slime incorporates the Flood,*

'Till

* Anon. || Wall. § Anon. ‡ Denn. on Namur.
||§ Blackm. Job, p. 197.

*'Till all the encumber'd, thick, fermenting Stream
Does one vast Pot of boiling Ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the Lake
Such frothy Furrows, such a foamy Track,
That all the Waters of the Deep appear
Hoary-- with Age, or grey with sudden Fear.
But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.
* Now the resisted Flames and fiery Store,
By Winds assaulted, in wide Forges roar,
And raging Seas flow down of melted Ore,
Sometimes they bear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.*

THE VULGAR.

Is also a Species of the *Diminishing*: By this a Spear flying into the Air is compared to a Boy whistling as he goes on an Errand.

† *The mighty Stuffy threw a massy Spear,
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, sung thro' the Air.*

A Man raging with Grief to a Mastiff Dog.

§ *I cannot stifle this gigantic Woe,
Nor on my raging Grief a Muzzle throw.*

And Clouds big with Water to a Woman in great Necessity.

*Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,
The Clouds hang deep in Air, but hang unrent.*

THE INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a Child. I shall take my Examples from the greatest Master in this way. Hear how he fondles, like a meer Stammerer.

|| *Little Charm of placid Mein,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Hither British Muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Græcian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurseling see.
When the Meadows next are seen,
Sweet Enamel, white and green.*

When

* Pr. Arthur, p. 157. † Pr. Arthur. § Job. p. 41. || A. Phil.
or Miss C. —

*When again the Lambkins play,
 Pretty Sportlings full of May.
 Then the Neck so white and round,
 (Little Neck with Brilliants bound.)
 And thy Gentleness of Mind,
 (Gentle from a gentle Kind) &c.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest be of happy Men, &c.*

With the rest of those excellent *Lullabies* of his Composition.

How prettily he asks the Sheep to teach him to bleat?

** Teach me to grieve with bleating Moan, my Sheep.*

Hear how a Babe would reason on his Nurse's Death;

† That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!

To die, and leave poor Colinet behind?

And yet,——Why blame I her?——

His Shepherd reasons as much like an Innocent in Love.

*§ I love in secret all a beauteous Maid,
 And have my Love in secret all repay'd:
 This coming Night she does reserve for me.*

The Love of this Maiden to him appears by her allowing him the Reserve of one Night from her other Lovers; which you see he takes extremely kindly.

With no less Simplicity does he suppose that Shepherdesses tear their Hair and beat their Breasts, at their own Deaths:

*|| Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
 With Looks cast down, and with dishevel'd Hair,
 In bitter Anguish beat your Breasts, and moan
 Her Death untimely, as it were your own.*

The INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same Author furnishes us with most beautiful Instances:

*† As silly I, more silly than my Sheep,
 (Which on the flow'ry I lain I once did keep.)*

*** To the grave Senate she could Counsel give,
 (Which with Astonishment they did receive.)*

** He*

** Phil. Past. † Ibid. § Ibid. || Ibid. ‡ Phil. Past. ** Phil. on Q. Mary.*

* He whom loud Can-on could not terrify,
Fall from the Grandeur of his Majesty.

† Happy merry as a King
Sipping dew, you sip and sing.
The Noise returning with returning Light,
What did it?

§ — Dispers'd the Silence, and dispell'd the Night.

|| The Glories of proud London to survey.
The Sun himself shall rise — by break of Day.

The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many Authors;

Th' Umbrageous Shadow, and the verdant Green,
The running Current, and odorous Fragrance,
Chear my lone Solitude with joyous Gladness.

Or in pretty drawling Words like these,
‡ All Men his Tomb all Men his Son adore,
and his Son's Son, till there shall be no more.
The rising Sun our Grief did see,
The setting Sun did see the same.
While wretched we remembred thee,

* O Sion, Sion, lovely Name.

The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM,

are as generally coupled, as a lean Rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder the Superfluity of Words and Vacuity of Sense, being just the same thing, I am pleas'd to see one of our greatest Adversaries employ this Figure.

†† The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields
The Food of Armies and Support of Wars,
Refuse of Swords, and Cleanings of a Fight,
Lesson his Numbers, and contract his Host.
Where'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed.
Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd
Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

§§ Break thro' the Billows, and — divide the Main
in smother Numbers, and — in softer Verse.

|| Divide — and part — the sever'd World — in two.
With

* Ibid. † T. Cook, in a Grasshopper. § Anon. || Annon Vet.
† T. Cook, Poems. ** Ibid. †† Camp. §§ Toul. Misc. 120.
vol. 4, p. 291. Fourth Edition. || Ibid. vol. 6, p. 121.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated modern Poems.

C H A P. XII.

Of Expression, and the several Sorts of Style of the present Age.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too *clear*, for fear it become vulgar; for *Obscurity* bestows a Cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular Dignity upon a Piece which hath no Meaning.

For Example, sometimes use the wrong Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*. * Sometimes the wrong Case; *And who more to sooth the God than thee*, instead of *thou*: And rather than say, *Thetis saw Achillis weep*, she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two Things; first, in the *Choice of low Words*: secondly, in the *sober and orderly way of ranging* them. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this Talent, insomuch that they are in the Circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his Life without knowing it. His Verses run in this manner, just to be a Vehicle to Words. (I take them from my last cited Author, who tho' otherwise by no means of our Rank, seem'd once in his Life to have a mind to be simple.)

† If not, a Prize I will my self decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.

‡ full of Days was he;
Two Ages past, he liv'd the third to see.

§ The King of forty Kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was King before.

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. † Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11. ‡ Idem. p. 19.

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p. 339.

* *That I may know, if thou my Prayer deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.*

† *Then let my Mother once be rul'd by me,
'Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be.*

Or these of the same Hand.

§ *I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse
To them that practice them with more Success:
Of greater Truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell.*

Sometimes a single Word will familiarize a poetical Idea; as where a Ship set on Fire owes all the Spirit of the *Bathos* to one choice Word that ends the Line.

|| *And his scorch'd Ribs the hot Contagion fry'd.*

And in that Description of a World in Ruins.

‡ *Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.*

So also in these.

** *Beasts tame and savage to the River's-Brink
Come from the Fields and wild Abodes to drink.*

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

†† *He from the Clouds does the sweet Liquor squeeze,
That cheers the Forest and the Garden Trees.*

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*, which estrange your Style from the great and general Ideas of Nature: and the higher your Subject is the lower should you search into Mechanicks for your Expression. If you describe the Garment of an Angel say that his §§ *Linnen* was finely Spun, and bleached on the happy Plains. ||| Call an Army of Angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers*, and if you have Occasion to mention a Number of Misfortunes, style them.

Fresh Troops of Pains, and regimented Woes.

†§ Style is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figur'd we have already treated, and the Proper is what our Authors have nothing to

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do

* p. 34. † p. 38. § Tens. Misc. 12mo. vol. 4. p. 292. fourth Edition. || Pr. Arthur, p. 151. † Tens. Misc. vol. 6. 119.

** Job 263. †† Id. Job, 264. §§ Pr. Arthur, p. 19. ||| Ibid. p. 339. †§ Job, p. 86.

do with. Of Styles we shall mention only the Principal, which owe to the *Moderns* either their *chief Improvement*, or entire *Invention*.

1. The FLORID,

Than which none is more proper to the *Bathos*, as Flowers which are the *Lowest* of Vegetables are the most *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great *Plenty* at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine Writer in this kind presents you with the following Poëie:

* *The Groves appear all drest with Wreaths of Flowers,*

*And from their Leaves drop aromatic Showers,
Whose fragrant Heads in mystic Twines above,
Exchang'd their Sweets, and mix'd with thousand Kisses,
As if the willing Branches strove
To beautify and shade the Grove.* —

(Which indeed most Branches do.) But this is still excell'd by our Laureat.

† *Branches in Branches twin'd compose the Grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into Love.
The trembling Palms their mutual Vows repeat,
And bending Poplars bending Poplars meet.
The distat Platanes seems to press more nigh,
And to the sighing Alders, Alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer.

§ *His Robe of State is form'd of Light refin'd
An endless Train of Lustre spreads behind.
His Thrones of bright compacted Glory made,
With Pearl celestial, and with Gems inlaid:
Whence Floods of Joy, and Seas of Splendor flow,
On all th' Angelic gazing Throng below.*

2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in Wit, as a pert Air does the low in Stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the Author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently study'd: In Verse Mr. Cibber's *Prologues*.

But

* Behn's *Poems*, p. 2. † *Guardian*, 12mo. 127. § Blackst. Pl. 104.

But the Beauty and Energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employ'd in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the Works of the Antients. This we rightly phrase *Doing them into English*, and *making them English*; two Expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our Neglect of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force and Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by Virtue of this Style that *Tacitus* talks like a *Coffee-House Politician*, *Josephus* like the *British Gazeteer*, *Tully* is as short and smart as *Seneca* or *Mr. Asgill*, *Marcus Aurelius* is excellent at *Snipsnap*, and honest *Thomas a Kempis* as *Prim* and *Polite* as any Preacher at Court.

3. The A L A M O D E Style,

Which is fine by being *new*, and has this Happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the Poem itself. Take some Examples of it, in the Description of the Sun in a Mourning Coach upon the Death of *Q. Mary*.

* See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his Face; and put deep Mourning on;
Dark Clouds his sable Chariot do surround,
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er the melancholy Round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldier's drinking.

† While rich Burgundian Wine, and bright Champaign
Chase from their Minds the Terrors of the Main.

(Whence we also learn, that Burgundy and Champaign
make a Man on Shore despise a Storm at Sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

§ ——— He sunk a vast capacious Deep,
Where he his liquid Regiments does keep.
Thither the Waves file off, and make their Way,
To form the mighty Body of the Sea;
Where they encamp, and in their Station stand,
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of Sand.

Of two Armies on the Point of engaging.

|| Yon' Armies are the Cards which both must play;
At least come off a Saver if you may:

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Throw

* A. Phil. † Pr. Arthur, p. 16. § Blackm, Pl. 104. P. 26.
|| Lee Sophon.

Throw boldly at the Sun the Gods have set ;
 These on your Side will all their Fortunes bet.
 All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best
 Fashions of this our Metropolis.

But the principal Branch of the *Alamode* is the P R U-
 RIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late
 by the Practice of Persons of the first Quality, and by
 the Encouragement of the Ladies not unsuccessfully
 introduced even into the Drawing Room. Indeed its in-
 credible Progress and Conquests may be compared to those
 of the great Sesostris and are every where known by
 the same Marks, the Images of the Genital Parts of
 Men or Women. It consists wholly of Metaphors drawn
 from two most fruitful Sources or Springs, the very Ba-
 thos of the human Body, that is to say * * * * and *
 * * * * * *Hiatus Magnus lachrymabilis.* * * * *
 * * * * * . And jelling of Bargains, and double
 Entendre, and Κιββαρισμος, and 'Ολφειδισμος all derived
 from the said Sources.

4. The FINICAL, which consists of the most ca-
 rious, affected, mincing Metaphors, and partakes of the
 last mentioned.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

* Won by the Summer's importuning Ray,
 Th' eloping Stream did from her Channel stray,
 And with enticing Sunbeams stole away. }

Of an easy Death.

† When watchful Death shall on his Harvest look,
 And see thee ripe with Age, invite the Hook ;
 He'll gently cut thy bending Stalk, and thee
 Lay kindly in the Grave, his Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

§ Oaks whose extended Arms the Winds defy,
 The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes

Of Winter simmering over the Fire.

|| The sparkling Flames raise Water to a Smile,
 Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and lessens all the while.

5. Lat

* Blackney. J. b. p. 26. † Ibid. p. 23. § Denn. || And
 Toulson's Misc. Part 6. p. 234.

5. Lastly, I shall place the CUMBOUS, which moves heavily under a Load of Metaphors, and draws after it a long Train of Words.

And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great Felicity mix'd with the former. For as the first is the proper Engine to depress what is High, so is the second to raise what is Base and Low to a ridiculous Visibility: When both these can be done at once, then is the *Bathos* in Perfection; as when a Man is set with his Head downward, and his Breech upright, his Degradation is compleat: One End of him is as high as ever, only that End is the wrong one. Will not every true Lover of the *Profund* be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low Actions of Life exalted in this Manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

*For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd Gate,
That he may enter? ———*

See who is there?

** Advance the fringed Curtains of thy Eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder. ———*

Shut the Door.

*The wooden Guardian of our Privacy
Quick on its Axle turn. ———*

Bring my Cloaths.

*Bring me what Nature, Taylor to the Bear,
To Man himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,
But would not give me Cloaths. ———*

Light the Fire.

*Bring forth some Remnant of Promethean Theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement Air conjeal'd
By Boreas's rude Breath. ———*

Snuff the Candle.

*Yon' Luminary Amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd Life.*

Open the Letter.

† Wax! render up thy Trust. ———

*Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread,
Apply thine Engine to the spongy Door,
Set Bacchus from his Glassy Prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown Coat.*

AP-

** Temp.*

† Theob. Double Falshood.

A P P E N D I X.

C H A P. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible Pains and Diligence, discovered the hidden Sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now establish'd the good and wholesome *Laws*, what remains but that all true Moderns with their utmost Might do proceed to put the same in Execution? In order where-to, I think I shall in the second Place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great End.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the Enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among our selves. It is therefore humbly offer'd, that all and every Individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm *Assotiation*, and incorporate into one *Regular Body*, whereof every Member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the Support of the Whole, in like Manner as the weakest Reeds when joined in one Bundle, become infrangible. To which End our Art ought to be put upon the same Foot with other Arts of this Age. The vast Improvement of modern Manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several Branches, and parcell'd out to several *Trades*: For Instance, in *Clock-making*, one Artift makes the Balance, another the Spring, another the Crown-Wheels, a fourth the Case, and the principal Workman puts all together; to this Oeconomy we owe the Perfection of our modern Watches; and doubtless we also might that

of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several Parts branched out in the like Manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers Persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong Disposition to the Formation of some particular Trope or Figure. *Aristotle* saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an Ornament of Speech fit for young Men of *Quality*; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful Propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. *Soldiers* also and *Seamen* are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar Talent of *Country Farmers*, the Proverb and Apologue of *old Men* at their Clubs, the *Ellipsis* or Speech by half-words of *Ministers* and *Politicians*, the *Aposiopesis* of *Courtiers*, the *Litotes*, or Diminution of *Ladies*, *Whisperers* and *Backbiters*; and the *Anadiplosis* of common *Cryers* and *Hawkers*, who by redoubling the same Words, persuade People to buy their Oysters, green Hastings, or new Ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great Plenty at *Billingsgate*, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned up on the *Water*, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the *Bear-garden*, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each Man applying his whole Time and Genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to Perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society, (as hath been propos'd) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do, but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind; to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparison*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegamist* for his *Sentences*, &c. whereby a *Dedication* or *Speech* would be compos'd in a Moment, the superior Artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contriv'd with all convenient Dispatch, at the publick Expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci* or *Places*. Being Repositories for Matter and Argument in the several Kinds of Oration or

Writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The Apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty* of the *Press*, may in a very few Days be fill'd with several Arguments *perfectly new*; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenish'd with a most choice Collection, entirely of the Growth and Manufacture of the present Age. Every Composer will soon be taught the Use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the Manner of those of an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest Hands, by some Reverend Prelate, or Valiant Officer, of unquestion'd Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in *Church* and *State*; which will sufficiently guard against any Mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodg'd in such Hands, it may be at Discretion let out by the Day, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hop'd much Profit and Gain will also accrue to our Society.

CH A P. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyrics or Satyrs, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable.

NOW of what Necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single Consideration, that nothing is of equal Consequence to the Success of our Works, as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great Pity it is, that solid Brains are not, like other solid Bodies, constantly endow'd, with a *Velocity* in sinking proportioned to their *Heaviness*: For it is with the *Flowers* of the *Bathos* as with those of Nature, which if the careful Gardener brings not hastily to the Market in the *Morning*, must unprofitably perish and wither before *Night*. And of all our

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Productions none is so short liv'd as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as they are the very two Sorts whereon in a Manner depends that *Gain* or *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the whole End of *our Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this Chapter in shewing the *quickest* Method of composing them; after which we will teach teach a *short Way to Epick Poetry*. And these being confessedly the Works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presum'd we may leave the rest to each Author's own Learning or Practice.

First of *Panegyric*: Every Man is *honourable*, who is so by *Law*, *Custom* or *Title*; the Publick are better Judges of what is honourable, than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are *inherent* in them whether they are *exerted* or not; and the more strongly inherent the less they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich the less he spends.

All great Ministers, without either private or oeconomicall Virtue, are virtuous by their *Posis*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Parliamentary Supplies*, just by paying *Publick Interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick expences*, and prudent by *Publick Success*. They have by their *Office*, a Right to a share of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; besides they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated Virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same *Stations*, especially those of their own *Ancestors*.

As to what are commonly call'd the *Colours of Honourable* and *Dishonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green* and *Red*. But forasmuch as the Duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we should put some Things in a strong Light, and throw a Shade over others. I shall explain the Method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief Rule is *the Golden Rule of Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spenethrift and will not pay a just Debt, may have his Injustice trans-

form'd into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphos'd into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowship; Corruption into Patriotism, and Lewdness into Tenderness and Facility.

The Second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain the less a Man is endu'd with any Virtue, the more Need he has to have it plentifully bestow'd, especially those good Qualities of which the World generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire* wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his Place, or becomes out of Favour with the Government, hath forfeited his Share in *Publick Praise* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly-publick-spirited Writer ought in Duty to strip him whom the Government hath stripped: Which is the real *poetical Justice* of this Age. For a full Collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest Exhortation to all my Brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down; the Neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the Criticks agree, is the greatest Work Human Nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical Rules for Compositions of this Sort, but at the same time they cut out almost all Undertakers from the Possibility of ever performing them; for the first Qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the Benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This

mult

must necessarily be of great Use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the World is convinced they never *Learn*. What *Moliere* observes of making a Dinner, that any Man can do it *with Money*, and if a profess'd Cook cannot do it *without* he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that *has* a Genius, but the Skill lies in doing it without one. In Pursuance of this End, I shall present the Reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any Author in the *Bathos* may be qualified for this grand Performance.

For the *Fable*.

Take out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend, (for Instance *Geoffry of Monmouth* or *Dion Belianis of Greece*) those Parts of Story which afford most Scope for *long Descriptions*: Put these Pieces together, and throw all the Adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero whom you may chuse for the Sound of his Name, and put him into the midst of these Adventures: Then let him *work* for twelve Books; at the End of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the Conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an *Episode*.

Take any remaining Adventure of your former Collection, in which you could no Way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate Accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of Use, applied to any other Person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the Course of the Work, without the least Damage to the Composition.

For the *Moral and Allegory*.

These you may extract out of the *Fable* afterwards, at your Leisure: Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

For the *Manners*.

For those of the *Hero*, take all the best Qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of Antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay 'em all on a *Heap* upon him. But be sure they are Qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any Mistake which the World may be subject to, select
from

from the Alphabet those Capital Letters that compose his Name, and set them at the Head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact Quantity of these Virtues, it not being determin'd whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters* gather them from *Homer* and *Virgil*, and change the Names as Occasion serves.

For the Machines.

Take of *Deities*, Male and Female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal Parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle. Let *Juno* put him in a Ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all Occasions to make use of Volatile *Mercury*. If you have Need of Devils, draw them out of *Milton's Paradise*, and extract your *Spirits* from *Tasso*. The Use of these Machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest Way is to reserve them for your greatest Necessities. When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human Means, or your self by your own Wit, seek Relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your Business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of *Horace* in his Art of Poetry.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit. —

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the Descriptions.

For a *Tempest*. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyr*, *Auster* and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one Verse: Add to these of Rain, Lightning and of Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your *Tempest* well in your Head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle*. Pick a large Quantity of Images and Descriptions from *Homer's Iliads* with a Spice or two of *Virgil*, and if there remain any Overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish*. Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an *Excellent Battle*.

For

For a *Burning Town*. If such a Description be necessary, (because it is certain there is one in *Virgil*.) Old *Troy* is ready burnt to your Hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrow'd, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into Verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the Danger is in applying them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.

C H A P. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a Part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken Care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practis'd for the Advancement of the *Bathos*.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the Most August Mr. B—t—n B—th, the Most Serene Mr. W—ll—m W—lks, and the Most Undaunted Mr. C—ll—y C—bb—r; of whom let it be known when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors, and to all the Succession of our Successors, that to this present Day they continue to Out-do even their own Out-doings: And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brush'd off all the Works of To day, may this Testimony of a Contemporary Critick to their Fame, be extended as far as To morrow!

Yet, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any Thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. D—nn—s and Mr. D—ldon, (the

(the two greatest Criticks and Reformers then living) made publick in the Year 1720. in a Project sign'd with their Names, and dated the 2d of *February* I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is propos'd that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. *Figg* with his Prize-fighters, and *Violante* with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. That a spacious Building be erected at the Public Expence, capable of containing at least ten Thousand Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great Addition of Children and Nurses to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the *Athenian*, which was near ninety Thousand Geometrical Paces square, and separate Divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall have all their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this Service, (which by Reason of its Proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper; it is left to the Wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerse-House* may not be demolish'd, and a Theatre built upon that Scite, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surry*, who may be waisted thither by Water-Carriage, esteemed by all Projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the River *Thames* may in the readiest Manner convey those eminent Personages from Courts beyond the Seas, who may be drawn either by Curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to see their Country-men the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient Notice may be given for two or three Months before, in the Public Prints.

4. That the Theatre aforesaid be environ'd with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the Accommodation of decay'd Criticks and Poets; out of whom Six of the most Aged (their Age to be computed from the Year wherein their first Work was published) shall be elected

to manage the Affairs of the Society, provided, nevertheless that the Laureat for the Time being, may be always one. The Head or President over all, (to prevent Disputes, but too frequent among the Learned) shall be the oldest *Poet* and *Critick* to be found in the whole Island.

5. The *Male-Players* are to be lodg'd in the Garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the Persons of the *Poets*, dwelling under them, by brushing their Apparel, drawing on their Shoes, and the like. The *Actresses* are to make their Beds, and wash their Linen.

6. A Large Room shall be set apart for a *Library*, to consist of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this Room shall be a round Table for the *Council of Six* to sit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* shall determine the Dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each Side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require a Decision by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in some conspicuous Situation in the Theatre, where after the Manner usually practis'd by Composers in Musick, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In consequence of these Signs the whole Audience shall be required to *clap* or *hiss*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd.

8. It is submitted whether it would or not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable Shape and Colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried *Actresses* making away with their Infants, a competent Provision be allowed for the Nurture of them who shall for that Reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their Parents, the said *Actresses* shall declare upon Oath (as far as their Memory will allow) the true Names and Qualities of their several Fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the Publick Expence be brought up a page to attend the *Council of Six*. A more ample Provision shall be made
for

for the Son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the Son of a *Critick*.

10. If it be discover'd that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play, wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her Business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit *Murder*, except upon the Stage, he shall be left to the Laws of the Land, the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other Cases, particularly in thole of *Debt*, it is propos'd that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an Obligation to satisfy *pauntry Creditors* has been a Discouragement to *Men of Letters*, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critick* of this Society to any remote Quarter of the Town, the said *Poet* or *Critick* shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

11. The fore-mentioned Scheme in its several Regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every third Night throughout the Year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many Persons could live without any Food (tho' from the former Course of their Lives, a *very little* will be sufficient) the Masters of Calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said Persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent Manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper Magazines of *Thunder* and *Lightning*, but *Paint*, *Diet-Drinks*, *Spitting-Pots*, and all other *Necessaries of Life*, may in like Manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first View seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a Power to the Council of six (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the Great Officers of State) this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every Thing of Moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.

Vale & Fruere.

MAR. SCRIB.

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POEMS

P O E M S

O N

Several O C C A S I O N S.

A D I A L O G U E between Mad
M U L L I N I X and T I M O T H Y.

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?
Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Jacobites*?
When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.

T. 'Twixt you and me, G — Damn the Lyars;

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry Man over
To our Illustrious House of *Hanover*;
From all their Conduct this is plain;
And then ———

T. G — Damn the Lyars again.

Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts?

M. Lord, how this frothy Coxcomb frets! (*aside.*)

T. Did not an able Statesman B ———

This dang'rous horrid Motion dish-up
As *Papist* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the Earl a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?

Whose

Whose Fleet, 'till all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

These brangling Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are stale, and worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
The Wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing,
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want such noisy Fools as you;
But you, when all the Show is past,
Resolve to stand it out the last;
Like *Martin Marral*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song is done.
When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
The Leaders whom you list'd under,
Havedropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder,
And when the War is past, you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum:
And 'as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes;
So thou art grown the Detestation
Of all thy Party through the Nation;
Thy peevish and perpetual Teazing,
With Plots, and *Jacobites*, and Treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning Face,
Thy screw'd-up Front, thy State grimace,
Thy formal Nods, important Sneers,
Thy Whisp'rings foisted in all Ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonsense wrapt up in a Stink)
Have made thy Presence in a true Sense,
To thy own Side so damn'd a Nuisance,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend *Mullinix*, forbear,
I vow to G— you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known,
I took Advice, except my own,

It shou'd be yours: But, D — my Blood,
 I must pursue the publick Good :
 The Faction (is it not notorious?)
 Keck at the Memory of *Glorious* :
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
 My *quondam* Friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a Creature can be found,
 To prance with me his Statue round.
 The publick Safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me ;
 And while this vital Breath I blow,
 Or from above, or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
 The *Tories* Terror, Scourge, and Flail.

M. Tim. you mistake the Marter quite;
 The *Tories*! you are their *Delight*;
 And should you act a different Part,
 Be grave and wise — 'twould break their Heart.
 Why, *Tina*, you have a Taste I know,
 And often see a *Puppet-show* ;
 Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
 While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene :
 But when they hear his rusty Voice,
 With what Impatience they rejoice!
 And then they value not two Straws,
 How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
 Which the true Mother, which *Pretender* ;
 Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor* ;
 Shou'd *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,
 Enter the Stage, they never mind him ;
 If *Punch*, to spur their Fancy, shows
 In at the Door his monstrous Nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again ;
 O what a Pleasure mixt with Pain!
 You ev'ry Moment think an Age,
 'Till he appears upon the Stage ;
 And first his Bum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of *Sheba's* Lap :
 The Duke of *Lorrain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
 Revil'd all People in his Jargon,
 And sold the King of *Spain* a Bargain ;

St. George himself he plays the Wag on,
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;
He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks;
In every Action thrusts his Nose,
The Reason why, no Mortal knows;
In doleful Scenes that break our Heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F—t.
There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd;
While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
Who in the Motion have no Share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no Concern for *Sabra's* Sake,
Which gets the better, Saint, or Snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jest)
Be soundly mawl'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet shows;
Where petulant conceited Fellows
Perform the Part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up Trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a Rout,
Put all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound,
Intrude with Monkey Grin and Clatter,
To interrupt all serious Matter,
Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a Man;
But, then the Lookers-on, the *Tories*,
You still divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd consent, that all the Crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the Spot,
By all this Coil what hast thou got?
If *Tories* must have all the Sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at Court.

T. Got?

T. Got? D—— my Blood, I *frank my Letters*,
Walk by my Place before my Betters,
And simple as I now stand here,
Expect in Time to be a P——

Got? D—— me, why I got my Will!
Ne'er hold my Peace, and ne'er stand still:
I f—— t with twenty Ladies by;
They call me Beast, and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories Jacks*,
And Sons of Whores — behind their Backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Reville, and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal Zeal,
To serve my self and Common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
I did but lose my precious Breath,
And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their May-game;
Consume my Vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang my self by halt,
Than give those Rascals Cause to laugh.

But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's nimble Tim a passing by.
No more my dear delightful Way tread,
Of keeping up a *Party-Hatred*.
Will none the *Tory-Dogs* pursue,
When thro' the Streets I cry *Holloo*?
Must all my D-mee's, Blood and Wounds,
Pass only now for empty Sounds?
Shall *Tory* Rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, a *Plot, a Plot*,
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a *Spy*?

Dear *Mullinix*, your good Advice
I beg, you see the Case is nice:

O, were I equal in Renown,
 Like thee, to please this thankless Town!
 Or blest'd with such engaging Parts,
 To win the truant School Boys Hearts!
 Thy Virtues meet their just Reward,
 Attended by the *Sable-Guard*.
 Charm'd by thy Voice the 'Prentice drops
 The Snow ball destin'd at thy Chops.
 Thy graceful Steps, and Col'nel's Air,
 Allure the *Cinder-picking Fair*.

M. No more — In Mark of true Affection;
 I take thee under my Protection:
 Thy Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
 I wish they had been well apply'd.
 But now observe my Counsel (*viz.*)
 Adapt your Habit to your Phyz;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As *Horace* says, *optat Ephippia*;
 (There's *Latin* too, that you may see
 How much improv'd by Dr. ———)
 I have a Coat at home, that you-may-try,
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry,
 My Hat has much the nicer Air,
 Your Block will fit it to a Hair:
 That Wig, I would not for the World
 Have it so formal and so curl'd,
 'Twill be so oily, and so sleek
 When I have lain in it a Week!
 You'll find it well prepar'd, to take
 The Figure of *Toupee* or *Snake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from Top to Toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know
 When first in Publick we appear,
 I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear:
 Be careful as you walk behind;
 Use all the Talents of your Mind,
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly Motion, Mein and Gate;
 Mark my Address, and learn my Stile,
 When to look scornful, when to smile,

Nor

Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
 But keep your Swearing to the last.
 Then at your Leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the Streets divert the City :
 The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
 The Children all our Motions aping.
 Your Conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some Friends of mine,
Choice Spirits who employ their Parts,
 To mend the World by useful Arts;
 Some cleansing hollow Tubes, to spy
 Direct the Zenith of the Sky ;
 Some have the City in their Care,
 From noxious Steams to purge the Air ;
 Some teach us in these dang'rous Days,
 How to walk upright in our Ways ;
 Some, whose reforming Hands engage,
 To lash the Lewdness of the Age ;
 Some for the publick Service go,
 Perpetual Envoys to and fro ;
 Whose able Heads support the Weight
 Of twenty M——rs of State :
 We scorn, for Want of Talk, to jabber
 Of Parties o'er our *Bonny-Clabber* ;
 Nor are we studious to enquire,
 Who votes for Manours, who for Hire ;
 Our Care is to improve the Mind,
 With what Concerns all human Kind ;
 The various Scenes of mortal Life,
 Who beats her Husband, who his Wife ;
 Or how the Bully at a Stroke
 Knock'd down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke ;
 One tells the Rise of Cheese and Oatmeal,
 Another when he got a hot Meal ;
 One gives Advice in Proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a Scold ;
 Or how by *Almanacks* 'tis clear,
 That Herrings will be cheap this Year.
 T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
 My precious Time so long mispent,
 By Nature meant for nobler Ends,
 O, introduce me to your Friends !

For

For whom, by Birth, I was design'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my Mind:
I give my self intire to you,
G—d—the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.

EPITAPH.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRA---S CH---IS,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY and INIMITA-
BLE UNIFORMITY of Life, PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His Insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the First,
His Matchless IMPUDENCE from the Second.
Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
of his *Manners*, than successful in *Accumulating*
WEALTH.

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primæval Meanness when possess'd of
TEN THOUSAND a Year.
And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could not do*,
Oh Indignant Reader!

Think not his Life usefess to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After Ages a conspicuous PROOF and EX-
AMPLE
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH in
the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on the most
UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

O

Johann-

*Johannes jacet hic Mirandula — cetera norunt
Et Tagus & Ganges — forsan & Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

Here *Francis Ch* — s lies — Be civil !
The rest God knows — perhaps the Devil.

EPIGRAM.

Peter complains, that God has given
To his poor Babe a Life so short :
Consider *Peter*, he's in Heaven ;
'Tis good to have a Friend at Court.

Another.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come :
Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

EPITAPH [*of by-Words.*]

Here lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Every Word she e'er heard in this Church about
God.

To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more clever.
Tho' he talk'd much of *Virtue*, her Head always run
Upon something or other, she found better *Fun*.
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs *Astronomical*,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but *comical*.
In this World, she despis'd ev'ry Soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *Queer*.

EPIGRAM.

WHen other Ladies to the Groves go down,
Corrinna still, and Fulvia stay in Town;
Those Ghosts of Beauty ling'ring here reside,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

EPIGRAM from the FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral Rule
That every Poet is a Fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every Fool is not a Poet.

EPI TAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under Ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little Justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM.

On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club, Anno 1716.

WHence deathless Kit-Cat took its Name,
Few Criticks can unriddle;
Some say from Pastry-Cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim Beau's its Name it boasts,
Grey Statesmen, or green Wits;
But from this Pell-mell-Pack of Toasts,
Of old Cats and young Kits.

To a LADY with the Temple of Fame.

WHat's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

VERSES to be placed under the Picture of England's Arch Poet: Containing a compicat Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
 Who first sung 1 *Arthur*, then sung 2 *Alfred*,
 Prais'd great 3 *Eliza* in God's Anger,
 Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her!
 Made *William's* Virtues wipe the bare A—
 And hang'd up *Marlborough* in 4 *Arras*:

Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite;
 Made ev'ry Reader curse the 5 *Light*;
 Maul'd human *Wit* in one thick 6 *Satyr*,
 Next in three Books, sunk 7 human *Nature*,
 Un-did 8 *Creation* at a Jerk,
 And of 9 *Redemption* made damn'd Work.

Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the Scripture.
 What Wonders there the Man grown old, did?
Sternhold himself he out-*Sternhold*ed,
 Made 10 *David* seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King *Achiz*.
 No Mortal read his 11 *Solomon*,
 But judg'd *Roboam* his own Son.
 Moses 12 he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
 And *Deborah*, as She *Sife rah*:

Made

- 1 Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books,
- 2 Heroick Poem in twelve Books.
- 3 Heroick Poem in Folio, ten Books.
- 4 Instructions to *Vanderbank* a Tapestry-Weaver.
- 5 Hymn to the Light.
- 6 Satyr against *Wit*.
- 7 Of the *Nature* of Man.
- 8 *Creation*, a Poem in seven Books.
- 9 The *Redeemer*, another Heroick Poem in six Books.
- 10 Translation of all the *Psalms*.
- 11 *Canticles* and *Ecclesiast*.
- 12 Paraphrase of the *Canticles* of *Moses* and *Deborah*, &c.

Made 13 *Jeremy* full sore to cry,
 And 14 *Job* himself curse God and die.
 What Punishment all this must follow?
 Shall *Arthur* use him like King *Tollo*,
 Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him,
 Or dext'rous *Deb'rah* *Sifera*-him?
 Or shall *Eliza* lay a Plot,
 To treat him like her Sister *Scot*,
 Shall *William* dub his better End *
 Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a Friend?
 No, none of these — Heav'n spare his Life!
 But send him, honest *Job*, thy *Wife*.

*Dr. Sw--- to Mr. P---c, while he was
 writing the Dunciad.*

Pope has the Talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the Ear;
 His loudest Voice is low and weak,
 The *Dean* too deaf to hear.
 A while they on each other look,
 Then different Studies chuse,
 The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.
 Now Backs of Letters, though design'd
 For those who more will need 'em,
 Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,
 Himself can hardly read 'em.
 Each Atom by some other struck,
 All Turns and Motion tries;
 Till in a Lump together stuck,
 Behold a *Poem* rise!
 Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
 He claims it by a Canon;
That, without which a Thing is not
Is, causa sine quâ non.

O 3

Thus,

13 The *Lamentations*.

14 The whole Book of *Job*, a Poem in Folio.

* Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder.

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit;
 For, had our deaf Divine
 Been for your Conversation fit,
 You had not writ a Line.
 Of Prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,
 The Sexton reason'd well,
 And justly half the Merit claim'd
 Because he rang the Bell.

On the Countess of B---- cutting Paper.

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd,
 She would not do the least right thing,
 Either for Goddesses or for God,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.
Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cry'd) those Eyes
 " So skilful, and those Hands so taper;
 " Do something exquisite, and wise —
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.
 This vexing him who gave her Birth,
 Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,
 What does she next, but bids on Earth
 Her *B—l — n* do just the same.
Pallas you give yourself strange Airs,
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The Sense and Taste of one that bears
 The Name of *Savil* and of *Boyle*.
 Alas! one bad Example shown,
 How quickly all the Sex pursue!
 See Madam! see, the Arts o'erthrown
 Between *John Overton* and *You*.

On a certain Lady at Court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent and attend!)

I know

I know a Reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.
Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.
"Has she no Faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

*The CAPON's Tale, to a Lady who fa-
ther'd her Lampoons upon her Acquain-
tance.*

IN *Yorkshire* dwelt a sober Yeoman,
Whose Wife, a clean, pains-taking Woman,
Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens,
And saw her Cocks well serve her Hens.
A Hen she had; whose tuneful Clocks
Drew after her a Train of Cocks:
With Eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this Hen a Pheasant.
All the plum'd *Beau-monde* round her gathers:
Lord! what a Bustling up of Feathers!
Morning from Noon there was no knowing,
There was such Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crowing;
Each forward Bird must thrust his Head in,
And not a Cock but would be treading.
Yet tender was this Hen so fair,
And hatch'd more Chickens than she cou'd rear.
Our prudent Dame bethought her then
Of some Dry-Nurse to save her Hen:
She made a Capon drunk: In fine
He eat the Sops, she sipp'd the Wine:
His Rump well pluck'd with Nettles stings
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings.
The feather'd Dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent.

Thinks he's the Hen, clocks, keeps a Pother,
A foolish Foster-Father-Mother.

Such, Lady *Mary*, are your Tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your Chicks:
You should be better skill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, serve your Cocks.

*The ELEPHANT: or, The Parliament
Man; written many Years since. Taken
from Coke's Institutes.*

E'ER Bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The Precepts of Lord Coke peruse,
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be:
First take a Man that's free from Gall;
For Elephants have none at all.
In *Flocks* or *Parties* he must keep;
For Elephants live just like Sheep:
Stubborn in Honour he must be;
For Elephants *ne'er bend the knee*:
Last let his Memory be sound,
In which your Elephant's profound;
That *old Examples* from the Wise,
May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the Form of Lawyer's Wit;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Comparison is pat.

Yet in some Points my Lord is wrong;
One's *Teeth* are fold, and t'other's *Tongue*:
Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like *Elephants of Shows*;
Whose docile Memory and Sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather Pence.
To get their Master half a Crown,
They spread the Flag, or lay it down.

Those

Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
 And guarded Nations from Attacks,
 Now practise every pliant Gesture
 Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Tester.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd:
 Their Elephants by Men are sold;
 Ours sell themselves, and take the Gold.

VERSES to be prefix'd before BERNARD LINTOT's *New Miscellany*.

SOME *Colineus* praise, some *Blaeu*,
 Others account 'em but so so;
 Some *Plantin* to the rest prefer,
 And some esteem *Old Elzevir*;
 Others with *Aldus* would besot us;
 I, for my Part, admire *Lintottus*.
 His Character's beyond Compare,
 Like his own Person, large and fair.
 They print their Names in Letters small,
 But LINTOT stands in Capital:
 Author and he, with equal Grace,
 Appear and stare you in the Face:
Stephens prints *Heathen Greek*, 'tis said,
 Which some can't construe, some can't read:
 But all that comes from *Lintot's* Hand
 Ev'n *Rafael* might understand.
 Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
 A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting:
 Of *Lintot's* Books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read.
 Their Copy cost 'em not a Penny
 To Homer, *Virgil*, or to any;
 They ne'er gave Six-pence for two Lines;
 To them, their Heirs, or their Assigns:
 But *Lintot* is at vast Expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for Sense.
 Their Books are useful but to few,
 A Scholar, or a Wit or two:

Lintot's for general Use are fit;
For some Folks read, but all Folks sh—

To Mr. JOHN MOORE, Author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.
Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.
That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandame's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.
The Learn'd themselves we Book-Worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
'The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:
The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they take their Rise,
And in a Worm decay.
The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all Conditions;
Misers are Muckworms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.
That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
By all their winding Play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.
Ah *Moore*! thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
 Who sets our Entrails free!
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.
 Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short Years, no more!
 Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

VERSES occasion'd by an &c. at the End
 of Mr. D'Urfy's Name in the Title to
 one of his Plays *

J OVE call'd him before t'other Day
 The Vowels, U, O, I, E, A,
 All Diphthongs, and all Consonants,
 Either of *England* or of *France*;
 And all that were, or wish'd to be,
 Rank'd in the Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 Fierce in this Cause, the Letters spoke all,
 Liquids grew rough, and Mutes turn'd vocal:
 Those four proud Syllables alone
 Were silent, which by Fates Decree
 Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
 To the sweet Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 N, by whom Names subsist declar'd,
 To have no Place in this was hard:
 And Q maintain'd 'twas but his Due
 Still to keep Company with U;
 So hop'd to stand no less than he
 In the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 E, shew'd, a Comma ne'er could claim
 A Place in any *British* Name;
 Yet making here a perfect Botch,
 Thrusts your poor Vowel from his Notch:

Hiatus

* This Accident happen'd by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a *Flourish* there, which the Printer mistook for an &c.

Hiatus mi valde defendus!

From which good *Jupiter* defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee,
Than be no Part in *Tom D'Urffy*.

P. protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast;
He was a Piece of Emperor,
And made up half a Pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
His double Share in *Cæsar Caius*,
For only one in *Tom Durfeius*.

I, Consonant and Vowel too,
To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
That of his Grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* Name;
For tho' without them both, 'twas clear,
Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
Yet they'd resign that Post so high,
To be the Genitive, *Durfei*.

B and *L* swore *Bl* — and *W* — *s*
X and *Z* cry'd, *P* — *x* and *Z* — *s*.
G swore by *G* — *d*, it ne'er should be,
And *W* would not lose, not he,
An *English Letter's* Property,
In the great Name of *Tom Durfy*.

In short the rest were all in Fray,
From *Christcross* to *Et cætera*.
They, tho' but Standers-by too mutter'd;
Diphthongs, and Triphthongs, swore and flutter'd,
That none had such a Right to be
Part of the Name of *stuttering T* —
T — *Tom* — *a* — *as* — *De* — *Ur* — *fy*.

Then *Jove* thus spake: With Care and Pain
We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme;
Not thine, † *Immortal Neufgermain*!
Cost studious *Cabalists* more Time.

Yet

† *A Poet, who used to make Verses ending with the last Syllables of the Names of those Persons he praised: Which Voiture turn'd against him in a Poem of the same Kind.*

Yet now as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there,
Rather than Letters longer be,
Unless i'th' Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

}

Were you all pleas'd, yet what I pray,
To foreign Letters cou'd I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next should aim
To turn quite backwards *D'Urfy's* Name?
Should the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I,
Cou'd ne'er bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Wou'd each hope to be O in *Thomas*;
And all the ambitious Vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a Place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

Then well-belov'd and trusty Letters!
Cons'nants! and Vowels, (much their betters,)
WE, willing to repair this Breach,
And all that in us lies, please each;
Et cat'ra to our Aid must call,
Et cat'ra represents ye all:
Et cat'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great Name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

}

PROLOGUE design'd for *Mr. D'Urfy's* last
Play.

Grown old in Rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted Bard:
Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again.
Th' adventurous Lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the Fair against her Will:
Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy,
Who in your own *Despise* has strove to please ye.

He

He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore;
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
 You modern Wits, should each Man bring his Claim
 Have desp'rate Debentures on your Fame;
 And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your Debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
 From his deep Fund our Author largely draws;
 Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was.
 Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made,
 'Tis now for better Reasons — to be paid.
 Believe him he has known the World too long,
 And seen the Death of much immortal Song.
 He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won,
 As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone,
 Tho' *Tom* the Poet writ with Ease and Pleasure,
 The Comick *Tom* abounds in other Treasure.
 Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat;
 But 'tis substantial Happiness to eat —
 Let Ease, his last Request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his Living.

PROLOGUE to the three Hours after Marriage.

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious Rules;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small ones
 Fools:

Yet sure the Best are most severely fated,
 For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.
 Blockheads with Reason Men of Sense abhor;
 But Fool against Fool, 'tis barb'rous civil War.
 Why on all Authors then should Criticks fall?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no Wit at all.
 Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
 Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the *French* that made it".
 By running Goods, these graceless Owlers gain;
 Theirs are the Rules of *France*, the Plots of *Spain*:
 But Wit like Wine, from happier Climates brought,
 Dash'd by these Rogues, turns *English* common Draught.
 They

They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly Strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate,
It had been civil in these ticklish Times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes;
Spaniard and *French* abuse to the World's End,
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a Friend.
If any Fool is by our Satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's hit.
Poets make Characters, As *Salsmen* Cloaths,
We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus;
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,
And fit your selves like Chaps in *Monmouth Street*.

Gallants look here, this ‡ *Fool's Cap* has an Air—
Goodly and smart, with Ears of *Iffachar*.
Let no one Fool engross it or confine:
A common Blessing now 'tis yours, now mine.
But Poets in all Ages had the Care
To keep this Cap, for such as will, to wear.
Our Author has it now, (for ev'ry Wit
Of Course resign'd it to the next that writ:
And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly || thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

SANDYS'S GHOST: Or a proper new Ballad
on the new Ovid's Metamorphosis: as it
was intended to be translated by Persons of
Quality.

YE Lords and Commons, Men of Wit
And Pleasure about Town;
Read this e're you translate one Bit
Of Books of high Renown.
Beware of *Latin* Authors all!
Nor think your Verses Sterling,

Tho'

‡ Slew a Cap with Ears.

|| Flings down the Cap, and Exit.

Tho' with a Golden Pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *Berlin*;
 For not the Desk with silver Nails,
 Nor *Bureau* of Expence,
 Nor Standish well japann'd, avails
 To writing of good Sense.
 Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night,
 With saucer Eyes of Fire,
 In woeful Wife did sore affright
 A Wit and courtly 'Squire.
 Rare Imp of *Phæbus*, hopeful Youth!
 Like Puppy tame that uses
 To fetch and carry, in his Mouth
 The Works of all the Muses.
 Ah! why did he write Poetry,
 That hereto was so civil;
 And sell his Soul for Vanity,
 To rhyming, and the Devil?
 A Desk he had of curious Work,
 With glitt'ring Studs about:
 Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
 Tho' *Ovid* lay without.
 Now as he scratch'd to fetch up Thought,
 Forth popp'd the *Spirit* so thin,
 And from the Key-Hole bolted out,
 All upright as a Pin.
 With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon,
 And Ruff compos'd most dully;
 This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon,
 While as the Light burnt bluely.
 Ho! Master ———, quoth *Sandy's* Sprite,
 Write on, nor let me scare ye;
 Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right,
 To B ——— ll seek, or C ——— y.
 I hear the Beat of *Jacob's* Drums,
 P ——— or *Ovid* finds no Quarter!
 See first the merry P ——— comes
 In haste without his Garter.
 Then Lords and Lordlings, 'Squires and Knights,
 Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers;

G ———— *th* at *St. James's*, and at *White's*,
 Beats up for Volunteers.
 What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
 Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom B ———— *n* ———— *t* or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Duntou, *St* ————, or any one.
 If Justice *Ph* ————'s costive Head
 Some frigid Rhymes disburſes;
 They ſhall like *Persian* Tales be read,
 And glad both *Babes* and *Nurſes*,
 Let *W* ———— *k's* Muſe with *Aſh* ———— *t* join,
 And *L'O* ———— *ls* with *Lord H* ———— *v* ————'s:
T ———— *ll* and *Ad* ———— *n* combine,
 And *P* ———— *pe* tranſlate with *F* ———— *v* ————'s.
L ———— himſelf, that lively Lord
 Who bows to every Lady,
 Shall join with *F* ———— in one Accord,
 And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.
 Ye Ladies too draw forth your Pen,
 I pray, where can the Hurt lie?
 Since you have Brains as well as Men,
 As witneſs Lady ———— *L* ———— *y*.
 Now, *Tonſon*, liſt thy Forces all,
 Revew them, and tell Noſes;
 For to poor *Ovid* ſhall beſal
 A ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*.
 A *Metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
 Than all his Books can vapour;
 "To what (quoth 'Squire) ſhall *Ovid* change?"
 Quoth *Andys*: Into waſte Paper.

U M B R A.

Cloſe to the beſt known Author, *Umbra* ſits,
 The conſtant Index to all *Button's* Wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: Only *Johnſon*! — *Oh!*
 Your Slave, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*,
 Dear *Rowe*, let's ſit and talk of *Tragedies*:
 Not long, *Pope* enters, and to *Pope* he flies,

Then

Then up comes *Steele* ; he turns upon his *Heel*,
 And in a moment fastens upon *Steele*.
 But cries as soon, *Dear Dick I must be gone,*
For, if I know his Tread, here's Addison.
 Says *Addison* to *Steele*, 'Tis time to go.
Pope to the Closet steps aside with *Rowe*.
 Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd Pickle,
 E'en sits him down, and writes to honest T——
 Fool! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
 Know, Sense, like Charity, *begins at Home.*

Fragment of a SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal Quill,
 I with the Man a Dinner, and sit still.
 If dreadful D——s raves in furious Fret,
 I'll answer D——s when I am in Debt.
 'Tis Hunger and not Malice, makes them print,
 And who'll wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*?
 Should some more sober Criticks come abroad,
 If wrong, I smile; it right, I kiss the Rod.
 Pains, Reading, Study are their just Pretence,
 And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense.
 Commas and Points they set exactly right;
 And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their Mite.
 In future Ages how their Fame will spread,
 For routinig Triplets, and restoring *Ned*?
 Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd those Ribalds
 For sanguine Sew — down to pidling T——s,
 Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells,
 A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables.
 Yet ev'n this Creature may some Notice claim,
 Wrapt round and sanctified with *Shakespear's* Name;
 Pretty, in Amber to observe the Forms
 Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms:
 The Thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the Devil it got there.
 Are others angry? I excuse them too,
 Well may they rage; I gave them *but* their Due.

Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind,
 That casting Weight, Pride adds to Emptiness;
 This, who can gratify? For who can guess?
 The wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a *Persian* Tale for half a Crown,
 Just writes to make his Barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound Brains, six Lines a Year;
 In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 * *fo* — *n*, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning;
 And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,
 † It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad:
 Should modest Satire bid all these *translate*,
 And own that nine such Poets make a *T-to*;
 How would they fume, and stamp, and roar and chafe!
 How would they swear, not *Congreve's* felt was safe!

Peace to all such! but were there one whose Fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *Fame* inspires,
 Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please
 And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;
 Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful Eyes,
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend,
 Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd:
 Who, if two Wits on rival *Thames* contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;

Like

* Author of the Victim, and Cebler of Preston.

† Verse of Dr. Ev.

Like *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
 And sits attentive to his own Applause;
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
 What Pity, Heav'n! if such a Man there be,
 Who would not weep, if *A — n* were he?

SILVIA, a Fragment.

SYLVIA my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
 Aw'd without Sense, and without Beauty charm'd,
 But some odd Graces and fine Flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
 Her Tongue still run, on Credit from her Eyes,
 More pert than witty, more a Wit than wise.
 Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn,
 Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born.
 Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name,
 A Fool to Pleasure, and a Slave to Fame;
 Now coy and studious in no Point to fall,
 Now all agog for *D — y* at a Ball:
 Now with a modest Matron's careful Air,
 Now her Fore-Buttocks to the Naval bare.
 Now deep in *Taylor* and the *Book of Martyrs*,
 Now drinking Citron with his *r —* and *Ch —*
 Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
 But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake.
 Frail, fev'rish Sex! their Fit now chills, now burns;
 Atheism and Superstition rule by turns;
 And the mere Heathen in her carnal Part,
 Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart.

SONG. By a Person of Quality.

I Said to my Heart, between Sleeping and Waking,
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aking,

What

What Black, Brown, or Fair, in what Clime, in what
Nation,

By Turns has not raught thee a Pit-a-patation?
Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober Reply;
See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Calia* pass by!
Not the Beauty she has, or the Wit that she borrows,
Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.
When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit so refin'd
I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of Mankind;
Whatever she says, is with Spirit and Fire;
Ev'ry Word I attend? but I only admire.
Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her Aim:
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
Those Stars of this World are too good for the Skies.
But *Cloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care;
When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
The Leapings, the Aking, return all again.
O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season;
When so easy to guess who this Angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. *H — d* ne'er dreamt it was she?

BALLAD.

OF all the Girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin
Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
For many a Swain it we'l had been
Had she ne'er pass'd by *Calai*—
For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her Cousins)
Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens.

336 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The King, as he at Dinner sat,
 Did becken to his *Huffar*,
 And bid him bring his Tabby Cat,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.
 The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected;
 The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
 And Puss her Tail erected.
 But not a Man did Look imploy,
 Except on pretty *Nelly*.
 Then said the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!
 But who's that grave Philosopher,
 That carefully looks a'ter?
 By his Concern it should appear,
 The Fair one is his Daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a Courtier sly,)
 He on his Child does leer to:
 I wish he has no Mind to try
 What some Papa's will here do.
 The Courtiers all, with one Accord,
 Broke out in *Nelly's* Praises,
 Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *Termes Francoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted Ring
 Of Dames that stood by *Nelly*;
 She like the Pride of all the Spring,
 And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.
 In *Marli's* Gardens, and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,
 Where shameless Nymyhs, expos'd to View,
 Stand naked in each *Allee*:
 But *Venus* had a Brazen Face
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
 Or else she had resign'd her Place,
 And left the Stone she stood on.
 Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all the *Italian*:
 Lord! how those Foreigners would stare;
 But I should turn *Pigmalion*:

For spite of Lips, and Eyes and Mein,
Me, nothing can delight so,
As does that Part that lies between
Her Left Toe, and her Right Toe.

ODE for Musick on the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE Longitude mist on
By wicked *Will. Whiston*.
And not better hit on
By good Master *Ditton*.

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiston*
May both be bep-ft on;
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*
May both be besh-t on.
Sing *Ditton*,
Besh-t on;
And *Whiston*,
Bep ft on.
Sing *Ditton* and *Whiston*,
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*,
Besh-t and bep-ft on,
Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.

EPIGRAM on the Feuds about Handel and
Bononcini.

STRANGE! all this Difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedle-*Dum*, and Tweedle-*Dee*!

On Mrs. T-----s.

SO bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
 As had drawn both the Beasts and their *Orpheus* along:
 But such is thy Av'rice, and such is thy Pride,
 That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

TWO or THREE; or a Receipt to make a
 Cuckold.

TWO or three Visits, and two or three Bows;
 Two or three civil things, two or three Vows,
 Two or three Kisses, with two or three Sighs,
 Two or three *Jesus's* and *Let-me-die's*,
 Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Towzes,
 (With two or three thousand Pound lost at their
 Houses,) }
 Can never fail Cuckolding two or three Spouses. }

*On a LADY who P----t at the Tragedy
 of CATO; occasioned by an Epigram on
 a LADY who wept at it.*

WHILE maudlin Whigs deplor'd their *Cato's* Fate,
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory *Celia* sate,
 But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow,
 The gushing Waters find a Vent below:
 Tho' secret, yet with copious Grief she mourns,
 Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns.
 Let others screw their Hypocritick Face,
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place:
 There Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art,
 For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM, in a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book.

WHEN *Israel's* Daughters mourn'd their past Offences,
They dealt in *Sackcloth*, and turn'd *Cynder-Wenches*:
But *Richmond's* Fair ones never spoil their Locks,
They use white Powder and wear *Holland Smocks*,
O comely Church! where Females find *clean Linen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

The Balance of Europe.

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

A Panegyrical EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SNOW, Goldsmith near Temple-Bar; Occasion'd by his Buying and Selling the Third South-Sea Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at a Thousand per Cent.

DISDAIN not, SNOW, my humble Verse to hear:
Stick thy black Pen awhile behind thy Ear.
Whether thy Compter shine with Sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping Hand grow black with Gold:
Whether thy Mein erect, and fable Locks,
In Crowds of Brokers over-awe the Stocks:
Suspend the wordly Business of the Day,
And to enrich thy Mind, attend my Lay.

P

O thou,

340 *Poems on several Occasions.*

O thou, whose penetrative Wisdom found
The *South-Sea* Rocks and Shelves where Thousands
drown'd.

When Credit sunk, and Commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st: No Bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a Guinea chink'd on † *Martin's* Boards,
And † *Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his Hoards,
Thou stood'st; (an *Indian King* in Size and Hue)
Thy unexhausted Shop was our *Peru*.

Why did '*Change-Ally* waste thy precious Hours,
Among the Fools who gap'd for golden Show'rs?
No wonder, if we found some *Poets* there,
Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;
No Wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea* Schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;
No Wonder, *they* their Third Subscriptions sold,
For Millions of imaginary Gold:

No Wonder, that *their* Fancies wild can frame
Strange Reasons, that a Thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in Substance and in Name. }
But *you* (whose Judgment scorns Poetick Flights)
With Contracts furnish Boys for Paper Kites.
Let Vulture *H—ns* stretch his rusty Throat,
Who ruins Thousands for a single Groat.
I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid Mind;
Nor, with Ideal Debts, would'st plague Mankind.
Madmen alone their empty Dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting Vision true;
They sell the Treasures which their Slumbers get,
Then wake and fancy all the World in Debt.
If to instruct thee all my Reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral Tale.

Through fam'd *Moor-fields* extends a spacious Seat,
Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in Contemplation and in Straw
The wiser few from the mad World withdraw.
There in full Oppulence a *Banker* dwelt,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt;

His

† † Names of eminent Goldsmiths.

His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate ;
And his proud Fancy held a vast Estate.

As on a Time, he pass'd the vacant Hours
In raising Piles of Straw and twisted Bowers ;
A Poet enter'd of the neighbouring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye observ'd the Structure well.
A sharpen'd Skew'r cross his bare Shoulders bound
A tatter'd Rug, which drag'd upon the Ground.

The Banker cry'd, " Behold my Castle Walls,
" My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Canals ;
" With Land of twenty Acres round !
" All these I sell thee for ten thousand Pound.

The Bard with Wonder the cheap Purchase saw,
So sign'd the Contract (as ordains the Law.)

The Banker's Brain was cool'd, the Mist grew clear ;
The Visionary Scene was lost in Air.

He now the vanish'd Prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good :
Yet loth the Sum intire should be destroy'd ;
" Give me a Penny and thy Contract's void.

The startled Bard with Eye indignant frown'd,
" Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts compound !
So saying, from his Rug the Skew'r he takes,
And on the Stick Ten equal Notches makes :
With just Resentment flings it on the Ground ;
" There, take my Tally of Ten Thousand Pound.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
And left the Nation free ;
When *Ay* said *Ay*, and *No* said *No*,
Without or Place or Fee ;

Then *satan*, thinking Things went ill,
Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*.

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,
 And four fair Suits he wore ;
 His Troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
 And ev'ry House, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this Imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry Thing,
 Which well court-Cards they name,
 And Statesman-like, calls in the King,
 To help out a bad Game ;
 But if the Parties manage ill,
 The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
 Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in *Cupid's* Books enroll'd,
 And call'd a *Party Quarree* ;
 But now meet when and where you will,
 A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The Commoner, the Knight, and Peer,
 Men of all Ranks and Fame,
 Leave to their Wives the only Care
 To propagate their Name ;
 And well that Duty they fulfil,
 When the good Husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
 In comes the *Apothecary* ;
 And to the Doctor cries, Alas !
Non debes Quadrillare :
 The Patient dies without a Pill,
 For why ? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
 The *Muscovite* grow louder ;
 Britain to curb her Neighbours proud,
 Would want both Ball and Powder ;

Must want both Sword and Gun to kill ;
For why, the General's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath)
And made, of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath* :
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill ?
They're but nine Parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes ;
'Twas call'd in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*
The *Quadruple Allies* ;
But some body took something ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God save this noble Realm,
And God save eke *Hanover* ;
And God save those who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over ;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

MOLLY MEG: Or, the Fair Maid
of the Inn.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
What liath been the Cause of your Woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a Lover ?
I have seen *Molly Meg* of the *Rose*.
O Nephew ! Your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog ;
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Meg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,
 That Women at best are a Clog;
 But I'm not so easily frighted,
 From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.
 The School-Boy's Desire is a Play-Day,
 The School-Master's Joy is to flog;
 The Milk-Maid's Delight is on *May-Day*,
 But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.
Will-a-wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
 Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
 But no Light can set me madding,
 Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
 Your Gamesters will palm and will cog;
 But I envy them none of their Riches,
 So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.
 The Heart, when half wounded, is changing,
 It here and there leaps like a Frog;
 But my Heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog;
 All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
 My Senses all lost in a Fog;
 And nothing can give Satisfaction
 But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.
 A Letter when I am inditing,
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog,
 And I fill all the Paper with writing
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.
 If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
 And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces,
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
 And seems as cut out of a Log,
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas's* Merit |
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In Bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
 Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to sweet *Molly Mog*.
 Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amarillis*
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.
 When she smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
 Then Jealousy sets me agog.
 To be sure she's a Bit for the *Vicar*,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.

A new Song of new SIMILES.

MY Passion is as Mustard Strong;
 I sit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
 Or like a *March Hare*, mad.
 Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow;
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,
 I love her still the better.
 Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
 If *Molly* were but kind;
 Cool as a Cucumber could see
 The rest of Womankind.
 Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
 Sleek as a Mouse before.
 Plump as a Partridge was I known,
 And soft as Silk my Skin,
 My Checks as fat as Butter grown;
 But as a Groat now thin!

I melancholy as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she insensible of that,
Sound as a Top can sleep.
Hard is her Heart as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to see me pale,
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-Ale.
The God of Love at her Approach
Is busy as a Bee,
Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.
Ay me, as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a Door-Nail
Shall I be if without her.
Strait as my Leg her Shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My Heart would be scot-free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.
As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.
As soft as Pap her Kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet:
As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites;
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit, like Pepper, bites:
Brisk as a Body-Louse she trips,
Clean as a Penny drest;
Sweet as a Rose her Breath and Lips,
Round as the Globe her Breast.
Full as an Egg was I with Glee;
And happy as a King.
Good Lord! how all Men envy'd me
She lov'd like any thing.

But

But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,
 Chang'd, as her Sex must do ;
 Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,
 And like the Gospel true.
 If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru !
 Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew ;
 Till you grow tender as a Chick,
 I'm dull as any Post ;
 Let us, like Burs, together stick,
 And warm as any Toast.
 You'll know me truer than a Dye,
 And wish me better sped ;
 Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
 And as a Herring dead.
 Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a Pear,
 And mute as any Fish.

Newgate's GARLAND : Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold Highwayman, as he stood at his Tryal in the Old-Baily. 1725.

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

YE Gallants of Newgate, whose Fingers are nice,
 In diving in Pock ets, or cogging of Dice,
 Ye Sharpers so rich, who can buy off the Noose,
 Ye honefter poor Rogues, who die in your Shoes,
 Attend and draw near,
 Good News ye shall hear,
 How Jonathan's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear;
 How

348 *Poems on several Occasions.*

How *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,
He held up his Hand, his Indictment was read,
Loud rattled his Chains, near him *Jonathan* stood,
For full Forty Pounds was the Price of his Blood.

Then hopeless of Life,

He drew his Penknife,

And made a sad Widow of *Jonathan's* Wife.

But Forty Pounds paid her, her Grief shall appease,
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are Courtiers of highest Renown,
Who steal the King's Gold, and leave him but a *Crown*;
Some say there are Peers, and some Parliament Men,
Who meet once a Year to rob Courtiers agen:

Let them all take their Swing,

To pillage the King,

And get a Blue Ribbon instead of a String.

Now *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knives of old, to hide Guilt by their cunning Inventions,
Call'd Briberies Grants, and plain Robberies Pensions;
Physicians and Lawyers (who take their Degrees
To be Learned Rogues) call'd their Pilfering, Fees;

Since this happy Day,

Now ev'ry Man may

Rob (as safe as in Office) upon the Highway.

For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Church-Wardens, too prudent to hazard the Halter,

As yet only venture to steal from the Altar:

But now to get Gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the Highway, since *Jonathan's* cold.

For

For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set you at Ease,
And every Man round me may rob, if he please.

VI.

Some by publick Revenues, which pass'd through their
Hands,

Have purchas'd clean Houses, and bought dirty Lands.

Some to steal from a Charity think it no Sin,

Which, at Home (says the Proverb) does always begin;

But, if ever you be

Assign'd a Trustee,

Treat not Orphans like Masters of the Chancery,

But take the Highway, and more honestly seize,

For ev'ry Man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a Pother has here been with *Wood* and his Brass,

Who would modestly make a few Half-pennies pass?

The Patent is good, and the Precedent's old,

For *Diomed* changed his Copper for Gold:

But, if *Ireland* despise

The new Half-pennies,

With more Safety to rob on the Road I advise.

For *Blueskin's* sharp Penknife hath set thee at Ease,

And ev'ry Man round me rob, if he please.

STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH every Lady in the Land

Soft *Strephon* kept a Pother,

One Year he languish'd for one Hand,

And next Year for the other.

Yet when his Love the Shepherd told

To *Flavia* fair and coy,

Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,

She scorn'd the gentle Boy.

Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain;

She blush'd and frown'd, and swore,

With all the Marks of high Disdain,

She'd never hear him more.

The

The Swain persisted still to pray,
 The Nymph still to deny;
 At last she vow'd she would not stay;
 He swore she shou'd not fly.
 Enrag'd she call'd her Footman strait,
 And rush'd from out the Room,
 Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
 And lay with *Ralph* at Home.

*The QUIDNUNCKI'S: A TALE. Occasion'd
 by the Death of the Duke Regent of
 France.*

HOW vain are Mortal Man's Endeavours!
 (Said, at * Dame *Elleor's*, Master *Tr—s*)
 Good *Orleans* dead! in Truth 'tis hard:
 Oh! may all Statesmen die prepar'd!
 I do foresee (and for foreseeing
 He equals any Man in being)
 The Army ne'er can be disbanded.
 ——— I wish the King were safely landed.
 Ah Friends! great changes threat the Land!
 All *France* and *England* at a Stand!
 There's *Meroweis* — mark! strange Work!
 And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk* —
 The *Pope* — An *India*-Merchant by,
 Cut short the Speech with this Reply.
 All at a Stand? You see great Changes?
 Ah, Sir! you never saw the *Ganges*.
 There dwell the Nations of *Quidnuncki's*,
 (So *Monomotapa* calls *Monkies* :)
 On either Bank, from Bough to Bough,
 They meet and chat (as we may now.)
 Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
 They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;

And

* *A Coffee-House near St. James's.*

And, just as Chance, or Whim provoke them,
They either bite their Friends, or stroke them.
There have I seen some active Prig
To shew his Parts, bestride a Twig:
Lord! how the chatt'ring Tribe admire,
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous Thing,
(For Pow'r is but to have one's Swing.)
From Side to Side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his Foes and Friends by Turns.
Thus, as in giddy Freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the Twig, and in he flounces:
Down the swift Stream the Wretch is born;
Never, ah never, to return!

Z — ds! What a Fall had our dear Brother;
Morbleu! cries one, and Damme, t'other.
The Nations give a gen'ral Screech,
None cocks his Tail, none claws his Breech;
Each trembles for the publick Weal,
And for a while, forgets to steal.
A WHILE, all Eyes intent and steddy,
Pursue him, whirling down the Eddy,
But out of Mind when out of View,
Some other mounts the Twig anew;
And Business on each Monkey Shore,
Runs the same Tract it went before.

AY and NO: A FABLE.

IN Fable all things hold Discourse;
Then Words, no doubt, must talk of Course.
Once on a Time, near Channel-Row,
Two hostile Adverbs, Ay, and No,
Were hast'ning to the Field of Fight,
And Front to Front stood opposite.
Before each Gen'ral join'd the Van,
Ay, the more courteous Knight, began,

Stop;

Stop, peevish Particle, beware!
 I'm told you are not such a Bear,
 But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
 Suffer yon' Folks a while to tattle;
 'Tis *We* who must decide the Battle.
 Whene'er we war on yonder Stage
 With various Fate and equal Rage,
 The Nation trembles at each Blow
 That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No*;
 Yet in expensive long Contention,
 We gain nor Office, Grant, or Pension.
 Why then should *Kinsfolks* quarrel thus?
 (For, *Two* of *You* make *One* of *Us*.)
 To some wise Statesman let us go,
 Where each his *proper Use* may know.
 He may admit two such Commanders,
 And make those wait who serv'd in *Flanders*.
 Let's quarter on a great Man's Tongue,
 A Treasury Lord, not Maister *T*——g.
 Obsequious at his high Command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the Land:
 Impeachments, *No* can best resist,
 And *Ay* support the civil List:
Ay! quick as *Cesar* wins the Day;
 And *No*, like *Fabius*, by Delay.
 Sometimes in mutual sly Disguise,
 Let *Ay's* seem *No's*, and *No's* seem *I's*;
Ay's be in Courts Denials meant,
 And *No's* in Bishops give consent.
 Thus *Ay* propos'd — And for Reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd *I*.
 They parted with a thousand Kisses,
 And fight e'er since, for *Pay* like *Swisses*.

*A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN. In the
Dorick Manner.*

Shepherd;
Echo, I ween, will in the Woods reply,
 And quaintly answer Question: Shall I try?
Echo: Try!

Shepherd;
 What must we do our Passion to express?
Echo: Press.

Shepherd;
 How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo: Before.

Shepherd;
 What most moves Women, when we them address?
Eccho: A Dress.

Shepherd;
 Say what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?
Echo: A Door.

Shepherd;
 If Musick softens Rocks, Love tunes my Lyre.
Echo: Lyar!

Shepherd;
 Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her;
Echo: Buy her.

Shepherd;
 When bought, no question, I shall be her Dear.
Echo: Her Deer.

Shepherd;
 But Deer have Horns; how must I keep her under?
Echo: Keep her under.

Shepherd;
 How shall I hold her ne'er to part asunder.
Echo. A — se under.

Shepherd;
 But what can glad me when she's laid on Bier?
Echo: Beer.
Shepherd;

354 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Shepherd;
What must I do, when Woman will be kind?

Echo: Be kind.

Shepherd;
What must I do when Woman will be cross?

Echo: Be cross.

Shepherd;
Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?

Echo: Wind.

Shepherd;
If she be Wind, what stills her when she blows;

Echo: Blow;

Shepherd;
But if she bang again, still should I bang her?

Echo: Bang her.

Shepherd;
Is there no way to moderate her Anger?

Echo: Hang her.

Shepherd;
Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy Answer tell,
What Woman is, and how to guard her well.

Echo: Guard her well.

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